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VOL. 1276.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT
BY
FLORENCE MARRYAT.

IN ONE VOLUME.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

By the same Author,

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Hean, Florence (Marryat) C. 1872,
Mrs. Ross Church, 1872,

LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

BY
FLORENCE MARRYAT
[MRS. ROSS CHURCH].

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DEDICATED

TO THE

RIGHT HON. FRANCIS LORD NAPIER AND ETTRICK,

THE SON OF MY FATHER'S FRIEND,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MUCH KINDNESS SHEWN ON HIS PART
AND GRATITUDE FELT ON MINE.



P R E F A C E.

I MAKE no apology for offering these sketches to the public, for they do not profess to rank as a biography, complete in all its details, nor to claim a place upon the bookshelf beside such complete memoirs as those of Thackeray or Dickens. Had the same justice been done to my father as was considered due to his contemporaries in the world of letters, his life would have been written and published within six months of his death; but no one came forward to do it: his friends were either unwilling or incapable, and his children were too young.

But it has been represented to me lately that some record of his public and private actions is called for, if only to complete the notices of the leading men of literature of the last generation.

Under these circumstances, I have been persuaded to attempt this work. The length of time (now a period of nearly four and twenty years) which has elapsed since my father's death places innumerable difficulties in my way. His contemporaries are either

dead or scattered, his correspondence (which was voluminous and well worth preserving) is mostly lost or destroyed; and the account of his public services, with a few private letters and vague remembrances, are all the materials I have had; but I publish them in the hope that some information respecting the life of an author who, in his own peculiar line, has never been surpassed, may possess some interest for a generation that knows him only by hearsay.

To those members of his family who have assisted me with their recollections, to my aunt, Mrs. Bury Palliser, and my sister, Augusta Marryat (who originally collected the materials for this work), I tender my affectionate thanks.

FLORENCE MARRYAT CHURCH.

LONDON, 1872.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

CHAPTER I.

Genealogy—Birth—School-days—He runs away and enters the Navy.

THE name of Marryat (or Meryat) appears at a very early date in the annals of England. According to Sir Bernard Burke, three brothers of the family came over to this country with the Conqueror. Though the name is to be seen on the Battle Abbey Roll and another of the Rhyming Lists, little is known of those who bore it until the reign of Stephen, when they are found possessed of much lands at the village of Meryat, Ashton Meryat, and elsewhere in Somersetshire; and later, one Nicotas de Maryet is deputed, together with the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to collect the ransom of Richard Cœur de Leon (then a prisoner in Austria) through the county of Somerset. The family continue to flourish, holding lands in Somerset, Wilts, Devon, Dorset, and Suffolk (in which county we find them established at Castle Carlton as early as 1311), and they are summoned to join the king with men-at-arms, in all the great wars during the reigns of the three Edwards. In the reign of Edward the First, Sir John de Maryet is called to attend the Great Parliament;

in that of Edward the Second, his son is excommunicated by John de Drogheda, Bishop of Bath and Wells, for embowelling his deceased wife; "a fancy," says the county historian, "peculiar to the knightly family of Meryat," of which a proof may again be found in the church of Combe Hay, where the heart of Maude de Meryat, nun, of Canonlayne, is interred, by her own request, in the burial-place of her fathers; and as late as two years ago, an iron heart-case was found embedded in the wall of the church of Meryat, supposed to be that of Sir John Meryat, who died returning from the Crusades. The heads of this family were enjoined to receive knighthood at the age of twenty-one, and some were fined for neglecting the duty. In course of time the lands of Meryat passed away by the marriage of a co-heiress, the daughter of Sir John de Meryat and his wife (co-heiress of Lord Beauchamp, of Hatch) with Lord Brownlow, and the confiscation of the whole property to the Crown at the death of his great granddaughter, Lady Jane Grey. The Suffolk branch of the family vegetated in that county and appear but little on the scene before the sixteenth century, when one John de Maryat had the honour of dancing in a masque before the virgin Queen at Trinity College, Cambridge. He afterwards joined the four thousand sent over by Elizabeth, under John Champenonne, to aid the Huguenots in their wars in France; rose to honour under Admiral Coligny; escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; and finally, on the death of his master, Henry IV., in 1610, returned to England, and having married Mary, the daughter and heiress of Daniel Lake, of the Convent Garden (a rank Puritan family in Hudibras), again

settled in his paternal county of Suffolk. From this Huguenot officer, the subject of the present memoir descends in a direct line. During the civil wars the family sided with the Parliament, and adopted Christian names worthy of the Puritan cause, and, in the reign of Charles the Second, we find John Marryat indicted and fined £20 for nonconformity, and expelled from his living of Aston Clinton, in Buckinghamshire, and again from a second living in Hants for the same cause. He is described as "a painful preacher," and no doubt his compositions were suited to the times. Of the same degree of merit appears to have been Zephaniah Marryat, another minister of the Gospel, who has bequeathed to his descendants a certificate of good conduct and ability, signed by one John Ker in 1706, and a book of sermons delivered in Gravel Lane, Southwark, in 1719, and entitled "Jesus Christ, the Lord and God of true believers." A passion for literature, indeed, seems to have pervaded the family, and long-forgotten works on abstruse questions of divinity, or experiments in chemistry, may still be found noted down in catalogues of old books written by three previous generations.

Captain Marryat (whom no one would have suspected to have been of Puritan descent) was the second son of the late Joseph Marryat, of Wimbledon House, Surrey, whose father, Thomas Marryat, M.D., was the author of a work entitled, 'Therapeutics, or the Art of Healing.' Mr. Joseph Marryat was well known in the political world, being for many years member of Parliament for the boroughs of Horsham and Sandwich; he was also chairman for the committee of Lloyd's, and colonial agent for the island of

Grenada. In 1790 he married Charlotte von Geyer, the third daughter of Frederic von Geyer, a Hessian of good descent, who had settled at Boston. This last-named gentleman was distinguished as an American loyalist, who not only suffered severely from his attachment to the cause of Great Britain, during the struggle with her revolted colonies, but sustained large pecuniary losses from the shock which all landed properties underwent in the establishment of their independence. Whilst member for Sandwich, Mr. Marryat was the chief agent in passing a Bill for the abolition of slave-grown sugar, by which act he injured his own cause, being the owner of large property in the West Indies.

He was the author of several political pamphlets, much read at the time of their publication, and a very fair poet, though but few of his verses have appeared in print. So little did he care for worldly aggrandizement, that he refused the offer of a baronetcy from Spencer Perceval.

To show the high estimation in which he was held, the following lines, composed by Thomas Campbell, are inserted. They were written with a view to being placed upon his tombstone, but, as he was buried in the family vault at Wimbledon, were never used, and this is the first occasion on which they have appeared in print.

Lines for the Monument of Joseph Marryat, Esq.

"Marryat farewell! Thy outward traits express'd
A manliness of nature that combin'd
The thinking head and honourable breast.
In thee thy country lost a leading mind;
Yet they, who saw not private life draw forth
Thy heart's affections, knew not half thy worth;
A worth that soothes ev'n friendship's bitterest sigh
To lose thee—for thy virtues sprang from faith

And that high trust in Immortality,
Which Reason hinteth and Religion saith
Shall best enable man, when he has trod
Life's path, to meet the mercy of his God."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

For some time previous to his death, Mr. Marryat resided at Wimbledon House; but it was in Westminster that, on the 10th of July 1792, his son Frederick was born to him.

He was one of fifteen sons and daughters, of whom ten attained maturity, and several have entered the lists of literature. As a family, they were vigorous both in mind and body and have evinced the possession of unusual talent; his eldest brother, Mr. Joseph Marryat, well-known as a collector of china, being the author of 'Pottery and Porcelain;' his youngest brother, Horace Marryat, of 'One Year in Sweden,' and 'Jutland and the Danish Isles;' his sister, Mrs. Bury Palliser, of 'Nature and Art,' 'The History of Lace,' and 'Historic Devices, Badges and War-cries;' and his cousin, Sir Edward Belcher, of 'The Voyage of the Samarang;' 'The Last of the Arctic Voyages,' and a book on Surveying. Of the boyhood of Frederick Marryat there is little to relate, excepting that, like most children with strong passions and precocious minds, he was very troublesome. Learning with great facility, he forgot his tasks with equal readiness, and being of a genial temperament, he preferred play to lessons, and was constantly flogged for idleness and inattention. His master was heard, on more than one occasion, to declare that he and the late Charles Babbage (who was at the same school with him) could never come to any good, or be otherwise than dunces, seeing how little heed they paid to his instructions.

The anecdote which follows, was published in one of the newspaper obituaries of Mr. Babbage:

"One event of his boyhood deserves to be narrated, not merely as giving interesting evidence of the pertinacity with which Babbage adhered to a resolution he had once formed, but also as associating his name with that of a genial and deservedly popular writer—the late Captain Marryat. Babbage and a studious schoolfellow were in the habit of getting up in the morning at three o'clock, lighting a fire in the school-room, and studying surreptitiously until five or half-past five. Hearing of this, Frederick Marryat proposed to join them, but not so much from a desire to study as for the sake of doing what was forbidden. So, at least, Babbage interpreted the request, and he refused to let Marryat join them. One night, in trying to open the door of his bedroom, Babbage found that Marryat's bed had been pulled up against it. He gently pushed it back, without waking the future captain, and pursued his way to the school-room. This happened on several successive nights; but at length Marryat improved the plan by fastening a string from his hand to the door lock. Babbage detected the trick, and untied the cord. A few nights later so stout a cord was used that he could only free the lock by cutting the string. Presently a chain took the place of the cord, and for one night Babbage was kept from his studies; for he was determined rather to stay away from the school-room than to waken Marryat. On the next night he had provided himself with a pair of stout pliers, with which he opened a link of the chain, and so effected his object. Each night he found a stouter chain; but he managed to remove the ob-

struction for several successive nights. At length a chain was made which he was unable to break. The next night, however, he relates, 'I provided myself with a ball of packthread. As soon as I heard by his breathing that Marryat slept, I crept over to the door, drew one end of my ball of packthread through a link, and bringing it back with me to bed gave it a sudden jerk.' Marryat jumped up, but, finding his chain all right, lay down again. As soon as he was asleep Babbage unmercifully woke him again. However, the end of the matter was that Marryat was allowed to prevail, when the consequences predicted by Babbage presently followed. Others joined them, play took the place of work, fireworks were let off, and of course the delinquents were discovered."

As a child Marryat was very slightly built, so that his head appeared too large for the rest of his body. Whilst at a school at Ponder's End, kept by a Mr. Freeman, that gentleman was surprised one day to detect him, with a book in his hand, in the "dignified but graceful" position of standing on his head (like Mrs. Vincent Crummles) which, from the circumstance alluded to, naturally (or unnaturally) formed his centre of gravity. But Mr. Freeman must have been still more surprised when, on asking his pupil why he chose so peculiar a mode in which to study his lesson, he received the answer: "Well! I've been trying for three hours to learn it on my feet, but I couldn't, so I thought I would try whether it would be easier to learn it on my head."

- He ran away from school several times, but was always recaptured and brought back again, until his final escapade, which took place when he was fourteen

years of age. One of the excuses he gave for this behaviour, was characteristic of his independent disposition. His brother Joseph was but a twelvemonth older than himself, and, as he rapidly outgrew the skeleton suits then in vogue amongst the rising generation they were transferred to Frederick, which indignity appears to have rankled in his youthful mind. He ran away, so he averred, not from books and hard work, but from his brother's cast-off garments.

Indeed, at this period of his life, he appears to have considered "running away" to be his mission, and most conscientiously endeavoured to fulfil his destiny by doing so whenever he could find an opportunity, and the place he ran to—the Eldorado of his imagination, was invariably the sea! On one occasion when his father, with much trouble, had pursued and caught him, he dispatched young Hopeful back to school in the carriage, but when it arrived at its destination the vehicle was found to be empty—Marryat having contrived to open the door and jump out, whilst it was in motion. He was subsequently discovered, sitting with much complacency at the theatre, in company with his younger brothers, whom he was treating with the money with which his parents had sent him back to school.

On leaving Ponder's End, he studied with a tutor from whose care he ran away for the last time. Mr. Marryat again followed his son with a view to bringing him back, but, as he was then old enough to hold a commission and his desire to go to sea was too strong to be turned aside by any arguments, his father made the necessary arrangements for his entering the

navy, and on the 23rd of September, 1806, he started on his first voyage on board H.M.S. *Impérieuse*, Captain Lord Cochrane, for the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER II.

Sails on board H.M.S. *Impérieuse* for the Mediterranean—She strikes upon a rock—Lord Cochrane takes Fort Roquette—Returns to Portsmouth to refit—Sails on foreign service—Captures a Genoese privateer—Engagement in the Bay of Arcasson—Sailors' superstition relative to Sunday.

WHEN Marryat first went to sea, midshipmen were very differently treated to what they are at the present time. To use his own words, "there was no species of tyranny, injustice, and persecution, to which youngsters were not compelled to submit from those who were their superiors in bodily strength." But, now that classes are organized on board ship and a general supervision kept over the pupils, many abuses then prevalent in the cockpit have gone out of fashion, in company with the cocked hat and shoe-strings. The proceedings of the *Impérieuse* after Marryat joined her can best be related by himself, in extracts from his unpublished papers and private log.

"The *Impérieuse* sailed; the Admiral of the port was one who *would* be obeyed, but *would not* listen always to reason or common sense. The signal for sailing was enforced by gun after gun; the anchor was hove up, and, with all her stores on deck, her guns not even mounted, in a state of confusion unparalleled from her being obliged to hoist in faster than it was possible she could stow away, she was driven out of harbour to encounter a heavy gale. A few hours more would have enabled her to proceed to sea with security, but they were denied; the consequences were

appalling, they might have been fatal. In the general confusion, some iron too near the binnacles had attracted the needle of the compasses; the ship was steered out of her course. At midnight, in a heavy gale at the close of the month of November, so dark that you could not distinguish any object, however close, the *Impérieuse* dashed upon the rocks between Ushant and the Main. The cry of terror which ran through the lower decks; the grating of the keel as she was forced in; the violence of the shocks which convulsed the frame of the vessel; the hurrying up of the ship's company without their clothes; and then the enormous waves which again bore her up and carried her clean over the reef, will never be effaced from my memory.

"Our escape was miraculous: with the exception of her false keel having been torn off the ship had suffered little injury; but she had beat over a reef, and was riding by her anchors, surrounded by rocks, some of them as high out of water as her lower yards and close to her. How nearly were the lives of a fine ship's company, and of Lord Cochrane and his officers, sacrificed in this instance to the despotism of an admiral who *would* be obeyed. The cruises of the *Impérieuse* were periods of continual excitement, from the hour in which she hove up her anchor till she dropped it again in port; the day that passed without a shot being fired in anger, was with us a blank day; the boats were hardly secured on the booms than they were cast loose and out again; the yard and stay tackles were for ever hoisting up and lowering down. The expedition with which parties were formed for service; the rapidity of the frigate's movements, night

and day; the hasty sleep, snatched at all hours; the waking up at the report of the guns, which seemed the only key-note to the hearts of those on board; the beautiful precision of our fire, obtained by constant practice; the coolness and courage of our captain, inoculating the whole of the ship's company; the suddenness of our attacks, the gathering after the combat, the killed lamented, the wounded almost envied; the powder so burnt into our faces that years could not remove it; the proved character of every man and officer on board, the implicit trust and the adoration we felt for our commander; the ludicrous situations which would occur even in the extremest danger and create mirth when death was staring you in the face, the hair-breadth escapes, and the indifference to life shown by all—when memory sweeps along those years of excitement even now, my pulse beats more quickly with the reminiscence."

During the three years that Marryat served on board the *Impérieuse* he was witness to more than fifty engagements, in which he took as active and prominent a part as a lad of his age could be expected to do; and in the winter that followed his joining it, Lord Cochrane captured and destroyed three French national vessels and twelve merchant ships; he also demolished Fort Roquette, at the entrance of Arcasson.

Marryat, speaking of this engagement, says:

"Preliminary to cutting out the vessels, it was necessary to storm and take possession of the fort, which the enemy, not dreaming that we would venture to attempt, had left weakly manned—a proportion of the men having been sent to the beach to protect the

vessels. Fort Roquette was not a mere battery, *à fleur d'eau*, but a regularly-planned and laid out defence, protected on the land side as well as on the sea. It was, however, entered and carried with small loss; four thirty-six-pound long guns, two field pieces, and a thirteen-inch mortar, spiked; the platforms and carriages destroyed, magazines blown up, with a large quantity of military stores, and the fort left wholly in ruins. The whole of the convoy were then boarded and taken possession of; seven were destroyed, and the remainder brought out to the ship in the offing. For their conduct in this brilliant and well-conducted affair Lord Cochrane paid that honourable testimony to the services of Mapleton, Napier, and Houston Stewart which they so richly deserved."

In Marryat's private log, kept at this period, we find the following entries:

"1806. *December 16th.* Anchored off Isle Dieu, with a prize.

"*December 19th.* Engaged a battery, and took two prizes.

"——*25th.* Engaged a battery, and received a shot in the counter.

"1807. *January 2nd.* Stove the cutter, and Henry Christian drowned.

"*January 4th.* Anchored, and stormed a battery.

"——*6th.* Took a galliot; blew up ditto.

"——*8th.* Trying to get a prize off that was ashore, lost five men.

"After a cruise of three months, during which nothing but the tempestuous weather prevented the *Impérieuse* from constantly attacking the enemy, Lord

Cochrane's private affairs demanded his presence in England and an acting captain was appointed to the ship. The consequence was that our guns were never cast loose, or our boats disturbed from the booms. This was a repose which was, however, rather trying to the officers and ship's company, who had been accustomed to such an active life. But the *Impérieuse* returned home, and orders were sent down for her fitting-out for foreign service; and, to the delight of all, we found that the Mediterranean was to be our station and that Lord Cochrane was to resume the command.

"The Mediterranean was at that time the very focus of the war, and sanguine were the anticipations of the officers and men of what they would be able to accomplish in fine weather and smooth water, after having done so much on a stormy coast and during a winter's cruise. Nor were those anticipations disappointed, as the annals of the country will testify. Our orders were, to touch at Gibraltar and Malta and then proceed to the admiral off Toulon; and it was during this passage that an unfortunate mistake took place, which was attended with a great waste of human life, and that without indemnification.

"On Sunday, the 15th of November, 1807, the *Impérieuse* having then sailed from Malta about ten days, and, with light and baffling winds, coasted down the shores of Sicily, we observed a large polacre ship in-shore. When we first saw her the wind was very light, and soon afterwards it fell calm. The warlike appearance of the vessel was too suspicious to allow her to pass unnoticed: it was evident that she was an armed vessel, and built for fast sailing, and the

general opinion was that it was a Genoese privateer. The boats were hoisted out, and, under the command of Napier and Fayrer, sent away to examine her. As soon as they were within half a mile, the ship hoisted English colours. The sight of those colours, of course, checked the attack; the boats pulled slowly up towards her, and, when within hail, demanded what she was, for, if an English vessel, she could have no objection to be boarded by the boats of an English frigate. Now, as it afterwards was proved, the ship was a Maltese privateer of great celebrity, commanded by the well-known Pasquil Giliano, who had been very successful in his cruises, and, if report spoke truly, for the best of reasons, as he paid very little respect to any colours; in fact, he was a well-known pirate, and, when he returned to Malta, his hold was full of goods taken out of vessels, which he had burnt that he might not weaken his crew by sending them away; and in an admiralty court so notoriously corrupt as that of Malta, inquiries were easily hushed up. Although such was the fact, still, it had nothing to do with the present affair.

“When the boats pulled up astern the captain of the polacre answered that he was a Maltese privateer, but that he would not allow them to come on board; for, although Napier had hailed him in English, and he could perceive the red jackets of the marines in the boats, Giliano had an idea, from the boats being fitted out with iron tholes and grummets, like the French, that they belonged to a ship of that nation. A short parley ensued, at the end of which the captain of the privateer pointed to his boarding nettings triced up, and told them that he was prepared, and if they

attempted to board he should defend himself to the last. Napier replied that he must board, and Giliano leaped from the poop, telling him that he must take the consequences. The answer was a cheer, and a simultaneous dash of the boats to the vessel's sides.

"A most desperate conflict ensued, perhaps the best contested and the most equally matched on record. In about ten minutes, the captain having fallen, a portion of the crew of the privateer gave way, the remainder fought until they were cut to pieces, and the vessel remained in our possession. And then, when the decks were strewed with the dying and the dead, was discovered the unfortunate mistake which had been committed. The privateer was a large vessel, pierced for fourteen guns and mounting ten, and the equality of the combatants, as well as the equality of the loss on both sides, was remarkable. On board of the vessel there had been fifty-two men; with boats, fifty-four. The privateer lost Giliano, her captain, and fifteen men; on our side we had fifteen men killed and wounded. Fayrer lost for ever the use of his right arm by a musket bullet, and Napier received a very painful wound, and had a very narrow escape—the bullet of Giliano's pistol grazing his left cheek and passing through his ear, slightly splintering a portion of the bone.

"The *Impérieuse* returned to Malta with the privateer and the wounded men, and I never, at any time, saw Lord Cochrane so much dejected as he was for many days after this affair. He appreciated the value of his men—they had served him in the *Pallas*, and he could not spare one of them. I must here

remark that I never knew any one so careful of the lives of his ship's company as Lord Cochrane, or any one who calculated so closely the risks attending any expedition. Many of the most brilliant achievements were performed without the loss of a single life, so well did he calculate the chances; and one half the merit which he deserves for what he did accomplish has never been awarded him, merely because, in the official despatches there has not been a long list of killed and wounded, to please the appetite of the English public.

"I say to please the appetite, for among the peculiarities attending every nation there is one in the English which has been attended with much evil. Whether it is that the history of our country, imparted to us in our youth, is so full of sanguinary detail or that the phlegmatic disposition of our countrymen requires a certain stimulus to procure the necessary excitation; most certain it is, that although from desuetude they shudder at slaughter before their eyes, they have a pleasure in reading its details on paper.

"We are naturally a blood-thirsty nation. Those who join the ranks of the army, or enter into the naval service, fully establish the fact by their conduct; and those, who remain on shore in peace and security have as surely the seeds of the same vice as deeply implanted, and are but as the caged and domesticated lion who has had his nature subdued by kind treatment and sufficiency of food; but, let him once taste blood, his real disposition will be displayed and even his keeper will receive no mercy. We have become so wise now, that, if ever a revolution were to take place in this country it would, in all probability, be a

moral one and attended with no bloodshed; but, should it be so unfortunate as to prove otherwise, should blood once be drawn, the national character will then be developed by a slaughter and devastation which will equal, if not exceed, any that has hitherto been produced, even by that of the murderous French Revolution.

"I have dwelt upon this point in the national character, because I am about to show the effects which it has produced. John Bull is but half satisfied with a despatch, even if it proclaims an important victory, if it be not attended with a slaughter commensurate with his ideas of what it ought to have been. He is too apt to estimate the danger and difficulty by the list of killed and wounded. For instance—should two English frigates have each had an engagement, single-handed, with an enemy's vessel of equal or superior force; and should it happen that in one case the list of killed and wounded was very trifling while in the other the loss was enormous, the greater credit would, in England, be immediately given to the officer who had lost the larger portion of his ship's company. Whereas, if the merits of the case were really known, it would, in all probability, have been ascertained that the officer who had lost so many men had run head-long and rashly into action, showing no other quality than mere animal courage; while the other, whose loss was so trifling, had, by skill and conduct, outmanœuvred his antagonist, and had cut her to pieces without permitting her to inflict any serious damage in return.

"I have often witnessed, during the time I have been in the service, the effects of this well-known feel-

ing on the part of the people at home; and I have heard officers rejoice that there had been considerable slaughter, as they felt that their own good names depended upon such a holocaust having been offered up to this blood-thirsty national propensity. I have known officers beat up, if I may use the term, for wounded men after an action, and put down scratches and concussions, which never would have been thought of by the parties themselves, to swell out the list of killed and wounded. This is all very bad, and very injurious to the service. It is the bounden duty of a commander to obtain the greatest possible results by the best possible means, and to watch with the utmost care over lives so valuable to the country; for it should be recollected that every good seaman has, in his being made one, cost the country some hundreds of pounds. In this point, as I have before observed, Lord Cochrane was most particular. He knew the worth of well-trained men, and he never would risk a life without he considered the object to be attained warranted his so doing.

“1807. *December 23rd.* Cut out a Turkish ship from the harbour of Vallona.

“1808. *January 13th.* Took a settie laden with cloth, iron, and hare-skins.

“*February 10th.* Took two prizes off Cape St. Sebastian with the boats.

“*February 17th.* Boats engaged and took two vessels laden with copper and hides.

“— *19th.* At night, fell in with a brig and four gun-boats. Engaged and took brig and one gun-boat. Sunk two others.

“At one time, determined to cut out a vessel

which had been chased into the Bay of Arcasson and taken refuge beneath a battery, Lord Cochrane ordered a party (of which Mr. Midshipman Marryat was one) to board her; but, on reaching the enemy, some difficulty was experienced in gaining her deck, and it was not until the men had sustained a serious loss that they succeeded in doing so. The lieutenant in command was shot dead, and Marryat, who was close behind him, being knocked down by his corpse and trampled upon by the rest in their eagerness to revenge the death of their leader, was left on the ground insensible; and after the capture had been effected, and the list of the killed and wounded was called over, his name was returned amongst those of the former. To quote his own words from the 'Naval Officer,' where this and many similar adventures are attributed to his hero:

"I had no time to disengage myself before I was trampled on and nearly suffocated by the pressure of my shipmates, who, burning to gain the prize, or to avenge our fall, rushed on with the most undaunted bravery. I was supposed to be dead, and treated accordingly—my poor body being only used as a stop for the gangway, where the ladder was unshipped. There I lay fainting with the pressure and nearly suffocated with the blood of my brave leader, on whose breast my face rested, with my hands crossed over the back of my head to save my skull, if possible, from the heels of my friends and the swords of my enemies; and, while reason held her seat, I could not help thinking that I was just as well where I was, and that a change of position might not be for the better. About eight minutes decided the affair, though it cer-

tainly did seem to me, in my then unpleasant situation, much longer. Before it was over I had fainted, and before I regained my senses the vessel was under way, and out of gun-shot from the batteries.

"The first moments of respite from carnage were employed in examining the bodies of the killed and wounded. I was numbered amongst the former, and stretched out between the guns by the side of the first lieutenant and the other dead bodies. A fresh breeze blowing through the ports revived me a little, but, faint and sick, I had neither the power nor inclination to move; my brain was confused, I had no recollection of what had happened, and continued to lie in a sort of stupor until the prize came alongside of the frigate, and I was roused by the cheers of congratulation and victory from those who had remained on board.

"A boat instantly brought the surgeon and his assistants to inspect the dead and assist the living. Murphy came along with them. He had not been of the boarding party, and, seeing my supposed lifeless corpse, he gave it a slight kick, saying at the same time, 'Here is a young cock that has done crowing! Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows.'

"The sound of the fellow's detested voice was enough to recall me from the grave if my orders had been signed. I faintly exclaimed, 'You're a liar,' which, even with all the melancholy scene around us, produced a burst of laughter at his expense. I was removed to the ship, put to bed and bled, and was soon able to narrate the particulars of my adventure; but I continued a long time dangerously ill."

When writing of this voyage, Captain Marryat said,

"It certainly does savour of superstition, but sailors have an idea that ships have their lucky and their unlucky days; and the lucky day is soon found out. The dislike which sailors have to sail on a Friday is well known; but we also know that there is an origin for this feeling, which arose from religious scruples, now lost in superstition. In the first ages of Catholicism the priests forbade vessels to sail on that day of fast on which our Saviour suffered for us all. And perhaps the common seaman may be forgiven for having a superstitious feeling on this point, when I narrate an anecdote told me the other day. One of our most gallant admirals, the friend of Nelson, was asked what his real opinion was about sailing on a Friday, and whether he believed in its being inauspicious. 'Why,' replied he, 'I was once fool enough to believe it was all nonsense, and I did, one cruise, sail on a Friday, much to the annoyance of the men. The consequence was that I run my ship aground, and nearly lost her—what I never did before in my life,—and nothing shall induce me to sail upon a Friday again!'

"But to this feeling, as I was about to remark, the sailors add another, of lucky and unlucky days. Now, the lucky day of the *Impérieuse* was *Sunday*—a day of peace and holiness, which, with us, was certain to be attended with slaughter and devastation. The storming of Fort Roquette took place on a Sunday; the conflict with the Maltese privateer also occurred on a Sunday, and so did the affair in Almeria Bay, which I am now about to narrate in my private log of the proceedings of the *Impérieuse*. I have marked with an S. every time that this occurred, and it is

strange that almost every affair in which the *Impérieuse* distinguished herself has the initial of Sunday placed against it. The sailors had the firmest reliance upon the good fortune of this day, and I will mention a remarkable proof of it in a circumstance which occurred in the Walcheren expedition, long after Lord Cochrane had quitted the ship, which was then commanded by Captain Thomas Garth.

"The *Impérieuse* was ordered to proceed in advance up the Scheldt; there were two passages, one of which was in mid-channel and out of the fire of the batteries, the other close to the shore. The pilot, an old Dutchman, whether from ignorance or on purpose, took us up by the one in-shore, which obliged us to pass by a very formidable battery on the Terneuse shore; and this battery, mounting fourteen to sixteen guns enfiladed the narrow part of the channel so completely that the ship was forced to steer right on for it, without being able to fire a shot in return. We did not know this until it was too late. When within a mile the battery opened its fire, and with the most unpleasant precision; shot after shot either struck us or was directed so well that we felt assured that, as we decreased our distance, we should meet with a heavy loss. We beat to quarters and cast loose the guns, although, until we were close to the battery, it was impossible to return the fire.

"'I think we shall get a hammering,' observed I quietly to one of the captains of the guns on the main deck. 'We've one chance, at all events, sir,' replied he, 'it's Sunday.'

"As the battery continued its fire the people came out of the church, and the men, women, and children,

dressed in their best apparel, were seen standing about and on the battery, looking on; for no shot being returned, they felt secure. It was amusement to them, but it was death to us. But how soon was the scene changed! Not being able to fire our guns, we loaded a small brass howitzer which we had on the booms and returned a shell. By the merest chance, the shell not only fell into the battery but rolled into the magazine. A tremendous explosion ensued; bodies were seen in all directions flying up in the air—men, women, and children; all on the battery perished. The firing immediately ceased, and, as we passed the dismantled ruins, the fragments of the poor creatures who had been induced by curiosity to witness the scene, were strewed, still burning and smoking, in every direction. I need not observe that this singular incident, so fortunate for us and so unexpected, only added to the conviction of the seamen, that Sunday was the lucky day for His Majesty's ship *Impérieuse*."

CHAPTER III.

Engagement in Almeria Bay—Death of Lieutenant Caulfield—*Impérieuse* cruises off Balearic Isles—Castle of Mongat surrenders—Defence of Castle of Rosas—Anecdotes of wounded men—Capture of vessels laden with wheat off Barcelona—Marryat saves the life of Mr. W. Cobbett.

"ON the morning of *Sunday* the 21st February, 1808, the *Impérieuse* stood into Almeria Bay, Lord Cochrane having received intelligence that there were several vessels lying there under the protection of the heavy batteries which lined the bay and flanked the town and citadel. At daylight we were well in, with American colours at the peak. The Spaniards had their suspicions, but, as we boldly ran into harbour,

anchored among the other vessels, and furled our sails, they did not fire. They were puzzled, for they could not imagine that any vessel would act with such temerity, as we were surrounded by batteries. We had, however, anchored with springs upon our cables; close to us, within half musket shot, lay a large polacre privateer of sixteen guns, the same vessel which had been attacked by, and had beaten off, the boats of the *Spartan* with a loss of nearly sixty men, killed and wounded. On our other side were two large brigs heavily laden, and a zebecque; the small craft were in-shore of us, the town and citadel about half a mile ahead of us at the bottom of the bay, the batteries all around us and evidently well prepared. Our boats had long been hoisted out and lay alongside; which circumstance added to the suspicions of the Spaniards; still, as yet not a gun was fired.

“Lord Cochrane’s reason for running in with the frigate was, that he considered the loss of life would be much less by this manœuvre than if he had despatched the boats, and this privateer he had determined to capture. He did not suppose, nor indeed did any one, that, lying as she was under the guns of the frigate, she would dare to fire a shot; but in this he was mistaken. The boats were manned, and the remaining crew of the *Impérieuse* at their quarters. The word was given and the boats shoved off, one pinnace, commanded by Mr. Caulfield, the first lieutenant, pulling for the polacre ship, while the others went to take possession of the brigs and zebecque.

“To our astonishment, as soon as the pinnace was

alongside the ship, she was received with a murderous fire, and half of our boat's crew were laid beneath the thwarts; the remainder boarded. Caulfield was the first on the vessel's decks—a volley of musketballs received him, and he fell dead with thirteen bullets in his body. But he was amply avenged; out of the whole crew of the privateer, but fifteen, who escaped below and hid themselves, remained alive; no quarter was shown, they were cut to atoms on the deck, and those who threw themselves into the sea to save their lives were shot as they struggled in the water. The fire of the privateer had been the signal for the batteries to open, and now was presented the animated scene of the boats boarding in every direction, with more or less resistance; the whole bay reverberating with the roar of cannon, the smooth water ploughed up in every quarter by the shot directed against the frigate and boats, while the *Impérieuse* returned the fire, warping round and round with her springs, to silence the most galling. This continued for nearly an hour, by which time the captured vessels were under all sail, and then the *Impérieuse* hove up her anchor, and, with the English colours waving at her gaff, and still keeping up an undiminished fire, sailed slowly out the victor. Our loss on this occasion was not so severe as might have been expected; it only amounted to the first lieutenant and twelve men, killed and wounded."

In 1808 the *Impérieuse* sailed from Malta on a cruise to Catalonia and the Balearic Isles, and in the course of four months destroyed one national brig, six gun-vessels, one privateer and fifty sail of merchantmen; and, as will be seen by the extracts from Mr.

Marryat's log, engagements and captures were events of every day occurrence.

"*July 19th.* Sailed with a convoy for St. Filore.

"*S. — 24th.* Taking guns from the batteries.

"*— 25th.* Burning bridges and dismantling batteries to impede the French.

"*S. — 30th.* Attacked and took the Castle of Mongat; received ninety-five prisoners.

"*August 1st.* Taking the brass guns from the batteries.

"*— 15th.* Took a French despatch boat off Cette.

"*— 18th.* Took and destroyed a signal post.

"*— 19th.* Blew up a signal post.

"*— 22nd.* Sent boats to destroy a signal post but were repulsed.

"*— 23rd.* Blew up a signal post.

"*— 24th.* Destroyed a signal post and took a battery—seven men hurt.

"*September 3rd.* Sent boats to cut out a privateer, but were repulsed.

"*— 4th.* Engaged batteries with shot and shell and rockets.

"*— 7th.* Cut out some small vessels—Dr. Sorrell killed—*Spartan* in company.

"*— 8th.* Destroyed a telegraph off Port Vendre.

"*S. — 9th.* Stormed and took two batteries—beat off from a third—ship much damaged in hull and rigging—two men hurt.

"*— 11th.* Rocketing the town of Adge and engaging batteries.

"*— 12th.* Rocketing the town of Cette—ship losing boats.

"*September 13th.* Destroyed the mud engines on the levels of Cette.

"1808. "*March 4th.* Sailed in company of the *Hydra* for a cruise off Minorca.

"S. — 20th. Took a settee laden with wine off Majorca.

"— 22nd. Chased three brigs—took one—*Hydra* took another.

"S. — 27th. Took a Spanish ship—put prisoners on board and let her go.

"— 28th. Took two settees laden with wine in Alicadia Bay.

"— 31st. Took a Spanish settee and sent her to Malta.

"*April 1st.* Detained an American brig.

"— 2nd. Took a Spanish tower and blew it up.

"— 5th. Cut a brig out from under a battery.

"— 8th. Took a brig laden with wine—went in her to Gibraltar.

"— 11th. Took a Spanish settee.

"— 13th. Engaged some batteries and barracks.

"— 21st. Took and destroyed a tower of three guns at Minorca.

"— 28th. Landed on the Spanish coast for water—beat off—one man wounded.

"— 30th. Engaged a battery.

"*May 5th.* Took a prize laden with lead.

"— 6th. Took a polacre ship laden with barilla.

"— 7th. Cut out a polacre ship laden with barilla.

"— 11th. Took a French bark, and cut out a polacre ship.

"*May 21st.* Engaged four gun-boats and a convoy of twenty sail—ran them all on shore, and set fire to them, except one gun-boat and two settees. Received wounded prisoners—one man wounded.

"—— *24th.* Took a convoy of six sail—burnt one and got five off.

"—— *28th.* Took and destroyed a telegraph.

"—— *30th.* Blew up a signal post near Cape Lien.

"*October 2nd.* Chased by the French fleet. *Spartan* to seaward.

"*November 13th.* At anchor off Barcelona—Blew up a fort, and took a French boat at night, rocketing the town of Barcelona.

"—— *15th.* Engaging batteries at Barcelona, with shot and shells—ship much damaged; one gun dismantled by a shot.

"—— *21st.* Came to an anchor in the Bay of Kous.

"—— *22nd.* French besieging the town of Rosas and Fort Trinity.

"—— *23rd.* Landing troops and engaging batteries; Spaniards repulsed, with loss—a master's mate and several men of *Fame* killed and wounded. *Fame* embarked marines from fort, not thinking it tenable.

"—— *24th.* Landed and took possession of Trinity Castle. Enemy keeping up a constant fire on the castle and tower.

"—— *27th.* Boats taking troops to the citadel.

"—— *30th.* French stormed the castle—but were repulsed with loss of several men, scaling ladders, etc.

"*December 5th.* The Spaniards capitulated, and surrendered the citadel to the French. Embarked our

ship's company under cover of the *Fame* and *Magnificent*. Blew up the Castle and spiked the guns. Total loss, five killed and twelve wounded.

"*December 30th.* Warped the ship into harbour of Cadaqués and took possession, after a short action, of the batteries, two men-of-war, and twelve sail laden with wheat.

"*1809. January 9th.* Ran into Port Selda, drove French from the batteries, employed getting brass guns off, marines repulsed and embarked. One man made prisoner, five wounded—got off four brass guns.

"—— *20th.* Engaging town of Sitges with shot and shells.

"—— *22nd.* Firing at the French army as they passed on the beach for six miles.

* * * *

"On the 30th of July in this year, the Castle of Mongat was attacked and surrendered to the *Impérieuse*, in which undertaking Marryat assisted, and during the months of August and September following, the ship cruised off the coast of Languedoc, thereby keeping it in a continual state of alarm, besides involving a total suspension of the enemy's trade. On the 13th November, a fort near Barcelona was blown up and the city annoyed with rockets and a small French vessel taken. Two days after the *Impérieuse* sustained great damage, one gun having been dismounted whilst engaging some batteries. By his subsequent heroic defence of the castle of Trinidad Lord Cochrane greatly retarded the progress of the French army, and was pleased on this occasion to make particular mention of Mr. Marryat in these

words:—‘As to the officers, seamen, and marines of this ship, the fatigues they underwent and the gallant manner in which they behaved deserve every praise. I must, however, particularly mention Lieutenant Johnston of the navy, Lieutenant Hoare of the marines, Mr. Burney, gunner, Mr. Loderick, carpenter, and Messrs. Stewart, Stovin, and Marryat, midshipmen.’” *

In the course of these engagements Marryat received three wounds, one of which was in his stomach; but part of his shirt having been thrust in with the bayonet, it served as a plug and prevented bleeding, so that in the excitement of the action he felt no pain, and it was not until he undressed in his cabin and the removal of the linen caused the blood to flow, that he knew that he was wounded.

His description of the defence of the castle of Rosas, in which he took part, is as follows:

“The southern army of Spain, under the command of General St. Cyr, had already captured Figueras and Gerona, and were now forcing their way to Barcelona; but they could not advance and leave the citadel of Rosas in the possession of the Spaniards. Now, the weakest point in the citadel was protected by the castle, which the French had already reduced to a heap of ruins, when Lord Cochrane threw himself in it with the major part of his ship’s company, and held it against the efforts of the French army for a period of six weeks. He did not abandon it until the Spaniards in the citadel capitulated, when, of course, it was useless to remain there longer. The French stormed us with a thousand picked men; but unfortunately they selected *Sunday* for the attempt, and

* Marshall’s ‘Naval Biography.’

they were beaten back with heavy loss. In this instance a mere handful of seamen detained the whole French army for more than six weeks. In this long contest we lost only seventeen men of our ship's company killed and wounded; the total loss I do not know.

"I have seen many strange results from wounds, and there were two or three on this occasion worth relating. One of the men belonging to Lord Cochrane's gig received a musket-ball in his skull, which pierced it and lodged underneath. It was extracted by trepanning and sawing away a considerable portion of the bone. The brain was injured, and inflammation ensued; the wound was poulticed over the brain, which was laid bare, and every time that the poultice was removed a large portion of the brain came away with it; indeed, it was argued, from the numerous poultices and the quantity of brain taken away, that he ought to have very little brains left; this was not, however, the case; it appeared to be reproduced. The man's life was saved, and the effect was, not idiotcy, as might be conjectured, but a paralysis of the left side.

"It would therefore appear that brains are not quite so necessary as has generally been supposed, or, at all events, that we have duplicate organs of the brain, as the phrenologists assert, and provided that one is left, we can get on very well without the other. However, I only state the fact and leave those who please to argue the point.

"A long brass twenty-four-pounder not having been properly spunged out, went off while the men were reloading it, and a marine of the name of

Folkes and a mizen-top man, who were ramming the cartridge home, were the sufferers. The state of the poor marine was dreadful; his face was blown off to the bones; nose, eyes, lips, every feature, had disappeared, and the remains were left black as charcoal. Both his arms were blown off short at the shoulders; and the flesh of his chest had been carried away, so that you might perceive the motion of the vitals within. A more dreadful object could not have been imagined, and the poor fellow was carried away and laid down in a corner to die.

"Now the strange feature in this case was that the man never complained, or appeared to feel the least pain. With his bared and blackened jaws he continued to abuse the French, and to swear that as soon as he was well again he would have his revenge upon them. He imagined himself to be very slightly hurt. I watched him for about two hours before he died; his voice gradually failed him, as he bled to death, and at last he spoke no more.

"It would appear, then, that a shock to excess does not carry pain with it, and, indeed, I have observed this in more instances than in the one I have now mentioned.

"The mizen-top man had his arm blown off, and, at the same time, he was himself blown over the castle walls, and fell on the hard rock from a height which, in any other case, would have dashed a man to atoms. We went down to his assistance, expecting to find him dead; on the contrary, he was quite sensible and collected. He was taken on board of the frigate, his arm was amputated and he was put into his hammock. Now, it is most singular that the man was not injured

by the fall, and he never complained of the least pain from it, nor was there to be observed the least contusion. He recovered, and was sent home. It is a well-known fact, that a man when intoxicated will fall from a height without injury, which fall, if he were sober, would occasion his death; and it is to be presumed that the same effect will be produced, even to a more extensive degree, when a man is in a state of total unconsciousness, which was probably the case with this man when he was blown over the castle wall.

"The French, who had possession of Barcelona, were now closely blockaded by the Spaniards on shore and at sea by the English cruisers. Incredible efforts were made by the French to throw provisions into the town, and convoy after convoy crept along the coast, availing themselves of the protection of the batteries during the day, and of the darkness during the night. The *Impériouse* was actively employed, and circumstances as singular as they were exciting often occurred. At one time we were on shore with the guerillas, with rocks for our beds and heaven for our covering; at another engaging the escorts which accompanied the military stores, breaking up the roads, dismantling batteries, and embarking the guns.

"We had received information that a convoy of eleven sail of vessels, laden with wheat for Barcelona, under the protection of an armed cutter and zebecque, had taken shelter in the small port of Cadaqués. This is a port on the confines of the Spanish Mediterranean coast, abutting on France. It is very narrow, not only at its entrance but in the whole length of it to its termination, where the town is situated. It

forms a sort of long narrow pass, and it is lined on each side with high rocky mountains abruptly rising from the water, and strewed with large fragments of rocks and small brushwood. A more secure retreat for the defenders, and a more difficult one to assail, cannot well be conceived. To have sent in the boats to take out these vessels would have subjected them to severe loss, as they would have been exposed to the musketry of the French troops concealed on both sides behind the fragments of rock, at the same time that they would have been raked by the fire of a battery raised by the French in front of the town, at the bottom of this *cul-de-sac*. There was scarcely room for the frigate to enter, or to warp her broadside across this narrow inlet; but, on the whole, this proceeding was considered by our commander as preferable. We therefore dropped our kedge at the entrance of the port before daylight.

"There was not a breath of wind shortly after we anchored, and we laid out our warps, and made fast our hawsers before the French were aware that we were near them, for they slept in perfect security. At daylight, to their surprise, the frigate was in harbour, and, being soon able to point some of our guns, we drove them away and took possession of the vessels and the battery, the guns of which we spiked. The officers commanding the man-of-war cutter and zebrucque had sunk them where they lay, by firing their own guns down the hatchway through the vessels' bottoms. But, although we had possession, the French troops received reinforcements, and rallied, stationing themselves behind the rocks, within half musket-shot, and keeping up a most galling fire. The

guns of the frigate were fired at them, but with little effect as they were so well protected. Thus passed Friday and Saturday. We had possession of the vessels laden with wheat, but Lord Cochrane determined to raise the men-of-war and bring them out, for they were very beautiful vessels, and of a character much wanted in the peculiar warfare in which we were engaged.

"But to effect this, it was necessary to dislodge and drive away the French troops, and have the whole harbour to ourselves. On the Sunday this was effected; and I mention the way, as it may be useful to others. We were so close that the shot from our large guns were thrown with terrible force against the rocks behind which the French were concealed. Finding that firing at the rocks was of little use we hit upon another plan, which succeeded to admiration. Instead of firing at the large fragment of rock from behind which the musketry proceeded, we aimed with the greatest precision at the rock next to it and a little behind it. The force of the shot splintered these rocks and produced all the effect of shells, for the fragments bounded off on every side and did such execution amongst the enemy that, in a few hours, they thought it advisable to retreat and leave us in quiet possession.

"We remained there ten days, during which we careened and repaired the cutter, mounting seven guns, and thirty-two men, and the zebecque, a beautiful vessel, called the *Julie*, mounting five guns, and a complement of forty-four men; refitted them, and, when we left, carried them away with us. As for the convoy laden with wheat, we sold them to the

Spaniards belonging to the place; the French, in reality, being the purchasers. That we cared little about, as they paid in hard dollars which we served out on the capstan head, not thinking it necessary that an agent should finger them at our expense."

Here ends Marryat's account of the engagements in which he shared whilst on board His Majesty's ship *Impérieuse*. He was recommended in Lord Cochrane's despatch of the 8th of December, 1808, and in May 1809 received a certificate from the same officer for gallantry in leaping overboard, whilst in the harbour of Malta, to save the life of Mr. Midshipman Cobbett, and holding him up until a boat could be brought to his assistance.

This incident is related in 'The Naval Officer,' but the motive for the action which he attributes to himself in print is very different from what it really was. There he says, "The officers and ship's company gave me more credit for this action than I really deserved. To have saved any person under such circumstances they said was a noble deed; but to risk my life for a man who had always, from my first coming into the ship, been my bitterest enemy, was more than they could have expected, and was undoubtedly the noblest revenge that I could have taken. But they were deceived, they knew me not: it was my vanity and the desire of oppressing my enemy under an intolerable weight of obligation that induced me to rush to his rescue; moreover, as I stood on the gangway witnessing his struggles for life, I felt that I was about to lose all the revenge I had so long laid up in store. In short, I could not spare

him, and only saved him, as a cat does a mouse, to torment him."

It is only necessary to compare this with the true version of the case, to see how poorly Marryat rated his own heroism and generosity. Writing home to his mother to relate the adventure (which took place, as stated, for the sake of a lad from whom he had received the most brutal treatment on first joining the ship, and with whom he carried on a war to the knife,) he says, "From that moment I have loved the fellow as I never loved friend before. All my hate is forgotten. I have saved his life."

CHAPTER IV.

Receives a certificate for gallantry at the Basque Roads—Is invalided home—Sails in the *Centaur* under Sir S. Wood—Saves the life of T. Mowbray—Jumps overboard after J. Walker—Cuts down masts of *Æolus* in a gale of wind—Saves the life of a boy—Engaged in boat attacks in Haycock's Harbour—Receives Lieutenant's Commission—Appointed to *L'Espiegle*—Jumps overboard after T. Small—Breaks a blood-vessel and is sent home—Appointed to the *Newcastle*—Is promoted and married—Receives the gold medal from Humane Society—Code of signals—Elected F.R.S.—Appointed to the *Beaver*—Death of Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the 9th of January, 1809, the *Impérieuse* ran into Port Selda, drove the enemy from their works and embarked four brass guns. With this terminated the long list of Lord Cochrane's active and gallant services in the Mediterranean, but not that of Marryat, as he continued on board the *Impérieuse*, and, being in the succeeding April employed in an explosion vessel under Lieutenant Urry Johnson, received the following certificate from that officer:

"This is to certify that Mr. Frederick Marryat, midshipman of H.M.S. *Impérieuse*, was in the explosion brig under my command in the attack of the enemy's

fleet in Basque Roads, on the night of the 11th of April, 1809, and conducted himself very much to his own credit and my entire satisfaction.

"U. JOHNSON, Commander,
"Late Lieutenant, H.M.S. *Impérieuse*.

"London, Nov. 10, 1809."

In June 1809, Captain Thomas Garth assumed the temporary command of the *Impérieuse*, and Marryat continued to serve under him until the October of the same year, when he was discharged into H.M.S. *Victorious*, 74 guns, for his passage from Flushing to England, a severe attack of Walcheren fever being the cause of his temporary suspension from active service. Temporary, indeed, as, on the day following his arrival at home, he joined H.M.S. *Centaur*, the flag ship of Sir Samuel Hood, being at this time eighteen years of age.

With Sir Samuel Hood he returned to the Mediterranean, and whilst serving in the *Centaur*, September 1810, saved the life of Thomas Mowbray, seaman, who fell overboard from the main-yard, whilst the ship was cruising off Toulon.

After an absence of twelve months, Marryat returned home from Cadiz in the *Atlas*, 74 guns, Captain James Sanders; and proceeded to Barbadoes (the scene of his dignity ball) and Bermuda, as a passenger on board the *Africa*, 64 guns, Captain John Bastard. On the 1st of March, 1811, Marryat jumped overboard in a very daring manner from the poop of this vessel, whilst she was under sail and going seven knots an hour before the wind, in order to save the life of James Walker, seaman; an attempt which un-

fortunately proved futile, as Marryat was nearly two miles astern of the *Africa* and upwards of thirty minutes in the water before a boat could be sent to his assistance.* For this act he received a certificate of gallantry from Captain Bastard.

From Bermuda he went to Halifax in the *Chub* steamer to join, April 11th, 1811, the *Æolus* frigate, Captain Lord James Townshend.

The *Æolus*, after visiting Quebec and Prince Edward's Island, was sent, in company with the squadron under Captain Bastard, to cruise off New York. On the 30th of September, a gale of wind blew with tremendous fury; the *Æolus* was laid on her beam ends, her top-masts and mizen-masts were literally blown away, and she continued in this very perilous situation for at least half an hour. Directions were then given to cut away the main-yard in order to save the main-mast and right the vessel, but so great was the danger attending the operation, considered, that *not a man* could be induced to attempt it until Marryat led the way. The sequel is in his own words: "I confess I felt gratified at this acknowledgment of a danger that none dared face. I waited a few seconds to see if a volunteer would step forward, resolved, if he did, that I would be his enemy for life, inasmuch as he would have robbed me of the gratification of my darling passion—unbounded pride. Dangers, in common with others, I had often faced, and been the first to encounter; but to dare that which a gallant and hardy crew of a frigate had declined, was a climax of superiority which I had never dreamed of attaining. Seizing a sharp tomahawk, I made signs to the captain

* Marshall's 'Naval Biography.'

that I would attempt to cut away the wreck, follow me who dared. I mounted the weather rigging; five or six hardy seamen followed me. Sailors will rarely refuse to follow when they find an officer to lead the way. The jerks of the rigging had nearly thrown us overboard, or jammed us with the wreck. We were forced to embrace the shrouds with arms and legs; and anxiously, and with breathless apprehension for our lives, did the captain, officers, and crew gaze on us as we mounted, and cheered us at every stroke of the tomahawk. The danger seemed passed when we reached the cat-harpings where we had foot-room. We divided our work, some took the lanyards of the topmast rigging, I the slings of the main yard. The lusty blows we dealt were answered by corresponding crashes, and at length, down fell the tremendous wreck over the larboard gunwale. The ship felt instant relief; she righted, and we descended amidst the cheers and the congratulations of most of our shipmates.

"This was the proudest moment of my life, and no earthly possession would I have taken in exchange for what I felt when I once more placed my foot on the quarter-deck. The approving smile of the captain—the hearty shake by the hand—the praises of the officers—the eager gaze of the ship's company, who looked on me with astonishment and obeyed me with alacrity, were something, in my mind, when abstractedly considered, but nothing compared to the inward feeling of gratified ambition—a passion so intimately interwoven in my existence that, to have eradicated it, the whole fabric of my frame must have been demolished. I felt pride justified." * * *

His heroic conduct on this occasion excited uni-

versal admiration, and in a certificate awarded him for his courage, Lord James Townshend says that "he conducted himself with such bravery, intrepidity and firmness as merited my warmest approbation."

From the same officer, and almost at the same time, Marryat received a second certificate for saving the life of a boy who had fallen overboard in Halifax Harbour, by jumping after him and holding him up until a boat arrived to their assistance.

On the 17th of November, 1811, he was removed to the *Spartan* frigate, Captain Edward Pelham Brunton, under whose command he continued to serve on the coast of North America until the 22nd of August, 1812.

A few days previous to his leaving this ship to come home in the *Indian* sloop of war, Marryat was engaged in two boat attacks in Haycock's Harbour and Little River, the result of which was the capture of six American vessels.

On the 26th of December, 1812, Marryat received his commission, and appeared in all the dignity of a lieutenant's epaulette. His promotion was conferred without the necessity of his going abroad, "a mark of favour which" (as Mr. Hay, Secretary to the Admiralty, says in a letter to Mr. Joseph Marryat,) "is only exhibited where the *particular services* of the candidate appear to deserve it."

On the 8th of January, 1813, Marryat was appointed to the *Espiègle* sloop, Captain John Taylor, and on the 8th of the following month Jacob Small, seaman, having fallen from the main rigging, as a matter of course he leapt overboard in hope of saving the man; but, owing again to the length of time that

elapsed before a boat could be sent to his aid, was unsuccessful in the attempt. When Marryat was at last picked up, a mile and a half distant from the vessel, he was quite exhausted and nearly senseless. In after days, he would often speak of the sensations he experienced whilst drowning, and said that, the struggle for life once over, the waters closing round him assumed the appearance of waving green fields, which approached nearer and grew greener as his senses gradually forsook him. It was not a feeling of pain, but more like sinking down, overpowered by sleep, in the long soft grass of a cool meadow. For this last act of bravery, Lieutenant Marryat was again rewarded by a certificate from Captain Taylor; and altogether, during the time he served in the navy, he was presented with twenty-seven certificates, recommendations and votes of thanks for saving the lives of others at the risk of his own, beside receiving a gold medal from the Humane Society.

Lieutenant Marryat next visited Surinam, Demerara, and Barbadoes, but having to quit *l'Espigle* at New Providence, in consequence of having broken a blood-vessel, he proceeded thence to sick quarters at Halifax, and shortly afterwards returned to England as a passenger on board the *Spartan*.

His next appointment, on the 31st of January, 1814, was to the *Newcastle*, 58 guns, Captain Lord George Stuart; under whom he assisted at the capture of the American privateer *Ida*, 10 guns; and the *Prince de Neufchâtel*, 18 guns. On the 19th of December he commanded the *Newcastle* barge, which was despatched in order to cut off four vessels from

Boston Bay. In this engagement, he lost eleven of his crew killed and wounded.

In the private log kept by Lieutenant Marryat, from the time of his appointment to the *Impérieuse*, 1806, to that of his being sent home on sick leave in 1815, he reports himself on the 17th of April, 1813, as "discharged ashore into sick quarters," whilst the certificate from the surgeon of the vessel gives the following reason for the circumstance: "Lieutenant Marryat, on the 21st of March last, ruptured a blood-vessel of the lungs whilst dancing at a ball at Barbadoes, which produced an immediate discharge of about four pounds of arterial blood. By the use of proper remedies the complaint was mitigated so far as to induce him to return to his duty on the 28th of the same month; but in consequence of exertion of the lungs in speaking, whilst carrying on the necessary duties of his station, a relapse was produced which rendered it necessary for him to go on the list again on the 6th of this month; since which, he has continually coughed up considerable quantities of arterial blood accompanied with thoracic pain and difficulty of respiration, which has produced a great degree of debility and emaciation." . . . "Lieutenant Marryat's return to Barbadoes would be productive of the most dangerous, and ultimately *fatal consequences* to him."

The surgeon to the forces and the surgeon of the Second West Indian Regiment, also certified to his tendency to "hæmoptysis," and prophesied that, without great care, "the most dangerous, and perhaps fatal results," would be the consequence. (The tendency exhibited by Lieutenant Marryat's constitution

at this period of his life was subsequently confirmed, as the disease which killed him was atrophy, produced by weakness, consequent on the rupture of internal blood-vessels.)

Owing to continued ill health, on the 16th of February, 1815, he left the *Newcastle* at Madeira, and returned to England in the *Conway*, 24 guns; and on the 13th of the following June, he was made a commander.

"The military events of June 1815 being followed by a general peace, he occupied himself in acquiring a perfect knowledge of such branches of science as might prove useful should the Lords of the Admiralty think fit to employ him in a voyage of discovery or survey, and he was even recalled from Italy, in 1818, in order to conduct a mission into the interior of Africa; but circumstances afterwards occurred which induced him to relinquish his intention of joining it." *

The "circumstance" referred to, was Captain Marryat's marriage with Catherine, second daughter of Sir Stephen Shairp, Knt., of Houston, Co. Linlithgow, for many years Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General, and twice *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Court of Russia; which event took place in January, 1819.

It was in 1818 that he was presented by the Royal Humane Society with the Gold Medal before alluded to, and at the same time he received "their warmest thanks for his most gallant and benevolent exertions;" the president observing during the meeting, at which Captain Marryat was present, that "it was with extreme pain that the committee had been under the necessity of declining to recommend the

* Marshall's 'Naval Biography.'

Honorary Medallion in several cases of extraordinary merit, but which had been presented to the society at a period far beyond that prescribed by its necessary regulations. Two of these cases Mr. Pettigrew had narrated to the meeting; the first was the preservation of the crews of two ships by the benevolent exertions of Captain Rowland Money; the other, the saving of at least a dozen lives by Captain Marryat, at the imminent hazard of his own."

The code of signals for the use of merchant vessels of all nations, including the cipher for secret correspondence, was invented and brought to perfection by Captain Marryat.

It was at once adopted in the merchant service, and is now generally used by the British and French navies, in Calcutta and Bombay, at the Cape of Good Hope and other English settlements, and by the mercantile marine of North America.

It is also published in the Dutch and Italian languages, and, by an order of the French Government, no merchant vessel can be insured without these signals being on board. On the 4th of March, 1817, Captain Marryat received a letter of thanks from the shipowners, for his able invention, and shortly afterwards a second vote of thanks from the same society was conveyed to him through their president, Mr. G. F. Young.

In 1819, Captain Marryat was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and with respect to this election, an amusing anecdote is extant. He was a good draughtsman, and from a boy had exhibited a talent for caricaturing, which threatened sometimes to lead him into serious scrapes; indeed this unfortunate pro-

clivity stopped for some months his promotion from lieutenant to commander. His published caricatures, both private and political, which were well known in their day, stood him in good stead, however, on the occasion of his being proposed as a member of the Royal Society. His name was submitted to Sir Joseph Barker, to whose decision the "Fellows" bowed without demur.

"Marryat! Marryat!" jerked out Sir Joseph. "A capital fellow! Elect him by all means. *Puzzled which to choose! Puzzled which to choose!* I always have his caricatures on my table; wouldn't be without them for the world."

The caricature alluded to by Sir Joseph, and wherein Captain Marryat himself is depicted standing with his hand on his heart in an attitude of perplexity, before three dusky ladies dressed in the highest fashion of their country, is entitled "Puzzled which to choose: or, the King of Timbuctoo offering one of his Daughters in Marriage to Captain —— (anticipated result of the African Expedition)."

The draughtsman's own caricature figured in another publication called "The Adventures of Master Blockhead," which was one of the most popular of the series.

On the 13th of June, 1820, Captain Marryat was appointed to the *Beaver* sloop, and shortly after assuming her command he received an invitation to dine on board the royal yacht, then stationed at Portsmouth; an honour strangely at variance with his Sovereign's conduct to him at a later period. This compliment is mentioned, as it was bound to be, in his private log.

"1820. *Sept. 27th.* Dined on board the *Royal George* yacht, by command of His Majesty.

"1821. *March 7th.* Came to an anchor at St. Helena.

"*May 1st.* Weighed and made sail to cruise to windward; but was recalled in consequence of being attacked with dysentery and cholera morbus on the 3rd.

"—— *5th.* Napoleon Bonaparte died.

"—— *9th.* Exchanged into H.M. sloop *Rosario*. Attended the funeral of Bonaparte.

"—— *16th.* Sailed for England with despatches.

"—— *21st.* Made the Island of Ascension. Hove to to deliver despatches to the governor, and to procure turtle.

"*June 9th.* Mr. Cowan, purser, died of dysentery.

"*July 6th.* Anchored at Spithead.

"*August 12th.* Anchored in Harwich harbour.

"—— *17th.* Weighed and made sail with the squadron for Cuxhaven; the *Glasgow* having on board the body of Her late Majesty Caroline, Queen of England."

As mentioned here, Captain Marryat, leaving his wife and child at Wimbledon, sailed for Madeira, Teneriffe, St. Iago, Trinidad on the Main, Tristran d'Acunha, Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena.

It was at this time that the emperor was confined there, and the *Beaver* continued to cruise round the island until his death rendered the guardianship of his person no longer necessary.

The news of his decease was brought home by Captain Marryat in duplicate despatches from Rear-Admiral Lambert and Sir Hudson Lowe. On the

afternoon of the day on which Napoleon died, Captain Marryat took the well-known sketch of him in full profile, which was afterwards engraved both in France and England.

It represents the dead emperor lying on his camp bed with his hands crossed above the crucifix upon his breast, and has been considered one of the most striking likenesses preserved of him.

After the emperor's death, being attacked by dysentery, Captain Marryat exchanged from the *Beaver* into the *Rosario* sloop, and returned home in her on the 9th of May, 1821.

This ship formed part of the squadron appointed to escort the remains of Her Majesty Queen Caroline from Harwich to Cuxhaven in August of the same year, and after he had cruised in her with some success against the smugglers in the British Channel, she was pronounced no longer seaworthy, and paid off on the 22nd of February, 1822.

CHAPTER V.

Pamphlet containing 'Suggestions for the Abolition of the present System of Impressment in the Naval Service'—Letter to the Admiralty on the 'Prevention of Smuggling.'

In 1822 Captain Marryat published a pamphlet entitled 'Suggestions for the Abolition of the present System of Impressment in the Naval Service,'* in which he pointed out the propriety of all merchant vessels carrying apprentices proportioned to tonnage, instead of West Indiamen only, as was then the case. A few months after its appearance His Majesty's Ministers put this suggestion in force, taking the scale

* Marshall's 'Naval Biography.'

proposed by him as their guide, with little, if any, alteration.

The following letter was also written to the Admiralty relative to the prevention of smuggling in the Channel, in answer to which Sir G. Cockburn wrote: "I have much pleasure in saying I very much concur with him (Captain Marryat) on some of the points to which he has adverted":

"MY LORDS,

"Having been informed that Government has lately instituted an inquiry into the measures resorted to for the prevention of smuggling, I trust I shall not be deemed presuming if I venture to submit to your Lordships the circumstances that came under my observation during the few months I was employed upon that service. In so doing I shall confine myself to the western side of the Channel, where I was stationed—a line of coast, of which Portland may be considered as the centre, extending from Portsmouth to the Start Point. I have taken these two extremes, there being, comparatively speaking, but little smuggling on the English Channel to the westward of the Start, and that which is carried on to the eastward of Portsmouth is from other ports of France, and on a different system.

"I believe I may confidently state that every cargo run on the line of coast above laid down is shipped from the port of Cherbourg. It will be necessary, first, to direct your Lordships' attention to the system upon which the smuggling is carried on; and, secondly, to the means at present resorted to for the prevention of it; to consider whether those means are effectual, and

if not, by what measures they may be made more so than they are at present. Although it will occasionally happen that several interests are combined, it may be generally considered that there are three parties in this traffic having interests distinct from each other.

"The first is the owners of the vessel, who receive a freight for her employment; which, if she be successful, will in a short period repay the whole expense of building and fitting out. The second is the crew of smugglers hired to sail in the vessel, who are paid so many shillings per tub, provided that the cargo be landed safe; if the cargo is sunk for concealment, a deduction is made for the expenses attending the recovery, unless the crew recover it themselves, which they generally do. If the cargo be thrown over in deep water and irrecoverably lost, they receive no compensation whatever for their risk and trouble. The third is the smuggling companies, consisting chiefly of the farmers in the neighbourhood, who provide the beach parties to receive and run the cargo when landed, and who bear the whole responsibility after the tubs are on the beach.

"There may be other occasional arrangements, but the above-mentioned are the most usual. The locality and other circumstances may sometimes render it expedient to combine the several interests, and to allow the risk to be shared in certain proportions until the ultimate safety of the cargo shall have been secured.

"It has been asserted, and I think with truth, that if one cargo in three is landed the smuggling companies are not losers. The price of a tub at Cherbourg is about seven and sixpence, the freight, &c.,

per tub about eight shillings, and the expense of running it after landing about six shillings. A tub will therefore stand in £1 1s. 6d. The loss of the two first cargoes will increase the total expense to £1 16s. 6d., which is several shillings less than the value of a tub when sold in England.

"Your Lordships will observe that in the above arrangements the smuggling companies are always the least sufferers in case of failure, the profits of the parties employed by them being neither so sure nor so great as has been imagined. The men employed by the companies to sail with vessels are not very numerous, with the exception of the Bere men, who work at the bottom of West Bay in smaller vessels. I have seldom boarded a smuggler in ballast on any part of the coast herein laid down (excepting the Isle of Wight) without finding that most, if not all the crew, were composed of Portland or Weymouth men. We usually found one stranger on board, and whenever we could ascertain what part of the coast he came from we had no doubt that the cargo either had been, or was about to be run in that direction, this man being put on board on account of his perfect acquaintance with the proper landing place for the tub boat.

"I now proceed to state the measures at present resorted to by the revenue cruisers, employed in the prevention of the contraband trade. The vessel is more at anchor than at sea, and when under weigh is seldom out of sight of the English coast. Her boats are left on shore where the vessel may be; sometimes a boat is left for weeks and months at a station many miles distant from the cruising ground of the vessel.

As an instance, the *Greyhound* was never out of Portland Roads, unless for a few hours, and very often got under weigh with three or four hands on board—not with an intention of cruising, but that it might appear on the log that she had conformed to the letter of her printed instructions.

“As an instance of the latter, the *Lion*, stationed at Guernsey, had always a detached boat at Weymouth; the *Dove* and *Scourge* always left one at Bere. Your Lordships will be sensible that under this system the expense of the vessels might as well be saved, as the Revenue cruising vessels became in fact little more than an extra Preventive service.

“By watching the smugglers on market days and ascertaining where the farmers reside with whom they hold conference, by boarding the vessels when they sail, and observing the wind, weather, and age of the moon, it is true that the officers of the revenue vessels calculate to great nicety the period and the direction of the vessels’ return with their cargoes. But should they interrupt them, the smugglers have generally time, before the boats can board, to sink their cargo, which is all strung together upon a hawser with heavy sinking stones to one end. When these stones are thrown over the side, the whole cargo runs out with such rapidity that it requires less than two minutes to sink a cargo of three or four hundred tubs. Indeed, the practice of sinking has become general on this part of the coast; the smuggler prefers doing it, whether interrupted or not, as he finds it more safe to raise his cargo in small quantities the ensuing night, and it renders him independent of the beach parties, who would otherwise often be collected without being

employed, in the event of the vessel, by being chased off, or other unforeseen circumstances, not arriving at the time appointed.

"Your Lordships will observe that throughout the whole transaction the smugglers have a manifest advantage over the parties employed against them. They have the advantage of being under sail in their vessels, and, running away from the boats a few miles, sinking their cargo in another direction; they are not kept on the alert for any length of time, being employed for only a few hours; whereas the men in the King's boats have probably been up several nights, and are harassed with cold and fatigue. The smugglers have also the advantage of silence on their side, and the warning of the noise made by the oars of the parties employed against them; and, from their knowledge of the different sinking grounds and marks on the coast, they seldom or ever miss finding their cargo at the first throw of their creepers.

"I have entered into the above details in explanation of the grounds of my confident opinion, that not *one* tub out of *ten*, if so many, falls into the hands of those employed against the smugglers. The great number of tubs which have been seized by the means at present resorted to may therefore be rather considered as evidence of the enormous extent to which the smuggling is carried, than of any effectual check having been put to its continuance.

"If the printed instructions to the Revenue cruisers, which state, 'that unless forced by stress of weather, they are not to be at anchor for more than twenty-four hours,' were rigidly complied with, smuggling would have received a greater check than it has

hitherto done. That these orders have not been enforced, appears to have arisen from the erroneous idea, entertained by all parties, that the more tubs are seized the greater is the check to the contraband trade. The Admiralty have, in an indirect manner, sanctioned the non-compliance, by holding out prospects of promotion to those officers who make the most seizures. The commanders-in-chief on the stations, being also misled, have not enforced this order, from the idea that the vessels were more effectually serving their country by the system in practice; and the officer commanding the Revenue cruiser has naturally preferred a system by which, living on shore with his family, his comforts were promoted, his emoluments increased, and his hopes of promotion encouraged.

"In proceeding to consider the means of more effectually preventing smuggling than by those at present in use, I must beg to refer your Lordships to a letter written by me to Admiral Whitshed, when I paid off H.M.S. *Rosario*, in which I represented the necessity of employing two vessels of a certain description in West Bay; and expressed an opinion that unless such a measure was resorted to there would never be any effectual check to the smuggling in that direction.

"The situation of Cherbourg is so advantageous from its proximity to the English coast, as to make it the interest of smugglers to load at that port, as the only one from which they can start in the evening and land their cargo on the opposite side before the break of day. This consideration gives weight to the remark previously made, that every cargo run on the

line of coast laid down is shipped at Cherbourg, which port may therefore be considered as the *centre* from which they all start, and the line of coast which I have described as the circumference.

"I before stated my opinion that the men employed with smuggling vessels are not very numerous, and the fact of their receiving no remuneration when the cargo is thrown over in deep water; it appears to me, therefore, that by following up a system by which the smugglers would be forced to resort to this expedient or be taken, would be the most effectual discouragement to them that could be practised.

"The officers of the Revenue cruisers are aware of this, but at the same time are aware that by so doing they would have neither prize money nor the chance of promotion. One officer only, Mr. Pettit, of the *Adder* tender, has followed up this system; and the smugglers acknowledge that he has done more mischief to them than all the other Revenue cruisers combined.

"By forming a cordon round Cherbourg, which, as I observed, is the centre from which all the vessels start, his Majesty's cruisers would have a better chance of falling in with them, than when dispersed over a coast of one hundred miles circumference; and having the advantage of superior sailing, would oblige them to throw their cargoes overboard to enable them to make their escape. The cruisers would also have a better chance, by a vigilant look-out upon the vessel when chased, of making a total seizure, by seeing her heave her cargo, whereas, when close in shore, if the vessel and cargo be taken, the men generally escape in the tub boat. However sensible the Revenue offi-

cers may be of the truth of these observations, your Lordships will feel that they can hardly be expected to act upon them, so long as their comfort and emoluments and chance of promotion are augmented and realised by pursuing the opposite system.

"It will therefore remain for your Lordships' consideration (if you shall be of opinion that what is respectfully submitted in this letter is worthy of your attention), whether it may not be expedient to substitute some other claims to promotion than those at present acknowledged, and to enforce with strictness the execution of a duty which the comfort and emolument of the officers will naturally impel them to neglect.

"Without trespassing further upon your Lordships' valuable time, I beg to subscribe myself,

"My Lords,

"Your Lordships' most obedient

"Humble servant,

"FREDERICK MARRYAT."

CHAPTER VI.

Appointed to the *Larne*—Joins the expedition against Rangoon—Attack upon stockades—Dalla—Capture of five Burmese war-boats.

GAZETTE details are proverbially dry, but they are trustworthy, and for that reason such matter as relates exclusively to Captain Marryat's public career has been gleaned from their resources. At the same time it is to be deeply regretted, that with the exception of a single letter written to his brother Samuel during the progress of the Burmese war, no private communications of his relative to that struggle, which took its

rise in the aggression of the Burmese on the possessions of the East India Company, and in which he so greatly distinguished himself, should have been preserved.

Captain Marryat was appointed to the command of the *Larne* in the early part of 1823, when he was only thirty-one years of age, and accompanied by his wife, he sailed from Spithead on the 3rd of July following.

* "*March 29th.* Hoisted the pennant on board H.M.S. *Larne.*

"*June 23rd.* Went out of harbour and anchored at Spithead.

"*July 3rd.* Sailed from Spithead.

"*— 10th.* Anchored at Carrick Roads, Falmouth. Gig upset with captain."

• When this gig was capsized it contained, beside Captain Marryat, a middy and an old bumboat woman. The woman could swim like a fish, but the boy could not, and as Captain Marryat, upon rising to the surface of the water and preparing to strike out for the ship, found himself most needlessly clutched and borne up by this lady, he shook her off impatiently, saying:

"Go to the boy, go to the boy—he can't swim!"

"*Go to the boy!*" she echoed above the winds and waves. "What! hold up a midshipman when I can save the life of a captain! Not I indeed!" And no entreaties could prevail on her to relinquish her impending honours. Who eventually did the "dirty work" on this occasion is not recorded, but it is certain that no one was drowned.

* Private log.

From Falmouth Captain Marryat sailed under sealed orders, for Madras, touching at Madeira, Bombay, Cochin, and Point de Galle. On his arrival at his destination, finding that the *Larne* was ordered to Burmah, he left his wife at Madras, and proceeded to join the remainder of the expedition at Rangoon.

"The division of troops* under the command of Brigadier Michael McCreagh, C.B., another under that of Brigadier-General William Macbean was ordered to be embarked at Calcutta for the purpose of attacking the Burmese, the command of which forces united was entrusted to Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.B. Owing to calms and light winds, the Bengal division did not reach the place of rendezvous before the end of April, and the Madras division not until the 2nd of May, and several ships were absent. Sir A. Campbell had determined that the force should assemble at Port Cornwallis; but this was prevented by the scarcity of fresh water. "This difficulty," says he, "was very speedily removed by Captain Marryat, of H.M.S. *Larne*, whose indefatigable exertions in collecting and appropriating the scanty supply which the land springs afforded, and distributing a proportion from such vessels as were well supplied to those most in need, enabled him on the following day to report the fleet ready to proceed to sea."

The fleet reached Rangoon on the 10th of May, and on the 31st of the same month, owing to Commodore Grant, of H.M.S. *Liffey*, having gone in ill health to Pulo Penang, Captain Marryat succeeded to the chief command of the naval force at Rangoon.

* Marshall's 'Naval Biography.'

The following description of the taking of the town is from Wilson's 'Narrative of the Burmese War.'

* * * *

"The expedition arrived off the mouth of the Rangoon river on the 9th, and stood into the river on the morning of the 10th of May, when the fleet came to anchor within the bar; on the following morning, the vessels proceeded with the flood to Rangoon, the *Liffey* and the *Larne* leading, and the *Sophie* bringing up the rear; no opposition was made to the advance of the fleet, nor did any force make its appearance, although a few shots were occasionally fired from either bank. * * *

"After a short pause a fire was opened on the fleet, but was very soon silenced by the guns of the frigate. In the meantime, three detachments were landed from the transports, of H.M. 38th regiment, under Major Evans, above the town, and H.M. 41st, under Colonel Macbean, below it, whilst Major Sale, with the light infantry of the 13th, was directed to attack the river gate, and carry the main battery. These measures were successful. The Burmas fled from the advance of the troops, and in less than twenty minutes the town was in undisputed possession of the British."

* * * *

We must now have again recourse to Captain Marryat's log.

* "1824. *May 10th.* Anchored within Rangoon Bar; released *Powerful*, cutter, which had been taken by the Burmese.

"—— *11th.* Made sail, leading up to Rangoon.

* Private log.

Ran ashore on a sandbank; kedged off with the rising, and ran up to Rangoon.

"*May 13th.* A sunken vessel, cut down by the Burmese, came athwart *Pioneer's* hawser. John Adams, boy, wounded, and leg amputated. Sent boats round on service. Stockade stormed up the river.

"—— *26th.* Boats on service.

"—— *28th.* William Beel, seaman, killed.

"—— *29th.* On service in steam-boat.

"—— *30th.* Captain and party returned.

"—— *31st.* Towing the *Liffey* down the river, on shore.

"*June 2nd.* Returned in steamboat, with a fever.

"—— *3rd.* Attack of Kemmendine stockade—Peter Knox killed.

"—— *11th.* Boats on service.

"—— *12th.* George Paine, captain's coxswain, died of cholera.

"—— *13th.* General attack of cholera and fever—John Adams died.

"—— *17th.* James Gurney, M., died; John Brown died.

"—— *20th.* Joseph Evrington died.

"—— *22nd.* William Stanley died.

"—— *23rd.* William Ray died.

"—— *29th.* Sent a party to the row boats, under Lieut. Fraser.

"—— *30th.* Fire shafts came down.

"*July 1st.* Wm. Fredk. Brown, mid., died—Fire shafts sent down.

"—— *3rd.* Burnt Dalla.

"June 6th. Fitted out and manned *Satellite* as a battery vessel.

"—— 10th. Arrived H.M.S. *Alligator*, Capt. Alexander.

"—— 13th. Sailed H.M.S. *Alligator*, having supplied me with twelve men.

"—— 15th. William Brown died—Lieut. Dobson and men removed from the *Alligator* on board the *Satellite*.

"—— 17th. Went down to Elephant Point to recruit the ship's company.

"—— 21st. Sent boats to forage.

"—— 24th. Sent to a village—took possession without loss, bringing off corn for the army.

Sir A. Campbell, in an official despatch dated "Headquarters, Rangoon, July 11th, 1824," in speaking of an attack upon the enemy's stockade, thus expresses himself:

"I therefore resolved to try the effect of shelling, and consulted Captain Marryat upon the employment of such armed vessels as he might select to breach in the event of our mortar practice not succeeding. The shells were thrown at too great distance to produce the desired effect, and the swampy state of the country would not admit of any advance. The armed vessels now took their stations according to a disposition made by Captain Marryat, and opened a fire which soon silenced that of fourteen pieces of artillery, swivels and musketry from the stockades, and in one hour the preconcerted signal of 'Breach practicable' was displayed at the main-mast head."

Further down he adds:

"To the officers and men of the breaching vessels

every praise is due; and I much regret that severe indisposition prevented Captain Marryat from being present to witness the result of his arrangements." And in a letter from the Governor-General in Council to Sir A. Campbell, the former writes that "he unites with" him "in regretting that the severe indisposition of Captain Marryat, the senior naval officer, prevented his witnessing the successful result of his judicious arrangements on the occasion alluded to. You will be pleased to assure Captain Marryat that his Lordship in Council entertains the highest sense of his valuable services, and will not fail to bring them under the notice of his Excellency Commodore Grant."*

This must have been a return of that fever by which Captain Marryat had been attacked in June, and which, combined with cholera, was the cause of so many deaths on board. "Constantly exposed to the vicissitudes of a tropical climate, and exhausted by the necessity of unintermitted exertion, it need not be a matter of surprise that sickness began to thin the ranks and impair the energies of the invaders. No rank was exempt from the operation of these causes, and many officers, amongst whom were the senior naval officer, Captain Marryat, the political commissioner, Major Canning, and the commander-in-chief himself, were attacked with fever during the month of June."**

* * * * *

A week after the date of Sir A. Campbell's dispatch the *Larne* "dropped down as far as Dalla Creek, whence she returned, fever much decreased on board. July 27th."

* Marshall's 'Naval Biography.'

** 'Narrative of the Burmese War.'

On the 4th of August Sir A. Campbell, having been informed that the Governor of Syriam had assembled a force on the banks of the river, proceeded with six hundred men in gunboats, under the command of Brigadier-General Smelt and Lieutenant Dobson, to dislodge the enemy, who were employed in raising a large field-work, intended to command the river and protect the surrounding country. The troops having disembarked, marched on, until stopped by a deep, impassable nullah, the bridge over which had been destroyed, but, to quote Sir A. Campbell's letter on the subject, "this difficulty was soon removed, and a very tolerable bridge constructed by Captain Marryat and part of the officers and men of H.M.S. *Larne*;" and again, "From Captain Marryat and the officers of His Majesty's navy I ever received the most prompt and cordial co-operation."

The enemy after this having become very troublesome by their predatory excursions, Sir A. Campbell determined to drive them not only from the stockades, but permanently to a greater distance, and in furtherance of this intention on the 2nd of September sent a detachment of infantry and artillery up the Dalla Creek for the purpose of shelling them from their position. In his despatch of the 4th of September he says: "Such was the excellent practice of the artillery and gunboats, under the immediate command of Captain Marryat, manned by the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Larne* and Honourable Company's transport *Moir*, that the enemy were soon forced to abandon their defences with some considerable loss, and I am happy to say with only one man slightly wounded on our part. On gaining possession of the stockades,

Captain Marryat and Major Evans pushed up the creek and succeeded in taking twenty-five boats and canoes from the enemy," who, on seeing themselves closed with, jumped overboard and escaped into the jungle. "I cannot do adequate justice to the sense I entertain of the ability and readiness with which I find myself at all times supported by Captain Marryat and the officers and crew of the ship under his command."

Captain Marryat appears never to have been at a loss for overcoming difficulties, whether they lay in the direction of crossing a river without a bridge, or making a scanty supply of water serve for the provision of a fleet. In this character he strongly reminds one of his own creation, Masterman Ready, who "always liked to make a beginning, were it ever so small," and this proved, indeed, to be but the beginning to a long series of obstacles and circumstances of trial. Here is another account of the same expedition.

"The check sustained by the Burmese on the 1st had not altered their plans, and they continued gathering strength in front of the lines, and occasioning constant annoyance. It again, therefore, became necessary to repel them to a greater distance, and on the 8th a column about twelve hundred strong, under Brigadier-General Macbean, moved out to operate by land, whilst Brigadier-General Sir A. Campbell, with another division of eight hundred, proceeded by water. The boats, with the *Larne* and several of the company's cruisers, advanced to a place where the Lyne River, or branch of the Irrawaddy, falls into the Rangoon branch, and at the point of their junction, termed Pagoda Point, they found the enemy strongly

posted. The main entrenchment was constructed on the projecting tongue of land at the junction of the two rivers, whilst two other stockades, one on either bank of the Rangoon River, about eight hundred yards below the confluence, commanded the approach and afforded mutual support. Notwithstanding these formidable dispositions, the post was soon carried. A breach having been effected by the fire of the vessels, a gun brig and three cruisers, under the command of Captain Marryat, of the Royal Navy, the troops, consisting of the Madras Infantry, supported by part of H.M. 41st and the Madras European regiment, landed and stormed the first stockade; the second was carried by escalade, and the enemy abandoned the third.”*

* * * *

“The captured stockades now became a scene of continual warfare, and on the 4th of September the *Larne* found the floating remains of an English sailor whom the Burmese had tortured to death, and then sawed in half. In a letter addressed to Sir A. Campbell, and dated the 8th of September, Captain Marryat says: “In compliance with your request for a detail of the circumstances which occurred in the attack on the Dalla stockade, made by the Burmese on the morning of the 6th instant, I have the honour to inform you that at midnight of the 5th a straggling fire was heard in that direction, and shortly afterwards a rocket was thrown up—the signal previously arranged with the detachment in case of immediate assistance being required. With the advantage of a strong flood tide the boats of H. M. S. *Larne* proceeded rapidly to the scene of contention, where a heavy fire was exchanged.

* From ‘Narrative of the Burmese War.’

As our approach could not be perceived from the smoke, we cheered to announce that support was at hand, and had the satisfaction to hear it warmly returned, both by the detachment in the stockade and the crews of the gun-vessels.

"It appeared that the attack of the enemy had been simultaneous; the gun brigs lying in the creek having been assailed by a number of war boats, while the detachment on shore had been opposed to a force estimated at one thousand five hundred to two thousand men. Upon our arrival we found the enemy on shore had not retreated, but still kept up a galling fire. The war boats which had endeavoured to board the *Kitty* gun brig had been beat off by the exertions and gallantry of Mr. Crawford, commanding that vessel, and were apparently rallying at a short distance up the creek with a determination to renew the attack; but on perceiving our boats advancing ahead of the gun-brigs, they made a precipitate retreat.

"Although from their superior speed there was little probability of success, chase was immediately given, and five of the war-boats which had been most severely handled, and could not keep up with the main body, were successively boarded and captured. Many others appeared to be only half-manned, but we could not overtake them, and the pursuit was abandoned about four miles above the stockade. The spears remaining in the sides of the gun-brig, the ladders attached to her rigging, and the boarding netting cut through in many places, proved the severe conflict which had been sustained, and I trust you will be pleased to recommend the very meritorious

conduct of Mr. Crawford to the consideration of the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council. Great praise is due to Mr. J. King, of the *Narcissa*, and Mr. Francis, of the *Tiger*, for the well-directed and destructive fire which they poured into the war-boats, and I trust, as an eye-witness, I may be allowed to express my admiration of the intrepid conduct of the officers commanding the detachment on shore. The loss of the enemy in this attack cannot be correctly ascertained, but from the number of dead in the boats captured, and the crippled state of many others, it cannot be estimated at less than two or three hundred men.

"I have the honour to enclose a return of our killed and wounded.

"And am, Sir, yours, &c.,

"F. MARRYAT, Captain.

"*Larne*, Rangoon, Sept. 8, 1824."

CHAPTER VII.

Scurvy on board the *Larne*—Letter to Mr. Samuel Marryat—Expedition to Bassein—Exchanges into H.M.S. *Tees*—The baboon and the Newfoundland dog—Paid off at Chatham.

On the 13th of August Captain Marryat's private log records the reception of the news of Commodore Grant's death; and on the 15th of September the *Larne*, with almost the whole of her crew affected by scurvy, proceeded to Penang, previous to which change Captain Marryat had received the following letter from Sir A. Campbell:

"Head-quarters, Rangoon.
"September 10, 1824.

"SIR,

"I have received with much regret your letter of

this date, enclosing Mr. Churchill's distressing report of the scurvy having broken out on H.M.S. *Larne*, and already made rapid progress among the ship's company. Under these circumstances, I most fully coincide with you in opinion that no time should be lost in proceeding to Penang, where those comforts essentially necessary for the recovery of your crew are at present most conveniently to be had; assured as I am that the most urgent necessity alone induces you to suggest the removal of the ship under your command. I feel fully convinced that you will lose not a moment in returning to partake of the further and, I trust, more active operations of the approaching campaign.

"In Captain Ryves' zeal and exertions with the force under his command I place the utmost reliance, and feel satisfied the shipping and harbour will be perfectly secure under his protection.

"In taking, I trust, a very short leave of yourself, officers, and crew of the *Larne*, I shall not dwell, as I otherwise would, on the valuable and ready aid I have invariably received from you all, since the commencement of the present service, embracing duties of perhaps as severe and harassing a nature as ever were experienced by either sailors or soldiers, and under privations of the most trying nature.

"Any number of Malay sailors you may require are at your service.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obed't, humble servant,

"A. CAMPBELL,

"Brigadier-General.

.. "Captain Marryat.

"H.M.S. *Larne*, Rangoon River."

"We must here remark that the command held by Captain Marryat under such peculiar circumstances, from May 31st to September 11th, 1824, was so important, that had it been in the time of extended war it would in all probability have been delegated to a flag officer; that during a period so novel and trying to a young commander he never once incurred censure, and that he did not give over the charge to Captain Ryves until the enemy had been so decidedly repulsed that Sir Archibald Campbell officially stated to him his conviction that the *Sophia* and *Satellite* were sufficient protection for the shipping." *

Sickness continued on board the *Larne*, and before the return of Captain Marryat to active service at the end of the same year the deaths of five of the ship's company are registered in the log.

Mr. Samuel Marryat, to whom the following letter was addressed from Penang, was his favourite brother, at that time studying for the bar:

"MY DEAR SAM,

"Pulo Penang, Sept. 29, 1824.

"The *Larne*, with the remnants of a fine ship's company, is at last removed from the scene of action, where, perhaps, in the course of five months they have undergone a severity of service almost unequalled. I should still have been there, but the men had been on salt provisions since February last, and the scurvy broke out and made such ravages that it was impossible to stay longer without sacrificing the remaining men. I gave up the command of the *Sophie*, and as I left the river the *Arachne*, Captain Chads, came in and took my place. I have left Rangoon now about

* Marshall's 'Naval Biography.'

fifteen days, being ten days on my passage. We have had much harder fighting lately, and the Company's cruizers having been despatched against Migui and Pavoy, and the *Sophie* not having arrived from Calcutta, the *Larne* was by herself, and certainly kept up her character. I have gained credit in the business, as the despatches of the commander-in-chief fully prove. I have twice received the thanks of the General in public orders, and twice those of the Governor and Council at Calcutta, and we have since that done still more to be thanked for. But I do not think that I could have lasted much longer. I am not ill, but my head is so shattered with the fever which I have had, that it swims at the least exertion, and I am obliged to lay my pen down every four or five lines. I have also a touch of the liver. I do not know whether the Admiralty will publish my despatches, but being no favourite there, probably not; but I think, after having had the command of a fleet, armed and unarmed, of one hundred and twenty sail; after having succeeded in everything, and with the small number of men allowed to a sloop of war, having done the duty of at least three or four frigates, that they must give me my promotion. This I am sure of, that any one in favour would be not only promoted, but made a C.B. The above *I* cannot expect, but I shall be content with the promotion.

"We are all in confusion here. The commodore is dead, poor fellow. He was very kind to me, and sent all the other vessels out of the way to give me the command of the expedition. Captain Coe, of the *Tees*, is the senior officer; he is daily expected at this port from New South Wales, and being a death va-

cancy, he has the right of promoting the officers. It is very doubtful who will get it. Mitchell, of the *Slaney*, is the senior; but I have hard service. It is, however, just as Captain Coe pleases—he may make anybody; I have a chance, but not one to build upon.

“I am very anxious to get to Point de Galle—Kate is there: I left her for six weeks, and have been away as many months—but cannot venture across the bay, with my weak ship’s company and ship in rags, in this next stormy month.

“When the *Tees* arrives I shall know what is to become of me. I know that the commander-in-chief has written very strongly to have me sent back in command there as soon as possible, but without I get the slip that cannot be, as the *Arachne* is my superior officer. If I do get my promotion by this vacancy, I shall certainly be sent there, and have a few more months’ work. It will, however, be better than the past, as we shall have fine weather and more assistance; at the same time, we shall have more hard fighting. * * *

“Your affectionate brother,

“F. MARRYAT.”

They never met again, for Samuel Marryat died before his brother returned to England; and in connection with this circumstance, and to prove the entire sympathy that existed between them, Captain Marryat used to relate how, when lying in his berth one night, and wide awake, Samuel entered his cabin, and walking up to his side, said, “Fred, I am come to tell you that I am dead.” So vivid was the impression made, that Captain Marryat leapt out of his berth, and find-

ing that the figure had vanished, wrote down the hour and day of its appearance.

On reaching England after the war, the first letter put into his hand was to announce his brother's death, which had taken place at the very time when he had fancied he was present with him.

The *Larne* returned to Rangoon on the 24th of December, 1824, whence she was despatched to Madras, Trincomalee, and Calcutta, with directions to Captain Marryat to take the *Sophie* sloop under his order, and to follow the instructions of the Governor-General of India as to the best means of employing the *Larne* and consort in a war against Ava.

By the 5th of February, 1825, they were back again in Burmah.

*"1825. *February 5th.* Boats attacked stockades.

"—— *8th.* Discharged eighteen men invalided.

"—— *10th.* Fitting out and receiving troops for Bassein River.

"—— *19th.* Sailed with the expedition against Bassein.

"—— *25th.* Anchored; sent boats to reconnoitre Negrais stockades.

"—— *26th.* Attacked stockades and took possession.

"—— *27th.* Working up Bassein River.

"—— *28th.*

"*March 1st.* On shore.

"—— *3rd.* Took possession of Bassein without opposition.

"—— *7th.* Sent two row boats—Mr. Hodder—with despatches to Rangoon.

* Private log.

"*March 9th.* Expedition to Lamnia.

"—— *13th.* Sent reinforcement to party at Lamnia.

"—— *14th.* A second reinforcement.

"—— *18th.* Despatches from Captain Alexander.

"—— *22nd.* Chief of Naputah sent in submission.

"—— *24th.* Expedition from Lamnia returned."

On the 26th of March the *Larne* weighed anchor and dropped down to Naputah, and on the 27th, together with the *Mercury*, "took up such good positions as by a few rounds completely to drive the enemy from their works, and the troops immediately landed without opposition." Upon proceeding to the next stockade, in the same order, "the effects of the guns from the *Larne* and *Mercury* were as decided as before, not any of the enemy waited the landing of the troops." This quotation is from a dispatch of Major Sale's, dated from Bassein, and the following extract from a newspaper of a later date:

"We understand that H. M. S. *Larne* left Bassein about the beginning of this month, to burn some stockades at Negrais, which was promptly and effectually accomplished. On the way down two enterprises were successfully attempted by Captain Marryat, which seem to us entitled to no ordinary commendation. In passing Naputah, he took fifty Burmese to assist him in destroying the above-mentioned stockades, the Chief of Naputah being friendly, and having accepted of our protection. In proceeding down the river, he learned from them that one hundred and fifty of the Naputah people were detained at Thingau—a town on the branch of the river leading to the Ir-

rawaddy—by a gold chatta chief, belonging to Bundoola, who had eight hundred men with him. The *Larne* being thirty short of her complement from sickness and men away on service, only forty sailors could be mustered. With these forty tars, two row boats, twelve Sepoys, and fifty Burmese, to whom swords only were entrusted, Captain Marryat boldly attacked the place, compelled them to give up the Naputah people, to lay down their arms, and he brought off prisoner the gold chatta chief.

“Two days before reaching Negrais, Captain Marryat, with his characteristic gallantry, attacked at night the force of another gold chatta chief, which he completely surprised. The Burmese, whom on the former service he had armed with swords only, were on this occasion entrusted with muskets, and behaved uncommonly well, following the chief of the enemy into the jungle, and bringing him in prisoner. The enemy submitted to the same terms which had been imposed on those vanquished at Thingau. Eight heavy iron guns were taken from them, besides jingals and muskets. Captain Marryat did not lose a man on either enterprise. These are the first occasions, we believe, when Burmese have been hostilely employed against Burmese, and it bodes well to the success of our ulterior operations, that the experiment has been attended with signal success. High credit is due to Captain Marryat and his small but intrepid band for achieving so much without any loss, and with means apparently so inadequate.”

These extracts may appropriately be supplemented by Captain Marryat's own account of the expedition

against Bassein, taken from his 'Diary on the Continent:.'

"It was not until many months after the war had been carried on that Sir Archibald Campbell found himself in a position to penetrate into the heart of the Burmah territory, and attempt the capital. He wanted almost everything, and, among the rest, reinforcements of men; for the rainy season had swept them off by thousands. At last, when determined to make the attempt, he did it with a most inadequate force; so small, that had the Burmese thought of even trenching up and barricading the roads at every half-mile, he must have been compelled, without firing a shot, to have retreated. Fortunately, he had an accession of men-of-war, and his river detachment was stronger than he could have hoped for. I do not pretend to state the total force which was embarked on the river, or that which proceeded by land (communicating with each other when circumstances permitted) as the major part of the provisions of the army were, I believe, carried up by water. The united river force was commanded by Brigadier Cotton, Captain Alexander, and Captain Chads; the land forces, of course, by Sir A. Campbell, who had excellent officers with him, but whose tactics were of no use in this warfare of morass, mud, and jungle.

"It will be proper to explain why it was considered necessary to detach a part of the forces to Bassein. The Rangoon River joins the Irrawaddy on the left, about one hundred and seventy miles from its flowing into the ocean. On the right of the Irrawaddy is the river of Bassein, the mouth of it about one hundred and fifty miles from that of the Irrawaddy, and running

up the country in an angle towards it, until it joins it about four hundred miles up in the interior. The two rivers thus enclose a large delta of land, which is the most fertile and best peopled of the Burmah provinces, and it was from this delta that Bundoola, the Burmah general, received all his supplies of men. Bundoola was in the strong fortress of Donabue, on the Bassein side of the river, about half way between where the Rangoon River joined it on the left, and the Bassein River communicated with it a long way further up on the right. Sir A. Campbell's land forces were on the left of the river, so that Bundoola's communication with the Bassein territory was quite open, and as the river forces had to attack Donabue on their way up, the force sent to Bassein was to take him in the rear and cut off his supplies. This was a most judicious plan of the general's, as will be proved in the sequel. Major S——, with four or five hundred men, in three transports, the *Larne*, and the *Mercury*, Hon. Company's brig, was ordered upon this expedition, which sailed at the same time that the army began to march and the boats to ascend the river.

“On the arrival at the mouth of the river we found the entrance most formidable in appearance, there being a dozen or more stockades of great extent; but there were but two manned, the guns of the others, as well as the men, having been forwarded to Donabue, the Burmese not imagining, as we had so long left that part of their territories unmolested, that we should have attempted it. Our passage was therefore easy; after a few broadsides, we landed and spiked the guns, and then, with a fair wind, ran about seventy

miles up one of the most picturesque and finest rivers I was ever in.

* * *

"I think it was on the third day that we arrived below the town of Naputah, which was defended by a very formidable stockade, commanding the whole reach of the river. The stockade was manned, and we expected that it would be defended, but as we did not fire neither did they. The next day we arrived at Bassein, one of the principal towns in the Burman Empire. On hearing of the arrival of the expedition at the entrance of the river the people had divided into two parties, one for resistance, the other for submission. This difference of opinion had ended in their setting fire to the town and immense magazines of grain, dismantling the stockades, and the major part of the inhabitants flying into the country. The consequence was, that we took possession of the smoking ruins without opposition.

* * *

"We must now return to the Irrawaddy expedition sent up at the same time that Sir A. Campbell marched by land, and our expedition went up the Bassein River. This force arrived at Donabue before we had gained Bassein. It found a most formidable fortress, or rather three fortresses in one, mounting a great number of guns, and, as I before observed, held by Bundoola, the commander of the Burmah forces, in whom the Burmah troops placed the greatest confidence. I speak from hearsay and memory, but I believe I am correct when I state that there were not less than ten thousand men in Donabue, besides war elephants, &c. Now the river force did not amount, in fighting men, cer-

tainly to one thousand, and they were not in sufficient strength to attack a place of this description, upon which every pains had been taken for a long while to render it impregnable. The attack was however made, and the smallest stockade of the three carried; but when they had possession of the smallest stockade, they discovered that they were at the mercy of the second, and in a sort of trap. The consequence was, defeat—the only defeat experienced by the white troops during the whole war. The troops were re-embarked, and the boats were obliged to drop down the river clear of the fire of the fort. I believe two hundred and fifty English troops were left dead in the stockade, and the next day their bodies, crucified on rafts, were floated down among the English boats by the triumphant Bundoola. In the meantime a despatch had been sent to Sir A. Campbell, who was in advance on the banks of the river, stating that the force afloat was not able to cope with the fortress, the real strength of which no one had been aware of. The consequence was that Sir A. Campbell retraced his steps, crossed the river, and attacked it in conjunction with the flotilla, Sir A. Campbell taking it in the rear. After some hard fighting, in which the elephants played their parts, the troops gained possession, and Bundoola having been killed by a shell, the Burmese fled. Now it was very fortunate that the expedition had been sent to Bassein, for otherwise the Burmese would have fallen back upon that place, which held all their stores, and would thus have been able to continue in the rear of Sir A. Campbell as he advanced up the river. But they had heard of the destruction and capture of Bassein, and consequently directed their flight up the

river towards the capital. We were in possession of all these circumstances shortly after we had taken possession of Bassein; and although the death of Bundoola and taking of Donabue had dispirited the Burmese, yet there were many chiefs who still held out, and who, had they crossed with their troops to the Irrawaddy, would have interrupted the supplies coming up, and the wounded and sick who were sent down. We had, therefore, still the duty of breaking up these resources if possible. Having ascertained who the parties were, we sent a message to one of the weakest, to say that if he did not tender his submission, and come in to us, we should attack him, and burn the town to the ground. The chief thought it advisable to obey our summons, and sent word that he would come in on the ensuing day. He kept his promise.

* * * * *

"Several more of the minor chiefs afterwards came in, but there were three of the most important who would not make their appearance; one, the chief of Naputah, the town which we had passed, which did not fire at us from the stockades, and two others down at another large arm of the river, who had many men detained for the service of the army if required, and who were still at open defiance. All these three were gold chatta chiefs, that is, permitted to have a gold umbrella carried over their heads when they appeared in public.

"After waiting a certain time for these people to send in their submission, we sent word down to the chief of Naputah that we should visit him the next day, threatening him with the consequences of not complying with our request. Accordingly we weighed

in the *Larne*, and dropped down the river till we were abreast of the town and stockade, which was about thirty miles distant from Bassein. Our broadside was ready; but as we were about to fire, we perceived that boats were manning, and in about five minutes the chief of Naputah, in his own war-boat, accompanied by about twelve others and a great many canoes, pulled off from the shore and came alongside. He made his submission with the usual accompaniments, and we were soon very good friends."

During the Burmese war Captain Marryat made a series of sketches representing various incidents which took place in its progress, and which on his return to England were published and largely subscribed for on both sides the water. They are not so graphic as the stirring pictures of war and carnage with which we are so familiar nowadays; but those who know the country of swamps and pagodas will recognise them as faithful representations of the scenery and people, and as such they possess some value.

On the death of Commodore Grant, Captain Marryat was appointed to the command of the *Tees*, the 15th of April, 1825; and in the middle of the following month finally left the river.

"This appointment was not confirmed until the year after, on what grounds it is impossible to say; but after the unqualified acknowledgment which his services had received at headquarters, the fact is, to say the least of it, surprising; and, by a reference to the official Navy List, it will be seen that no less than four-and-twenty officers, who should have been Captain Marryat's juniors, claim the seniority."*

* Marshall's 'Naval Biography.'

It was during this voyage home that he made the mental sketch of the ways, manners, and appearance of his second son William, which later he reproduced in the first portion of 'The King's Own.' The following description given there of the hero is the portrait of his own child:—

"Between the contending and divided parties stood a little boy about six years old. He was the perfection of childish beauty; chestnut hair waved in curls on his forehead; health flowed on his rosy cheeks, dimples sported over his face as he altered the expression of his countenance, and his large dark eyes flashed with intelligence and animation. He was dressed in mimic imitation of a man-of-war's man—loose trousers tightened at the hips to preclude the necessity of suspenders, and a white duck frock with long sleeves and blue collar; while a knife attached to a lanyard was suspended round his neck, and a light and narrow-brimmed straw hat on his head completed his attire."

This child was a very favourite one of Captain Marryat's, and when at the age of seven years he lost him by death his grief was excessive, and to the last day of his life he never spoke of little Willy but with the greatest tenderness.

The succeeding anecdote, which must have been heard from his own lips by all those who were familiar with him, is of a circumstance which took place on board the *Tees* on her homeward voyage:

"I had on board a ship which I commanded a very large Cape baboon, who was a pet of mine, and also a little boy, who was a son of mine. When the baboon sat down on his hams, he was about as tall

as the boy when he walked. The boy having a tolerable appetite, received about noon a considerable slice of bread-and-butter, to keep him quiet till dinner-time. I was on one of the carronades, busy with the sun's lower limb, bringing it in contact with the horizon, when the boy's lower limbs brought him in contact with the baboon, who having, as well as the boy, a strong predilection for bread-and-butter, and a stronger arm to take it withal, thought proper to help himself to that to which the boy had been already helped. In short, he snatched the bread-and-butter, and made short work of it, for it was in his pouch in a moment. Upon which the boy set up a yell, which attracted my notice to this violation of the articles of war, to which the baboon was equally amenable as any other person in the ship, for it is expressly stated in the preamble of every separate article, 'all who are *in*, or *belonging* to.' Whereupon I jumped off the carronade, and by way of assisting his digestion I served out to the baboon, monkey's allowance, which is more kicks than halfpence. The master reported that the heavens intimated that it was twelve o'clock, and with all the humility of a captain of a man-of-war I ordered him to 'make it so;' whereupon it was made, and so passed that day. I do not remember how many days it was afterwards that I was on the carronade as usual, about the same time, and all parties were precisely in the same situations—the master by my side, the baboon under the booms, and the boy walking out of the cabin with his bread-and-butter. As before, he again passed the baboon, who again snatched the bread-and-butter from the boy, who again set up a squall, which again attracted my attention.

I looked round, and the baboon caught my eye, which told him plainly that he'd soon catch what was not 'at all *my eye*,' and he proved that he actually thought so, for he actually put the bread-and-butter back into the boy's hands. It was the only instance of which I ever knew or heard of a monkey being capable of self-denial when his stomach was concerned, and I record it accordingly. (*Par parenthese.*) it is well known that monkeys will take the smallpox, measles, and (I believe) the scarlet fever; but this poor fellow, when the ship's company were dying of the cholera, took that disease, went through all its gradations, and died apparently in great agony."

Whilst on the subject of sagacity in animals, it may not be inappropriate to insert here another instance of it that occurred about the same time at home, where Captain Marryat's favourite Newfoundland dog, 'Boatswain,' had been left in the charge of his family at Wimbledon House.

During his absence several articles of winter clothing belonging to the household were hung out in the drying ground to air, and amongst them some belonging to himself. The evening beginning to draw in, the laundry-maid appeared to take the things indoors, when 'Boatswain' was discovered seated on a temporary throne composed of coats and trousers, and growling defiance at her. In vain did the woman seek to regain the abducted broadcloth; 'Boatswain' had instituted a trust for himself, and refused to abdicate in her favour, and she was compelled to put the case into abler hands, when it was found that the faithful beast, with the instinct of his race, had selected those articles only which had been worn by his master, and

which he had been taught to consider his peculiar care.

In the beginning of 1826 Captain Marryat paid off the *Tees* at Chatham. So ended the active part which for two years he had taken in the Burmese war; a period during which he displayed to perfection that courage, energy, and presence of mind which were natural to his lion-hearted character. Unlike the veteran who shouldered his crutch to tell how fields were won, Captain Marryat never voluntarily referred to exploits of which any man might have been proud. He was content to do, and know that he had done, and left to others the pride which he might justly have felt for himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

Is posted and made C.B.—Appointed to the *Ariadne*—Made Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex—Anecdote of William IV.—‘Naval Officer’—‘King’s Own’—Captain Marryat purchases Langham—‘Newton Forster’ becomes Editor of the ‘Metropolitan Magazine’—Correspondence.

In January, 1827, Captain Marryat’s promotion was confirmed, and he was awarded the Order of Companion of the Bath, to which distinction his services fully entitled him. His family crest is a ram’s head issuing from a ducal coronet, with the motto “Fortuna—Superando—Ferendo;” but after the Burmese war he was permitted to bear a second crest and motto by the side of the first.*

* “Know ye, therefore, that we the Garter and Clarenceux, in pursuance of His Grace’s warrant and by virtue of the letters patent of our several offices to each of us respectively granted under the great seal of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, have devised and do by these presents grant and assign unto the said Frederick Marryat the arms following, that is to say: Barry of six or and sable on a chief wavy azure, the representative of a Burmese gilt war boat, and over it in letters of gold, the word *Ava*; on a canton

In November, 1828, Captain Marryat was appointed to the *Ariadne*, in which vessel he was employed at Madeira and the Western Isles on diplomatic service, and subsequently in searching for supposed dangers in the Atlantic Ocean. Two years later "private affairs" induced him to resign the command of this ship, which was owing probably to the fact of his being appointed equerry to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex, which appointment compelled him to remain near the person of the King's brother. He now went to reside at Sussex House, Hammersmith, which was a purchase made from the Duke in question, and of which George Sala, in one of his "Journeys in the County of Middlesex," says: "Mrs. Billington, the cantatrice, lived long at a villa opposite Brandenburg House. She was succeeded in its tenantry by Sir James Sibbald, a contemporary of Clive, Hastings, and Impey. The next tenant was Admiral Ross Donelly; then Captain Marryat, the nautical novelist; then Mr. Copland, who let it to a person who said he was the Earl of Annandale, but could not get any one else to agree to the proposition."

argent, a fleur de lis gules. And for the crest, on a wreath of the colours on a mount vert in front of a ram's head argent, the sun rising or, as the same are in the margin hereof more plainly depicted, to be borne and used for ever hereafter, by him the said Frederick Marryat, and his descendants, and the said arms without the said war boat, and without the word Ava on the chief, together with the said crest, to be also borne by the other descendants of his aforesaid late father Joseph Marryat, deceased, with due and proper differences according to the laws of arms.

"And we further grant and assign unto the said Frederick Marryat, the additional crest following, that is to say: On a wreath of the colours a naval crown or, thereon a flag-staff with a Burmese naval pennon flowing therefrom proper, and an anchor in Saltire sable, united in the centre by a riband azure, and pendant therefrom a representation of the gold medal presented by the Royal Humane Society of London to the said Captain Marryat, as the same is here depicted, to be also borne and used by him the said Frederick Marryat and his descendants according to the laws of arms."

It was at Sussex House that the Royal Duke would frequently confer the honour of dining at his table upon Captain Marryat, but as it is an acknowledged fact that the smiles of princes are by nature evanescent, it will be no matter of surprise to the reader to hear that the intimacy did not continue long. That it existed is proved by the following letter to Captain Marryat from his Royal Highness:

"Newstead Abbey, Nottingham,
December 4, 1828.

"DEAR MARRYAT,

"I only received last night a letter to say that Tom Keppel was to be paid off, and consequently I lose no time in soliciting the appointment of midshipman for him. He is a very fine lad, but for two years I have lost sight of him, since which he has been both at the Cape and at New South Wales. Should you be in town, this letter will find you at Sussex House; otherwise, it must be forwarded to Plymouth. My auditor, Mr. Stephenson, who lives in Arlington Street, has charge of him: so a line to him will be sure to be right.

"Sincerely yours,

"AUGUSTUS FREDERICK."

It may be remembered that when the Duke of Sussex died a list of his possessions was published in the *Illustrated News*, amongst which was mentioned the portrait of a black boy in uniform. This boy had been brought to England by Captain Marryat, and presented to his royal patron, who had the lad educated and taught a trade.

It was at this period that William IV. so con-

stantly held his court at Brighton, and Captain and Mrs. Marryat were generally included amongst the guests at the Pavilion, that wonderfully and fearfully erected Pavilion, of which Lord Alvanly, when referring to the big dome surrounded by all the little domes, said that it looked just as if St. Paul's had come down to Brighton and *pupped*.

The King and Queen usually retired about midnight, and it was not considered etiquette for any of the company to quit the rooms before they set them the example.

One evening, when Captain Marryat and his wife were engaged after the reception to a private ball which they were anxious to attend, and the small hours began to advance, the lady grew impatient, and His Majesty observing that she glanced frequently at the time, asked her the reason. She told him.

"Why don't you go, then?" demanded the monarch, who appears to have deserved the title of "Bluff" as much as any of his predecessors.

"Your Majesty must be aware that we cannot move until Her Majesty and yourself have taken your departure."

"Oh! d——n it, I'll smuggle you out," was the reply.

It was the custom at the Pavilion balls for their Majesties to receive their guests in an ante-chamber, where the ladies, having kissed the Queen's hand, and been saluted in their turn upon the cheek by the King, were generally engaged in a few gracious words of conversation before they passed through to

the ball-room. These entertainments were usually graced by the presence of some of the F——; and W—— F——'s favourite and elegant expression, when waiting to escort the ladies of his acquaintance to the ball-room, of "*Has dad bussed you yet?*" was as good an evidence of his royal paternity as he could wish to carry about the world with him.

Captain Marryat ended his naval career when he resigned the command of the *Ariadne*, and commenced his literary labours about the same time; but before entering on the relation of his life after he became an author, one word must be said as to the manner in which his services, fully acknowledged as they had been, were rewarded by the country for which he had fought and bled, and the poor return that England made her hero for the gallantry, intrepidity, and courage he had displayed in her cause. The reason for this unwarrantable neglect may be gathered from the succeeding anecdote, taken from a preface to Mr. Bohn's new edition of the 'Pirate and Three Cutters:—

"In connection with this royal distinction (the Legion of Honour), we have a story to relate, which we are sorry to feel ourselves constrained to tell, because it presents our late King in a light in which it is not pleasant, and has not been customary, to regard him. William IV. had read and been delighted with 'Peter Simple.' It was likely that so true and striking a picture of naval life and manners would have captivated a sailor. He expressed a wish to see the author. The Captain was standing in the ante-room, when the King came forth, and observing him,

asked a gentleman-in-waiting who he was. The Captain overheard the question, and said addressing the gentleman, "Tell his Majesty I am Peter Simple." Upon this the King came forward and received him graciously. Some time after this his Majesty was waited upon by a distinguished member of the Government, to request permission for the Captain to wear the order conferred upon him by the King of the French, and to obtain, if not further promotion, some higher distinction for one who had so long and ably served his country. The former request was granted as a matter of course; and as to the latter, the King said, "You best know his services; give him what you please." The Minister was about to retire, when his Majesty called him back. "Marryat! Marryat! By-the-by, is not that the man who wrote a book against the impressment of seamen?" "The same, your Majesty." "Then he shan't wear the order, and he shall have nothing," said his Majesty.

This story needs no comment; it is sufficient to say that his Majesty's wishes were religiously attended to, although some time afterwards it was hinted through influential quarters to Captain Marryat that, if he would present himself at a certain levee, the King was ready to retract his word. This concession, however, he altogether refused to make, and the consequence was that he continued to be in disfavour at Court.

Captain Marryat was a Freemason, and belonged to the Lodge of Antiquity, of which His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was chief. Although he did not formally adopt a literary career until he had relinquished his naval one, his first novel, 'Frank Mild-

may; or, *The Naval Officer,* was commenced whilst cruising in the Western Isles, and published in 1829, one year before he gave up the command of the *Ariadne*. For this early work he received from Mr. Colburn the sum of four hundred pounds. His next, *'The King's Own,'* came out in 1830. The following letter from Washington Irving was written about this date:

"8, Argyle Street, London,
August 25, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"On returning last evening from an excursion to Paris, I found your kind letter of the 17th, inviting me to Langham. It will give me the greatest pleasure to pay you a visit as soon as I can find time. At present I have had my holiday, and must remain at my post, and let the minister have his turn to ramble. He is now absent on a little tour in the country. I hope you are busy with your pen, and that you intend to show up some of the old wreckers and rovers of the ocean. You have a glorious field before you, and one in which you cannot have many competitors, as so very few unite the author to the sailor. I think the chivalry of the ocean quite a new region of fiction and romance, and to my taste one of the most captivating that could be explored.

"I again repeat I shall be delighted to pay you a visit at your new place, not only from the description you give me of it, which has something wild and engaging, but also from the strong inclination I feel to be on sociable and intimate terms with you. If I do not put my wishes into execution speedily, it will be because I am not my own master, and that whatever

leisure I can command is already committed for one or two visits to the country.

"I am, dear Sir,
"Yours ever most truly,
"WASHINGTON IRVING."

Captain Marryat had just purchased from Mr. Alexander Copland an estate called Langham, in the county of Norfolk, which consisted of about a thousand acres of land. The place had two farms upon it, which he let to tenants, reserving the manor, gardens, shrubberies, and ornamental portion of the property for his own occupation. But the dullness of a country life and the torpidity of intellect usually to be found in country minds did not suit his energetic spirit, then in the very zenith of its power, and before two years had elapsed, he was back again in London and the world, and did not return to Langham Manor to reside until fifteen years later, when he retired there for the remainder of his life.

A few months later Mr. Washington Irving wrote thus to Mrs. Marryat, of Wimbledon House:

"Argyle Street, Dec. 10, 1830.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I have to apologise to you for the long time that I have detained the 'Memoirs of a Naval Officer,' which I now return to you with many acknowledgments for your kindness. I have wished and intended paying a visit to you at Wimbledon for some time past, but in truth am so perplexed with business and by the various distractions of this great metropolis, that I seem never master of myself and my time.

This has been particularly the case for some time past in consequence of our having a great deal of business with the public offices. As soon as I can command leisure I shall not wait for invitation to come to Wimbledon. Our mutual friend Mr. J—— has been calling on me several times of late without our being able to see one another. I think it probable, however, that I shall see him this morning. I am anxious to receive the tender confidings of this cruelly-treated youth.

“With kind regards to your hard-hearted daughter,

“I am, my dear Madam,

“Very truly yours,

“WASHINGTON IRVING.”

In 1832 ‘Newton Forster’ appeared in the ‘Metropolitan Magazine,’ a periodical which for four years owned Captain Marryat as editor, and in the pages of which several of his works were first produced. In the critiques called forth by ‘Newton Forster’ the author is several times compared to Smollett, and in one of them the writer observes: “Smollett’s description of an act of impressment is neither more lively nor yet more indignant than similar scenes described by our author, a post-captain in the navy.” And again: “This is a charming novel, and in every respect worthy of its author. Captain Marryat has taken up a subject unhackneyed and in some measure new; but it is one adapted to his genius, and he has handled it in a masterly manner.” And again: “We are certain that, in the essential quality of a novel—novelty, both as to story and style—Captain Marryat here

bears off the prize. There is no sickly sentiment, no affectation of superiority in knowledge, no mawkish attempts to catch attention by ill-drawn semblances of living characters. All is lively, amusing, and original. The work, too, is sustained with unflagging interest from beginning to end. It is a true sign of talent, and that of the right sort, when an author increases in excellence in every new work. Captain Marryat is a writer of unquestionable power, and we very much doubt if he has yet written his best work."

* * * *

The private opinion of Mr. Jeffrey, editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' appears not to have been behind that of the public.

"13, Clarges Street, Jan. 18, 1832.

"MY DEAR MRS. MARRYAT,

"I, being the idlest person of the family, have been the first to read through 'Newton Forster,' and consequently the first in a condition to express an opinion of it.

"That I have read it all through in the week I have to finish the preparation of our Scotch Reform Bill (if you will forgive me for mentioning such a thing) is proof enough, I think, that my opinion is very favourable. It is certainly very entertaining, which I take to be the first virtue of a work of this description; but it is interesting as well as entertaining, and not only shows great power of invention, but a very amiable nature and a kind heart.

"We are all much obliged to you for your attention in sending us the volumes, and for the pleasure

they have afforded us; and with many thanks for this and for your kindness,

"Believe me always,

"Your obliged and faithful

"F. JEFFREY."

At this time there appears to have been some correspondence between Captain Marryat and Mr. Bentley relative to the establishment of a new nautical magazine, a project, however, which never came to perfection.

"United Service Club, Nov. 3, 1832.

"DEAR SIR,

"Our conversation relative to the setting up of a new naval chronicle has been well considered, and the result is as follows: If done, it must be advertised at once for the 1st of January next year, to prepare the public and to prevent another starting, which I find will in all probability be the case from a conversation with Captain Napier and General Armstrong, who have both left the 'United Service Journal' in disgust.

"The price ought to be two shillings, which will not be objected to.

"My terms would be as follows: The sole control of the work, for when I do my best I must be despic or I shall not succeed; to be paid for all my own writings at the price I received in the 'Metropolitan,' sixteen guineas per sheet. The editorship I would then take at £400 per annum until the end of the first year, when, if the work succeeded, I should expect an addition of £100, and if it continued profitable another £100, so as to raise the *final* pay of the editor

to £600 per annum. These stipulations may be talked over afterwards. To choose my own sub-editor is indispensable. He must be a *naufical* man.

"As to interference with Colburn, I do not consider that such is the case. The 'United Service Journal' is no favourite with naval men or they would not call out for a work of this kind.

"It might just as well be said to be got up in opposition to the New Monthly or other magazines. This is most certain, there is not one day to be lost. The first number must be most carefully got up, to insure success, and the papers ought now to be in preparation. You must therefore take but few days to decide, as I tell you honestly I have reason to expect the offer from another quarter who are now talking the matter over, and I must be allowed to consider myself as unpledged to you after a short time.

"I am, very truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

The following letters from Samuel Warren (author of 'Ten Thousand a Year'), the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Morgan, Thomas Moore, Captain Trelawney (author of 'Adventures of a Younger Son'), Sir Egerton Brydges, Tom Hood, and Horace Smith, one of the authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' were evidently addressed to Captain Marryat whilst he was editor of the 'Metropolitan Magazine'—a responsibility which he assumed during 1832. Besides the novels 'Peter Simple,' 'Pasha of Many Tales,' 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' and 'Jacob Faithful,' the 'Diary of a Blasé,'

and the fugitive pieces afterwards published under the name of 'Olla Podrida,' made their first appearance in the 'Metropolitan,' with a comedy in three acts entitled 'The Gipsy,' a tragedy called 'The Cavalier of Seville,' and a refutation of the statement of Messrs. Cochrane, Neale, and Co., December, 1834. "It was about this period also," says the biographical notice appended to the poems of N. P. Willis (that is, between 1830-37), "that he fought his celebrated but bloodless duel with Captain Marryat."

"52, Great Coram Street, Russell Square,
"Monday evening.

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope you will accept my apologies for not answering your note earlier, on the ground of Mrs. Warren's indisposition and removal into the country, from which I am but just returned.

"I should be most happy to send you a paper for the July number, as you so kindly request, but owing to my wife's ill health, my many professional engagements, and my spirits being harassed with a tedious and expensive Chancery suit, I have neither time nor inclination to enter the golden fields of literature. I have broken my engagements with Blackwood on these grounds for many months.

"I regret that these circumstances prevent my entering the distinguished ranks of your contributors. I have sat down a hundred times to write to Mr. Campbell, and have been as many times called off. I think your June number in every way admirable and superior to any of its predecessors. I have not yet had the honour of calling on you for the reasons

above stated, as I am backwards and forwards to and from the country incessantly.

"I beg you will believe me,

"Dear Sir,

"Ever yours faithfully,

"SAMUEL WARREN."

"DEAR CAPTAIN MARRYAT,

"I am grieved you should have any real vexation to annoy you, and sorry that it prevents you coming here. You should not speak disrespectfully of your own tragedy;* I read it *out* one night at Seymour's, and we were all much interested in that naughty man, your hero. My own tragedy is at a stand. I have written a little melodrama to try my hand, and want them to act it at the Adelphi. Perhaps I shall see you and Mrs. F. Marryat when I call in Richmond Terrace,** which I hope to do to-morrow or next day. Meanwhile,

"Yours very truly,

"CAROLINE NORTON."

The Hon. Mrs. Norton was a contributor to the 'Metropolitan Magazine.' Theodore Hook had declined to write for it on account of his politics.

"May 15, 1832.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your preference in my favour argues infinite tact and discrimination, and I accept it as a good augury

* 'The Cavalier of Seville.'

** The town residence of Joseph Marryat, Esq.

of the future spirit and chivalry with which the 'Metropolitan' will be conducted; nor do I hesitate to march under the banner of such a chief, and beg you will forthwith enrol me in your band of literary preux and preuxesses; we must take the field under an entire new system of tactics—dismount our heavy horse, and make the "*En avant*" of the age, the epigraph of our standard. On a hint thrown out by Mr. Redding in his letter of yesterday, I wrote to my old friend Mr. Moore, and requested him to address his answer to you. I believe, however, it would be *well*, and in due *form*, if you would, without losing a moment, write to him, and make your proposition *out of hand*; there is now no *time for anything*; and facts, not forms, must be the line for the future.

"With respect to ourselves and our pecuniary expectations, Mr. Redding can inform you the terms on which we both wrote (Sir Charles and myself) for the 'N. Monthly' and the 'Metropolitan.' Meantime, what events* are passing! It seems almost *sacrilege* to talk or think of anything but the awful and *eventful movement* of this most perilous and momentous epoch! Nothing can be worse than the state of Ireland—physical, moral, and political, and you on your side don't seem much better off.

"I am, dear Sir, with best wishes for your spirited undertaking,

"Very truly yours,

"SYDNEY MORGAN.

"It is scarcely necessary to add that I have, and

* The Reform Bill.

always shall, retain the copyright of such articles as I contribute to any periodical.

"Capt. Marryat,
38, St. James' Place, London."

"June 24th, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I feel anxious, and in some degree of alarm about my packets and the proofs: the latter I expect to-day, and even thought yourself might have been the bearer of them. What alarms me about the packets is lest they should have fallen into the hands of some one, during your absence, who, not knowing the *necessity* of my seeing proofs, may have them printed off beyond all hope of revisal, which would drive me crazy. I should move, not only the Chancellor, but heaven and earth, for an injunction to stop the in-expurgated sheets. Seriously, *I depend upon you, at all times, giving me the power of seeing, at least, the proofs.* Frederick trusted Voltaire with his dirty sheets, but I must have the washing and mending of my own. It is of still more importance in the present thing as I despatched it (for me) in such a hurry.

"We trust you soon mean to pay us your promised visit, and hope it will be before Wednesday, as we think of going then, or on Thursday, to Erle-stoke, Watson Taylor's late place. You would, perhaps, accompany us.

"Yours, very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"As I am now fairly listed (that is, if *I get my proofs*), you would, perhaps, have no objection to

make me the advance I refused before. A quarter's pay in advance, if not inconvenient to *you*, would be very welcome to *me*.

"Your play is very clever, but I should like to have some talk with you about it before you published.

"Capt. Marryat, C.B.,
"38, St. James' Place."

"DEAR MARRYAT,

"You will oblige me by telling me to whom I am to apply for the payment of the article in question. As I am under sailing orders I wish to conclude the affair.

"Yours truly,

"E. TRELAWNEY.

"Nov. 18, 1832."

"TO CAPT. MARRYAT, R.N., C.B.

Geneva,
"Dec. 10, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I most sincerely wish you success in your election on public grounds, for talents, principles, conduct, and quality. If you are tired of Clavering, *say so*, and I will find some other topic. I like variety. Cantalupe wants only four or five sheets, which are all ready, except transcribing. I suppose you had not room for the memoir of my dear departed friend Lord Tenterden, in last number. His Latin poetry does him great honour. Every word I have said of him is sacredly true.

"Instead of writing Lives of the Poets, which the publishers do not seem inclined to, would Saunders and Otley undertake a new edition of Johnson's Lives,

with *my* notes and commentaries, which might supersede the *old* editions?

"I was seventy years old last Friday sennight, 30th of November; but my faculties are yet active, and I write with great rapidity.

"My rascally law agents have cheated me of upwards of £100,000!

"Yours, very truly,

"S. E. BRYDGES,

"Per legem terræ, Chandos of Sudeley."

"Brighton, April 14, 1833.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I should sooner have answered your letter, but that I concluded you would remain some days longer in Norfolk, and I have been annoyed with a rheumatic, or some other ailment, in my right arm—rather a bore for a scribbler—which has made writing somewhat difficult to me.

"Were I disposed to embark in any literary undertaking, I should gladly accept your flattering offer of joining you in the 'Metropolitan;' but I have always refrained with a pious horror from anything that would bind me down to stated contributions or interfere with the command of my time. Moreover, I feel myself getting almost too old, or, at all events, too indolent, for regular magazine work, which I know by experience to be rather oppressive. Nor am I very desirous of the publicity attending an avowed sub-editorship, and the personalities to which it exposes one. This I am aware is a weakness; but still I cannot help feeling it: and, finally, I don't much like the notion of working on an uncertainty, and exposing

myself to the anxieties of a failure, which would be doubly painful to me as you would be a sufferer as well as myself.

"Such being my feelings, I must beg to decline your offer, though I cannot but feel gratified by the preference you have shown me, and wishing you all success in these times of competition and literary devildom,

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours, very truly,

"HORATIO SMITH.

"P.S. If you want a Continental contributor on politics, German affairs, or general literature, Mr. Colly Grattan, author of 'Highways and Byeways,' who resides at Heidelberg, has requested me to offer his services. He leaves England to-morrow, I believe, but may be addressed at his solicitors, Messrs. Hodgson & Burton, Salisbury Street, Strand."

"MISS LONDON presents her compliments to Captain Marryat, and will thank him not to make her a subject of ridicule in his magazine, for he certainly must be laughing at her.

"New Road, Dec. 9."

G.P.O.

"Whereas, the following letters having been put into Box No. 4, Section 6, Department 8, of this office, without any address or superscription whatever—instead of returning the same to the authors of 'Rejected Addresses,' or of 'Odes and Addresses to Great

People,' His Grace the Director-General has ordered it to be directed generally to the people of Great Britain, in the hope that some individual of the three kingdoms may lay claims to the epistle, according to the letter of the law—or rather the law of the letter.

(Copy.)

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You are perfectly and nautically right. The COMIC ANNUAL ought certainly to clear out in time for the trade-winds to carry it through the Strait of Paternoster. It is far better in that latitude to have a *sale* than to be *rowing*.

"You may safely advertise that the 'Comic' will leave your dock *outward-bound* on the 1st of November, and if you should call it A. 1, it will sound no worse to the 'Subscribers at Lloyd's.'

"My literary rigging, except a few lines, is all standing, and the blockmakers have done their part. This announcement sounds rather Dibdinish, but it will come appropriately from a street that is named after the Fleet. With regard to my novel, the shell of 'Tylney Hall' is completed, and the whole building in one story is expected to be printed and papered very early in December. You can treat in the meanwhile with parties who may be disposed to occupy themselves with the premises; and a reading lease for a term of ninety-nine years will not be at all objected to by,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours, very truly,

"THOMAS HOOD.

"Lake House, Wanstead,
"Oct. 1, 1833."

The Life of Captain Marryat.

CHAPTER IX.

The effects of sensational literature—'Peter Simple'—Captain Marryat stands for Tower Hamlets—Receives the Cross of the Legion of Honour—'Jacob Faithful'—'Midshipman Easy'—'Japhet in search of a Father'—Correspondence.

THE following paper, written by Captain Marryat himself on the bad effects of sensational literature, touches so nearly the crying evil of the present day that it will be found interesting to those who regard the question as one of importance:

"We have, within these last three months, received many letters requesting us to notice the wide dissemination which has taken place of the unstamped publications, full of ribaldry, libel, and obscenity. We have kept the matter in our mind, intending to have directed the attention of the public to the injurious effects produced upon the morals of the country at some time about the period of the meeting of the Legislature, but we have now received a letter from such a respectable quarter, stating facts, that we consider we ought no longer to delay our duty. We do not intend, as many other journalists do, to ascribe this extreme licentiousness of the press to the present party in power. We believe that these publications were commenced long before they were in office. That they have become much more daring and unblushing within the last few years is true; but that ever will be the case when they find that they may sin with impunity. The subject has not, to our knowledge, been commented upon, or any proofs of the mischief which has been produced been brought forward; and the liberty of the press is so sacred that, rather than any interference should restrict it, it has been considered

better that a little licentiousness should be passed over. This is certainly the general opinion, and one in which we heartily coincide; but as it is an easy task to put down obscenity and immorality without infringing upon liberty, it is the duty of whatever party may be in power, when the evil has been pointed out and satisfactorily established, to take such measures as shall uphold the morality and religious feeling of the country. Mr. Southey, in his remarks upon Lord Byron's 'Vision of Judgment,' says, when discussing the above question:

"The evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly it has been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners that "the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in mathematics."

"There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli than that, when the manners of a people are generally corrupt, the government cannot long subsist—a truth which all history exemplifies—and there is no means by which that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused as by poisoning the waters of literature." It may be said that the unstamped publications we refer to are unworthy of notice—that they only circulate among the lower classes. It is because they circulate, and so largely, among the lower classes that we call the attention of our readers to the greatness of the evil. The 'Vision of Judgment,' by Byron, has done little harm; it has been printed and read, but chiefly amongst those whose

principles were fortified, and not likely to yield to a solitary attack; but these cheap and obscene periodicals which we refer to are twice or thrice a week circulated among those who have not strength of mind or principle to oppose to them, who take in the hebdomadal doses of impurity until they become gradually and wholly demoralised. The mischief is not within the ken of our legislators, for the fruit of the tree will not probably ripen in their time; but it is gradually and quietly at work unhinging and vitiating the *mass*, and the time will come when the evil fruits shall be abundant. Indeed, if the evil be allowed to continue, it would be better at once to stop all national education, for every child that is taught to read is but prepared to receive the poison which is now so rapidly circulating. The letter to which we refer—and to mention the writer of which would be at once to stamp it as coming from a party of birth, fortune, and education—states as follows: that his daughter, coming home at the vacation from one of the most respectable establishments for the education of young ladies in the metropolis, mentioned a piece of scandal which surprised him, and he inquired whence she had obtained the information. The young lady, being about fourteen years old, immediately replied that it was in the ‘Paul Pry;’ and to the inquiry how she happened to see the paper, she said that one of the servant-maids at the school took it in regularly, and that all the elder girls read it.

“We mention no names. The ladies who kept the establishment cannot be supposed to have been aware that such a publication was taken; indeed it is very probable that they did not know that such a publica-

tion existed. The fault lies with those who permit such poison to be circulated; and be it observed that it is in secret that the virus is spread, so that no one knows the real extent of it. There is another remark at the conclusion of this letter that is very important:

“I do not doubt but that any proposal to put down these publications would be treated either with indifference or sneers by the larger portion of our present legislators; but, Mr. Editor, on making inquiry as to the companions of my daughter in the above establishment—from which I have since removed her—I find that, among the elder girls, there are no less than five who are daughters of some of the present members of the House of Commons.’

“May not the time come when the apathy and indifference of these very legislators may be severely punished by the falling off from virtue, and consequent degradation of their own children, entirely brought about by the contamination received from the very publications which, as long as the morals and welfare of the lower classes only are at stake, they have thought proper to despise?

“The scandalous and obscene remarks made upon individuals at B——n by this very publication so outraged all decency, that the magistrates determined, if possible, to put it down. With the able assistance of a legal gentleman residing in the town, they proceeded upon summary conviction, and as the vendors had no support from the proprietors, they were immediately committed for the offence; and the consequence has been that not one copy of this publication is now to be seen in the town of B——n. By the present law, any person going before a magistrate

and making affidavit that any publication is obscene and libellous, may obtain a warrant, not only against the vendors, but even the givers away of such publication; and the parties apprehended upon such warrant may be immediately committed, provided they cannot find bail. Such was the case in the B——n affair. But the error in the law is, that the person who takes up the warrant must bind himself over, in case bail can be procured, to indict the party at the sessions—a proceeding attended with great expense and trouble, and rendered entirely valueless and nugatory by the evasion of the law by the preparations already made by the worthless and unprincipled proprietors. To take out a warrant against the vendors of the papers in the metropolis would be almost useless. Bail would be procured, and the party who took out the warrant would incur a great expense without effecting any good results, because, from the present wording of the Act, the law can be evaded. What is required is simply to make the affair one of summary conviction. Let this be done, and in a few weeks not one paper of the kind would be in existence, for no one would venture to circulate them. Such an amendment would not interfere with the liberty of the press; it would only restrain its licentiousness. We would not have it extend, for that very reason, to sedition or treason. Demagogues may splutter both as fast as they please; it demoralises nobody, although it may draw them and make them discontented. Let it only be framed against obscenity and immorality, and it will be sufficient. It is possible that, out of so many members of our Legislature in both Houses, there cannot be found one who would take the trouble or onus to bring forward a Bill to amend this Act;

We have Acts for the better observance of the Sabbath—Acts to compel people to outward forms—and yet the contamination of the whole rising generation disregarded. We have societies for the diffusion of the Gospel, for the amelioration of the negro race—yes, for everything almost except for the welfare of our own community, to which all our philanthropists are blind or indifferent. Let them not, however, forget that five of their daughters have been reading ‘Paul Pry,’ and may every one tremble lest it be his own; or if she be not one of the five, let him reflect whether it is not possible that the virus has been communicated to his own family by some other channel. As Southey says, ‘Let our rulers of the State look to this in time.’ But, to use the words of Dr. South, ‘If our physicians think that the best way to *cure* a disease is to *pamper* it, the Lord in His mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer what he by miracle only can prevent.’”

The next novel on the list is ‘Peter Simple’—by general consent the favourite of all Captain Marryat’s works—and of this was said:

“We must, however, observe that ‘Peter Simple’ has other excellencies beyond being a delightfully readable book, and presenting a true and vivid sketch of scenery and nautical life and adventures; it is unrivalled as a work of art.”

* * * *

“We perceive that ‘Peter Simple’ has been compared to the productions of Smollett. On a closer inspection it will be found that there is no likeness, except that each writer is the *facile princeps* of novel writers of the class to which he belongs. Smollett is dashing, broad, and vigorous, not always over decent,

and generally very coarse. 'Peter Simple' confines himself to the modest truth of nature, and (it is not the least of his merit on such ticklish ground) never uses a word or conveys an idea to which the most scrupulous could object. The humour of Smollett, though side-splitting, is frequently derived from incident, features, or even costume. Change the cut of a garment or a crook in the shoulders, and the humour would evaporate. That of 'Simple,' on the contrary, is for the most part founded on character, and is indestructible except by the destruction of the work."

"'Peter Simple' is unrivalled in dry humour, in the conception and embodying of individual character."

The publication of 'Peter Simple' was seized by Captain Marryat as an opportunity to address the public on his own account. It is not often that an author even *pretends* to review his own production, and the following notice which appeared in the *Metropolitan* is curious only from the fact that it emanated from himself:

"We do not intend to review our own work; if we did it justice we might be accused of partiality, and we are not such fools as to abuse it. We leave that to our literary friends who may have so little taste as not to appreciate its merits. Not that there would be anything novel in reviewing our own performances—that we have discovered since we have assumed the office of editor; but still it is always done *sub rosa*, whereas in our case we could not deny our situation as editor or author. Of 'Peter Simple,' therefore, we say nothing, but we take this opportunity of saying a few words to the public. We are willing to submit to all the castigation we may deserve, for

we may have intruded upon it; but we cannot quietly sit down and hear ourselves unpleasantly commented upon for the sins of others. It has been the fashion for many publishers of anonymous naval works to whisper that they were ascribed to us, and it was but the other day that we were told to our great mortification, by an officer of rank in the navy, that a work entitled the 'Port Admiral' was generally supposed to have been concocted with our pen; and we take the opportunity now afforded us of expressing our indignation at the report circulated, not on account of the want of talent in the work, but because it contains an infamous libel upon one of our most distinguished officers deceased, and upon the service in general. It is in consequence of the above observations that we take the liberty to state what works have proceeded from our pen; and when it is considered that it is not five years since we commenced authorship, surely there are enough of them without adding spurious ones to the list. The 'Naval Officer' was our first attempt, and its having been our first attempt, must be offered in extenuation of its many imperfections; it was written hastily, and before it was complete we were appointed to a ship. We cared much about our ship and little about our book. The first was diligently taken charge of by ourselves, the second was left in the hands of others, to get on how it could. Like most bantlings put out to nurse, it did not get on very well. As we happen to be in the communicative vein, it may be as well to remark that being written in the autobiographical style, it was asserted by good-natured friends, and believed in general, that it was a history of the author's own life.

Now, without pretending to have been better than we should have been in our earlier days, we do most solemnly assure the public that had we run the career of vice of the hero of the 'Naval Officer,' at all events, we should have had sufficient sense of shame not to have avowed it. Except the hero and heroine, and those parts of the work which supply the slight plot of it, as a novel, the work in itself is materially true, especially in the narrative of sea adventure, most of which did (to the best of our recollection) occur to the author. We say 'to the best of our recollection,' as it behoves us to be careful. We have not forgotten the snare in which Chamier found himself by asserting in his preface that his narrative was fact. In the 'Naval Officer' much good material was thrown away; but we intend to write it over again some of these days, and the 'Naval Officer,' when 'corrected,' will be so improved that he may be permitted to stand on the same shelf with 'Pride and Prejudice,' or 'Sense and Sensibility.'

"The 'confounded licking' we received for our first attempt in the 'critical notices' is probably well known to the reader—at all events we have not forgotten it. Now, with some, this severe castigation of their first offence would have had the effect of their never offending again; but we felt that our punishment was rather too severe; it produced indignation instead of contrition, and we determined to write again in spite of all the critics in the universe; and in the due course of nine months we produced the 'King's Own.' In the 'Naval Officer' we had sowed all our wild oats; we had *paid off* those who had ill-treated us, and we had no further personality to in-

dulge in. The 'King's Own,' therefore, was wholly fictitious in characters, in plot, and in events, as have been its successors. The 'King's Own' was followed by 'Newton Foster;' 'Newton Foster' by 'Peter Simple.' These are *all* our productions. Reader, we have told our tale."

But that the adventures of Mr. Peter Simple did not entirely engross the mind of his biographer is evident from the fact that in this year, Captain Marryat, in company with Colonel Leicester Stanhope (since Lord Harrington), Mr. Clay, and Dr. Lushington, stood as candidate for the Tower Hamlets election. Which of these four won the day need not be recorded: it is sufficient for this history that Captain Marryat did *not*. Whilst the election was pending he convened meetings at the Court of Requests, White-chapel; and the *Mermaid* and *Britannia* taverns—names more suggestive of the "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce" interest he advocated, than of a refined and aristocratic branch of diplomacy. In a speech delivered at one of these meetings he said that he "believed they would all acknowledge that there was nothing in which reform was more required than in the degrading, unjust, oppressive system of the impressment of seamen. When he was a junior officer in the service, when he knew that to meddle with a subject the Ministers wished to keep quiet was to risk his promotion, and perhaps to blight his prospects in the service in which he had embarked, even then he wrote the work he held in his hand, pointing out the unjust and oppressive character of the practice, and suggesting measures for its remedy. And he did this openly. He thought the interests of his country and

the rights of his fellow-subjects demanded it, and he affixed his name to the title-page of his work without one moment's regard as to the injury such an act might do his fortunes. That was one step which he had taken as a reformer."

Again, speaking of some former election: "It was true he was defeated, but was he therefore less a reformer? In that day there was much more violence than at the present moment in party politics. He had not only suffered in his purse but in his person; he was nearly cut to pieces; and he might truly say he had shed his blood in the cause of Reform. Since that period he had had the misfortune to become an author. He had written much, and he appealed to his friends and he challenged his enemies to say if they could point out one page in which he advocated anti-Liberal notions."

On another occasion, being asked if he was opposed to flogging in the navy, he made a speech in reply, too long to transcribe here, and the elector who had put the question complained that the answer was not direct. He was a father (so he affirmed), and he or his sons might go to sea and come under the command of Captain Marryat. He desired therefore to know if "the gallant Captain" was opposed to flogging or not. The reply was as follows:

"Sir, you say the answer I gave you is not direct; I will answer you again. If ever you, or one of your sons, should come under my command and deserve punishment, if there be no other effectual mode of conferring it I shall flog you."

After which Captain Marryat and the chairman left the room together amidst a tumult of united applause

and disapprobation. Part of another of his speeches made at a later meeting is quoted here to show how greatly he had the subject of impressment at heart:

“And, speaking of the colonies, he must remark that the old adage was perfectly true, ‘Real charity begins at home.’ He detested slavery as heartily as any man could, but he could never consent to give his sole attention to the negro across the Atlantic, while he knew that his own countryman was dragged into slavery, and the wife and children of his bosom were left to pine in wretchedness and want. He would redress that grievance and protect the British seaman before he thrust his philanthropy on the African negro. Again, when he looked to our manufacturing districts when he looked to the factory and found infants working in penury and misery for seventeen hours a day—how could he, as a man with a heart in his breast, pass by such a scene and think only of the black slave? Further, when he went to Spitalfields, and saw the industrious artisan unable to obtain even a wretched pittance, but compelled to have recourse to charity, how could he consent to follow the example of those who took no note in the miseries which were about them, but sought for objects of compassion in a distant region? There was an inconsistency in such conduct that he could not understand, and that made him doubt its virtue. And while he was upon this subject he could not help calling the attention of the electors to the conduct of the self-styled philanthropists, who talked much about negro emancipation, upon a particular point. It was well known this country had spent millions of money to procure the suppression of the slave trade; it was also well known that that de-

testable traffic was still carried on to a frightful extent by several foreign nations. Well, what did the philanthropists do? Why, at the very moment they were demanding the emancipation of the slaves in the British Colonies, they voted for the importation of foreign sugar, to the direct injury of our own colonies, although that foreign sugar was the produce of the labour of new-made slaves. He did not like to impute motives to other people, but really, when he saw men thus conducting themselves, he could hardly help saying he was convinced they did not in their hearts wish for emancipation. His reason for saying so was this: The wrong of the slaves was the capital of the philanthropists, and if the one were declared free, the other would be bankrupts."

One of the members of the meeting was proceeding, "in very set phrase," to make an answer to this speech, when his eloquence was suddenly brought to an untimely end by the table, on which the chairman's seat was placed, giving way and precipitating that gentleman on the floor. Captain Marryat, who had been also standing on the table, sprang into the centre of the room and conjured the audience "to go to the walls," by which means he saved their lives and prevented their engulfment, for in another minute the floor of the room had fallen in, and "the chairman being upside down, the meeting, which appeared highly favourable to Captain Marryat, was broken up." Favourable or not, he lost his election, and with it any aspirations he may have entertained of distinguishing himself in Parliament.

In June, 1833, Captain Marryat received from His Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French, the cross.

of the Legion of Honour, accompanied by the following letter:

"Paris, le 19 juin, 1833.

"Le roi, monsieur, sur le compte que je lui ai rendu des services que vous avez rendu à la science et à la navigation, a voulu vous accorder une marque de son estime, en vous conférant la Croix d'Officier de l'Ordre Royal de la Légion d'Honneur. J'ai mis de l'intérêt à vous procurer cette honorable distinction, dont je ne doute pas que vous ne sentiez tout le prix. Vous recevrez directement de la Grande Chancellerie de la Légion d'Honneur la décoration qui vous est destinée.

"Recevez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

"Le Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat
de la Marine et des Colonies.

"DTE. N. DE MIGNY.

"M. Marryat, Frederic,
Capitaine de Va^u de la Marine Royale d'Angleterre,
"Rue de la Paix, No. 24, à Paris."

In the January previous he had been in correspondence with Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, on the subject of introduction of brevet rank without pay into the navy:

Admiralty, January 7, 1833.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your plan for the introduction of brevet rank without pay into the navy.

"I cannot promise the hasty adoption of any measure vitally affecting the construction of a service

which, with all its apparent anomalies and imperfections, has in the hour of trial never failed to surpass the hopes and expectations of the country. I trust it is not now in a state of decay; and I believe it contains officers as able, as brave, and as willing to serve us as at any former period of our brightest glory.

"I am disposed, however, very seriously and carefully to consider your suggestions, and at all events I hasten to thank you for communicating to me your thoughts on a subject of such national importance.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"JAS. G. GRAHAM."

After losing his election, Captain Marryat went to Brighton, where for some time he lived in a house called Montpelier Villa, situated in the Western Road; and it was there that, during the year 1834, he wrote three novels, entitled 'Jacob Faithful,' 'Mr. Midshipman Easy,' and 'Japhet in Search of a Father.' Of the first-named work the reviewer remarks:

"Many have lamented that the Fielding and Smollett style should have become nearly obsolete in this refined age; but so long as Captain Marryat wields the pen in lieu of the sword, that complaint will have no foundation.

"In one of his most pleasing passages Milton has marked the delight which the freshness of the country affords to a person who has been 'long in populous city pent.' The critic is excited by a somewhat kindred feeling when he turns from the 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable' tomes which every month press before him to a production of Marryat's; for of one

thing he is pretty confident, that however it may differ from his other works in the degree of merit, it may at least be read from the first leaf to the last with pleasure, or profit, or both.

"In the power of presenting life as it is, cooking nothing, exaggerating nothing, blackening nothing, Captain Marryat seems to stand alone amongst the writers of his century."

And of this novel the late Mr. Thackeray, in his 'Roundabout Papers,' writes:

"So is the author who excites and interests you, worthy of your thanks and benedictions. I am troubled with fever and ague, that seizes me at odd intervals and prostrates me for a day. There is a cold fit, for which I am thankful to say hot brandy-and-water is prescribed, and this induces a hot fit, and so on. In one or two of these fits I have read novels with the most perfect contentment of mind; once, on the Mississippi, it was my dearly-beloved 'Jacob Faithful,' once, at Frankfort-on-Maine, the delightful 'Vingt ans après' of Mons. Dumas; once, at Tunbridge Wells, the thrilling 'Woman in White;' and those books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember these ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude."

With regard to the next work no reviews are forthcoming, but that the history of 'Mr. Midshipman Easy' is a faithfully-written chronicle, and its author a true delineator of character, is immortalised in the subjoined extract from Mr. Henry Kingsley's story of 'Ravenshoe':

"A flood of historical recollections comes over Charles, and he recognises the place as one long

known and very dear to him. On those very stairs Mr. Midshipman Easy stood, and resolved that he would take a boat and sail to Gazo. What followed on his resolution is a matter of history. Other events have taken place at Malta, about which Charles was as well informed as the majority, but Charles did not think of them; not even of St. Paul and the viper, or the old wordy dispute in Greek Testament lecture at Oxford between this Melita and the other one of the land of Illyricum. He thought of Midshipman Easy, and felt as if he had seen the place before."

For this novel Captain Marryat received £ 1200 from Messrs. Saunders & Otley.

Of 'Japhet in Search of a Father' it was remarked:—

"The execution of 'Japhet in Search of a Father' is as excellent as any of Marryat's productions; the point, the humour, the wit, the neatness, and the terseness of style are as good as ever. The great merit of the narrative is, that the adventures of the hero of it, are detailed with a vividness of description so near akin to reality, that the improbability of many of the incidents is forgotten, and the reader is actually lulled into the imagination that he is perusing the events of actual life."

The general interest excited by this tale whilst it was running in the pages of the magazine was so great that an American vessel meeting an English one in the broad Atlantic, instead of a demand for water or supplies, ran up the question to her mast-head, "Has Japhet found his father yet?"

In the commencement of 1834 Captain Marryat received another letter from Sir James Graham:

(Private.)

"Admiralty, April, 22, 1834.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am very much obliged by your observations on the Merchant Seamen's Bill; it is a measure which I am most anxious to make perfect, and you, who know all the difficulties, are most competent to assist me in removing them. Could you call here on Thursday, at twelve o'clock, when I should like to go through the bill with you clause by clause, and to discuss it fully and freely.

"Let me thank you again for giving your attention to a subject in which the future power and greatness of your profession is involved to a degree not as yet sufficiently understood, and which, if neglected, may prove fatal to our country at the moment when danger presses and hopes are most excited.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"JAS. G. GRAHAM.

"Captain Marryat, R.N."

The following was addressed by him to his brother-in-law, Bury Palliser:

"Montpelier Villa, Brighton,

"May 10, 1834.

"MY DEAR PALLISER,

"I have just come back from Norfolk, where I had the pleasure of getting no rent, because why—the tenant hadn't got none. I intended to bring up a puppy for you, daughter of my lurcher bitch, the best retriever and rabbit-dog I ever knew—greyhound built, very fast, and retrieving in or out of water—but the distemper came on, and I left it under charge

of Nash until it is recovered, as dogs don't travel well with distemper.

"Who is that friend of yours who requires Langham? as I am very anxious to let it. You will oblige me by writing to him and saying that for £200 per annum he may take the cottage and shooting. I am so very, very busy, that I have no time to say more, except love to Fan and the little baby. I wished very much to have seen you both this time I was up, and I could not manage it; it must be for another time. If I let Langham, I have an excellent setter bitch here (small, rather) very much at your service; she broke in herself, without trouble, and is now about a year old. George is here, having taken a house very convenient to mine; his horses are in my stables, his feet are generally under my table, and his man is always in my kitchen; really quite a *catch!* for a man with a large family.

"My little ones are thriving, and learning all sorts of things under a governess. God bless you both. Kate sends her love; and I am,

"Ever yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Brighton, April 1, 1834.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I am neither sick nor sorry, but putting my house in order, as I told you, in various ways. There is always so much to do in a house when the master has been any time absent, that the day is not half long enough, and I have been giving all manner of orders to workmen, and seeing those orders executed. Moreover, I am making acquaintance with several

Brighton residents, which will be useful by-and-by. At present I am finishing off several arrangements in the outhouses, which were postponed until the second year, reading MSS. and books till I am tired, to make up for time lost, and trying to bring myself in *writing harness* again, which, after having been turned out so long to grass at Paris, is not so very easy. I intend to come up next week and stay a day or two with you previous to my going to Norfolk. G—— is much with us. He says you have accused him of being in love with a Miss R——. In the first place, Miss R—— is not at Brighton; and, in the second, I feel sure that he will fall in love with nobody *but himself* for these next ten years. He is in very pleasant society here, chiefly evening parties, and says he shall not leave until May.

“Kate and the children are all well again and desire their love. As for the chancellor’s judgment, I cannot say that I thought anything about it; on the contrary, it appears to me that he might have been much more severe if he had thought proper. It is easy to impute motives, and difficult to disprove them. I thought, considering his enmity, that he let us off cheap; as there is no *punishing a chancellor*, and he might say what he pleased with impunity. I did not, therefore, *roar*, I only *smiled*. The effect will be nugatory. Not one in a thousand will read it; those who do, know it refers to a person not in this world, and of those, those who knew my father will not believe it; those who did not will care little about it, and forget the name in a week. Had he given the decision in our favour, I should have been better pleased, but *it’s no use crying; what’s done can’t be*

helped. My baby will not even say 'Papa,' still she is a forward child, and if Fanny's beats her in *talking*, she cannot match her in *philosophy*.

"The wet-nurse was very ill and obliged to go home, and baby submitted to circumstances with great fortitude; eats biscuits and sleeps the whole night through, perfectly satisfied when she wakes if you give her a little milk and water out of a cup. She did so the very first night, and has continued to do so ever since. She has only three teeth, but does not refuse to be carnivorous, if required. I intend to write to Fan, but have been too busy; tell her so in your next.

"I have no more to say at present, except that I long to see you, and shall come as soon as I can.

"Love to Nelly, and believe me,

"Yours very attached,

"F. MARRYAT."

CHAPTER X.

On the Continent—'Pirate and Three Cutters'—Life of Lord Napier—Brussels—Lausanne—'Snarley Yow'—'Pacha of Many Tales'—Correspondence—Farewells party—'Diary on the Continent'—Letters to Mrs. Bury Palliser.

IN 1835, Captain Marryat, accompanied by his wife and children, left England, and proceeded to the capital of Belgium. In his own words, "Not one day was our departure postponed; with post-horses and postillions, we posted, post-haste, to Brussels."

During the month of his sojourn there, he visited Malines and Antwerp, and was invited to the receptions given at the Court of Leopold I.

His political and general ideas of this country and

Switzerland are to be found in his 'Diary on the Continent,' a journal that now forms part of a collection of fugitive pieces in a book called 'Olla Podrida,' and which was published in 1840.

On the 26th of May of the same year, Captain Marryat left Brussels, and on the 10th of June arrived at Spa, having stayed a week at Liege *en route*. Although amongst his various talents, he possessed a decided one for packing up clothes and putting babies to sleep, the fact of his carrying plenty of both incumbrances about with him, rather retarded the accomplishment of his journey. Like most sailors, he was very kind and tender-hearted with children, and especially so with his own little ones; and when at the close of the day's travelling they were tired and fractious, and refused to shut their eyes, he would wrest the servants' duty from their hands and enact the part of head nurse himself. He could not sing, but he could (as the world needs not to be told) tell stories; and it was by means of telling stories (not a very complimentary one to him as an author), that he used to lull his children to sleep.

The following letter was written to his mother shortly after his arrival in Spa:—

"Spa, June 9, 1835.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"It is dreadfully hot, and we are all gasping for breath. Kate is very unwell. She cannot walk now, and is obliged to go out in the carriage. Children thrive. As for me, I am teaching myself German, and writing a little now and then, 'The Diary of a Blasé,'*

* Afterwards published as 'Diary on the Continent.'

one part has appeared in the 'Metropolitan,' very good magazine stuff. I have a fractional part of the gout in my middle right finger. Is it possible to make V—— a member of the Horticultural? He is very anxious, and he deserves it; the personal knowledge is the only difficulty; but I know him, and I am part of you, and therefore you know him. Will that syllogism do? We are as quiet here as if we were out of the world, and I like it. I wanted quiet to recover me. Since I have been here I have discovered what I fancy will be new in England, a variety of carnation, with short stalks; the stalks are so short that the flowers do not rise above the leaves of the plant, and you have no idea how pretty they are; they are all in a bush. There are two varieties here belonging to a man, but he will not part with them. He says they are very scarce and only to be had at Vervier, a town eight miles off. They are celebrated for flowers at Liege, but a flower-woman from Liege, to whom I showed them, said that she had never seen them there; so I presume the man is correct. Have you heard of them? By-the-by, you should ask V—— to send for some Ghent roses—they are extremely beautiful. I did give most positive orders that Fred* should not go out unless with Mr. B——, or one of the masters. He remained three days in Paris, having escaped from the gentleman who had charge of him, and cannot or will not, account for where he was or what he did. He did not go to his school until his money was gone. He is at a dangerous age now, and must be kept close. Write me, or Kate, a long letter, telling us all the news. I intend to come home in October or there-

* His eldest son.

abouts; but I must arrange according to Kate's manoeuvres. If she goes her time, of course I must be with her, and then she will winter here, I have no doubt, as we cannot travel in winter with babies, nor indeed do I wish to, as travelling costs a great deal of money, and I have none to spare.

"God bless you, mamma. This is a famous place for your complaint, if it comes on again. The cures are miraculous. Love to Ellen. She shan't come German over me when we meet. I don't think I ever should have learnt it, only G—— gave himself such airs about it.

"Yours,
"F. MARRYAT."

During this year, his literary fame was increased by the production of the 'Pirate and Three Cutters.' Of this book, which was illustrated by Clarkson Stanfield, it is said,

"To our naval friends in particular, this bright gem of the season will be most acceptable. Captain Marryat's work will be found powerfully dramatic; it is sparkling and characteristic; and, if possible, will add to his already established reputation of being the most graphic naval writer of the day."

"That the author of 'Peter Simple' ever has written or ever can write anything which will not repay the perusal, we hold to be impossible."

For this work £750 was received by the author from Mr. Hurst.

Leaving his family at Spa, Captain Marryat now returned to England for a few months in order to transact business with his publishers, and entered into

an agreement with Messrs. Saunders & Otley, to sell them his interest in the 'Metropolitan Magazine' for £1050. Whilst editing this periodical his sub-editor was Mr. Edward Howard; and it is to this gentleman that the authorship of 'Rattlin the Reefer' is due, and not, as often supposed, to Captain Marryat, who only stood literary sponsor to his friend's production. At this period he had agreed to write a memoir of the late Lord Napier, with whom he had been well acquainted, for Mr. Richard Bentley; and Lady Napier had accorded him permission to do so, and placed all her husband's papers in his hands. When the work, however, was half completed, her ladyship, for private reasons, withdrew the leave which she had granted, and consequently it was never given to the public. From some of the first proofs, however, which are still in existence, the following passages have been extracted, to show the high estimation in which Captain Marryat held the subject of his intended memoir.

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"It was when I first entered upon my naval career, where, as a child, I found myself transplanted from a sheltering home and the care of fostering parents, to encounter the rude blasts of an adventurous and stormy life, that I met with William Napier, then a master's mate, having joined the *Impérieuse* a few days before my arrival. I well remember that I, as well as other youngsters, looked upon him with awe, for he was a giant among us pigmies. But it was without cause, for although it might be excellent to have a giant's strength, he felt that it was tyrannous to use it as a giant. At the period at which I entered the service, there was no species of tyranny, injustice,

and persecution, to which we youngsters were not compelled to submit from those who were our superiors in bodily strength; but from Napier we received none. He made use of no other than his moral superiority, and, in that, he was so powerful, that one word, or a finger raised, was more effectual, and more feared, than all the unlimited blows received from others. Superior to all in physical force, in knowledge, and in station, he never used his superiority but to enforce what was right. One of the best navigators in the service, he devoted his time and talents to those who wished to learn. At the same time that he laughed and played with us as children, he insured respect; and although much feared, he was loved much more.

"These remarks may appear trifling to some, but they are remarks indicative of character. In those times the ordeal of a midshipman's berth was severe, and too often the effect of its tyranny was demoralizing; for those who suffered when weak, waited with impatience for the development of that physical power which would enable them to tyrannise in their turns, and retaliate upon others the injustice to which they had been forced to submit. Might was right in the most extended sense of the phrase; and it was indeed rare to find one like Napier, who, with power to insure despotism, was so magnanimous as to refrain from exercising that power except in the cause of justice. I was for years a messmate of Napier's, and, although not easy to be controlled, and usually returning blow for blow, I can positively assert that I never received a blow from him; and, at the same time, he was the only one to whom I paid implicit obedience.

"Although an example so deserving of imitation did not, perhaps, produce all the effect that it would have done upon the older midshipmen in the berth, I feel convinced that it was productive of much good to the younger; for often when by years I had gained that experience and strength which elevated me among the seniors of the mess, at times when about to give way to my impetuosity, and take advantage of my superior strength, I have recalled Napier's forbearance to me, and have restrained my hand.

"In fact Napier was, for many years, the only *naval reformer* I fell in with in His Majesty's service. In the midst of tyranny he set the example of mercy; in the midst of ignorance, he was learned and scientific; in the midst of idleness, he was studious himself and ready to instruct others; and as a nobleman he considered that his superior rank required that he should be, what he really was, one of the best seamen and best officers in his majesty's service.

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"Another circumstance occurred connected with Napier, which is fresh in my memory, as it happened the very day after we had been released from our dangerous situation. The gale still continued, the sea was running high, cresting in savage foam, when one of the marines fell overboard. The cry of 'A man overboard!' was passed through the ship; many of the officers and men hastened to the quarter-boats, the lashings were cut off, the falls in hand ready for lowering. The youngsters were at the taffrail watching with anxiety the poor fellow, who swam well and bore up against the seas, rising after they had broken over him, his eyes turned towards the ship, knowing that

from thence, and thence alone, he could expect assistance. Lord Cochrane, who was standing abaft, surveyed the raging seas, and compressing his lips, as if he had made up his mind, in a grave tone said, 'Hold fast.' The boats were not lowered, and the poor man still struggled with the waves, gradually increasing his distance. At last he held up his hand, as if to show where he was, and shortly afterwards he disappeared, and we thought, 'Why, how is this? The officers and men were willing to save him. We would have ourselves done what we could, and yet the poor man is allowed to drown without succour!' Lord Cochrane had walked forward after the marine had disappeared, saying only, 'Poor fellow.' We still continued watching the wave where he was last seen, full of melancholy and rather indignant thought. Napier stood by us, and he appeared to have read our reflections; he had hardly spoken to any of us during the few days we had been together, but he thought it his duty to put us right. He pointed out to us that it was hardly possible for any boat to live in such a sea; that although there were hundreds who would have been eager to save the man's life, the attempt would only have been attended with the sacrifice of their own; that a captain of a ship was responsible for the lives of his men, and that it was the duty of the captain to forbid a boat to be lowered down. We felt the truth of what he said, but we often talked over the fate of the poor marine.

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"I must not, however, proceed till I have laid before the reader an extract of a letter written by Captain

Pringle, under whose command Napier served in H.M.S. *Sparrowhawk*:

"I cannot convey to you the warm and sincere regard I had for my friend as a man and an officer, and can only say, that he was such as I can hardly expect to meet again. His superiors could with him have the pleasure of entering into and enjoying all the familiarities and intercourse of private life without its ever interfering in the least with the duties of the officer, a qualification which produces more good on board of a man-of-war than may be supposed. The country and the service have sustained a great loss. I am confident that had he been spared to rise to the higher commands in the service, he would have equalled any of the great names with which our admirals' list is graced.' * * *

"And here I must again bring forward testimony of Napier's worth in corroboration of my own. Lieutenant Rodgers, in a letter detailing the loss of the *Goshawk*, speaks in these terms:

"My information can only relate to this short period, which I shall ever look back to, as far the happiest which I have spent in his Majesty's service, for with such a commander it could not be otherwise. As a tribute of respect to the memory of my late captain, I may safely say, that his chief happiness seemed to consist in that of those around him; and in justice to all those who had the good fortune to sail with him, I may also affirm that there was not an officer or seaman on board who would not use his utmost exertions to entitle him to the captain's approbation. Not so much, be it observed, as a point of duty, but from a feeling, I would almost say, of love and affec-

tion. I do not mean to say that we would have been permitted to neglect our duty, had we felt so disposed. No, that was certainly out of the question, for Napier was a strict disciplinarian in the proper sense of the term, that is, requiring orders to be executed with alacrity and promptitude; but then his orders were communicated with so much kindness, that it became no less our pleasure than our duty to obey his commands, and if possible to anticipate his wishes." * * *

And, again, in speaking of the actions in which he and Lord Napier served together, Captain Marryat says:

"Well do I recollect the powerful frame of Napier, with his claymore, bounding in advance of his men and cheering them on to victory. Truly did we all love and admire him; and of this love and admiration he was most worthy, for a more brave or a more collected officer never, before or since, trod the quarter-deck."

And he appears to have been no less an admirer of the younger brother than of the elder.

* * * *

"I was very intimate with Frank Napier; we had been messmates, and had afterwards repeatedly met in our naval career. A more promising young man I never knew. He was wild and thoughtless, but full of energy and talent. Eccentric to the highest degree, and in all his actions as well as his language there was humour as peculiar as it was original. He was one of those who never did or spoke like anybody else. Few young men had cultivated their minds as had Frank Napier; I never heard a topic started upon

which he was not more or less informed, generally speaking better informed than the rest of the company.

"One of his peculiarities was very amusing. Whenever he was on shore he never would be encumbered with luggage of any description, further than a small case which he could carry in his hand, and which contained his few articles for the toilette, and half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. He was always well dressed, and had the appearance of a perfect gentleman, but he never had any wardrobe except the clothes that he had on. As soon as they were half worn he ordered another suit, leaving the former one to the waiter as a legacy, for he always lived at hotels. This was but fair, as the waiter had to supply him with linen; and where he was known they were so used to him, that they always prepared and had everything at his service, for he was liberal to excess.

"I have gone up to his room and found him in bed. He would ring the bell: 'Waiter, a clean shirt.' 'Yes, sir.' 'And, James, I dine out to-day—one of your best frilled.' 'Yes, sir.' When he paid his bill, the washing, and a handsome allowance for wear and tear, were accounted for; and Frank put on his one shirt, and walked off as light as a feather, and not at all anxious about the safety of his luggage. But I am not writing the life of poor Frank, or I could narrate many amusing incidents which occurred in our cruises together. Peace be with him!"

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But to return to Captain Marryat's doings on the Continent. In the February of 1836 he returned to Spa, and the following August we find him again at Brussels, where to this hour many anecdotes are re-

lated of him by the older residents. It appears that at one period whilst he was staying there several other men of celebrity, friends of his own, were passing through, and a gentleman of their acquaintance, curious to hear the wits sharpening each other, gave a large dinner and invited them all to meet at his table.

The evening arrived, the *menu* was perfect, the *bon mots* passed freely, and everybody talked and laughed—except one, and that one was Captain Marryat, who swallowed his dinner gravely and almost in silence.

The host was very much disappointed, and meeting him next morning told him so. "I am afraid you did not enjoy yourself at my house last night."

"My dear fellow, what makes you think so? The dinner, the company, and the wine were all excellent. I never enjoyed myself better in my life!"

"But why, then, didn't you talk?" remonstrated his friend. "You didn't make a single joke during the whole evening."

"Oh!" replied Captain Marryat, with a prolonged utterance of the syllable, "if that's what you wanted you should have asked me when you were alone. Why, did you imagine I was going to let out any of my jokes for those fellows to put in their next books? No; that is not *my* plan. When I find myself in such company *as that* I open my ears and hold my tongue, glean all I can, and give them nothing in return."

It was of one of these same authors, a little later, that Captain Marryat made a joke that has never been forgotten against the subject of it. He had a very curious nose, bent in the middle from a fracture, and some one in speaking of him observed, "C—"

G.— is a capital fellow, a first-rate fellow, there's no denying that; but I *can't* get over his nose."

"I'm not surprised to hear you say so," was the cool reply, "considering there is *no bridge* to it."

During one winter that he spent in Brussels he gave a party, at which there was a Christmas tree that formed a nine days' wonder. These trees were not so common then, at all events among the English, as they are now; and Captain Marryat, entering heart and soul into the spirit of the thing, went to a species of fancy repository in the town, and, with his lavish and thoughtless generosity, bought the entire contents upon the spot.

In consequence, not only the tree but the room (amongst the articles were seven rocking horses) was completely filled with presents; and as they ranged from playthings for the children to *bijouterie* for the ladies, each guest was perfectly satisfied. From Brussels he proceeded with his family to Switzerland, and made his next halt at the little village of Ouchy, on the shores of Lake Lemman. Hence, after paying a visit to Geneva, he went to Lausanne, and for some months took up his residence at Elysée, the property of Le Comte de Sarget, from whom he rented it. The winters in Switzerland are intensely dull, and vineyards, stripped of both fruit and leaves and reduced to a collection of dry sticks, lose much of the romantic interest which clings about them in the season; taking which facts into consideration, Captain Marryat may have had private as well as political and professional reasons for seizing this opportunity to leave his family safely at Lausanne whilst he paid a long-desired visit to America.

But previously to this decision both 'Snarley Yow, or the Dog Fiend,' and the 'Pacha of Many Tales,' had come before the public and been most favourably received. Of the latter a reviewer says: "The author displays great knowledge of mankind, and vast powers of invention. As a work of invention and mirth this is one of the richest things we have seen for many a day, and we heartily commend the 'Pacha of Many Tales' to all lovers of light reading and good-humoured satire." The sale of this work up to this date was 1196; that of 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' 1468; and of 'Mr. Midshipman Easy,' 1548.

Whilst still at Lausanne Captain Marryat wrote to Mr. Osmond de Beauvoir Priaulx, then at Paris, as follows:

"November 27, 1836.

"MY DEAR PRIAULX,

"There positively is not a sheet of letter paper in the house, and I am obliged to resort to ruled paper to answer your long communication. First, as to R——. I consider that if I have no better chance of heaven than of R——'s 1250 fr. I am in a bad way. Both he and T—— are evidently a couple of rogues. The only chance of obtaining the money from R—— is by telling him that I am coming to Paris as soon as I can, and that I shall expose him by publishing the whole affair, his letters, &c.; and, moreover, that you *strongly suspect* that it is my intention, independent of exposure, to *break every bone in his body* on my arrival. He holds himself as a gentleman, being the son of some post-captain, and will not like that message, and may perhaps pay the money rather than incur the risk. You may give the

message or not, as you please; at all events, do not trouble yourself any more about him. I am very much obliged to you for the trouble which you have taken already, but pray do not take any more.

"Mrs. M—— says that she is very much obliged to you for your letter but requests, next time you write, that you will give her a sheet of paper to *herself* and not mix her up with such common people as me. She requests that you will tell the Ainsworths if you see them that she wrote a very long letter to Mrs. Ainsworth, which was confided to my care on Thursday last, that I arrived with it at Geneva at two o'clock and found that they had quitted at eleven o'clock, whereupon I brought it back again. I had also a packet of rubbish for you from the girls, which Mrs. Ainsworth was to have delivered, but, as she was off, I confided it to the care of Mr. B——. The gentleman promised that in four or five days he would find means to send it to you, free of expense, directed to Mallet Frères.

"The books I will thank you to send, and I will bring back with me when I leave this. Let them come by diligence. I have no alliance either with Mdlle. —— or others, and do not wish to put myself under any obligation to such people.

"I have already altered the date to the latter end of the seventeenth century, so that it is very probable that something will turn up which I may work upon; but why I do not know, but I certainly cannot write with the facility that I did. I wrote too much last year, and, I presume, require repose. I do take it very easy, that is certain, as I am behindhand in my work.

"Now for Lausanne news. L—— is just about where he was. I agree with you that he is an amiable person, and highly honourable, but I also agree with Mrs. M., who says very truly that there is no advance in intimacy with him. All you gain by one day's meeting is lost in the night, for the next morning he is as retiring and reserved as before. I believe it only to be manner, but ladies will not submit to such manners, and there is an end to the business. L——'s motto appears to be, 'Respect yourself, and others will respect you.' Very true; but they will not love you, and, finding him always on his guard, will be the same themselves. Intimacy is produced by showing your foibles to each other, and proving your good opinion of a person by trusting him so far.

"I went to Geneva with De S——, in his carriage. He went to purchase articles for a grand dinner, which took place yesterday, and, as the saying is, went off very well—a bachelor's party, composed of the *élite* of Lausanne. Old W—— would not go, because, as he told me when I met him, he could not return the compliment. I asked him whether he did not think that leaving a warm house, dressing, &c., in such weather, was not rather a bore, and if he did not think that in dining with a person he was *conferring the obligation*, and not receiving it? This he admitted. 'Then why not go, since you confer an obligation?' 'Because I cannot invite in return.' 'If you invite in return, and he dines with you, then he obliges you in return, and you are *quits*; whereas by not inviting him you allow him still to remain the *obliged party*.' 'Ah, ah, that is very *good logic*,' replied he, and walked off. It certainly is very good logic *for me*, for I have dined

everywhere, and have as yet given no dinner in return; but how can I with *six table-spoons*?

"I do not think we have had any other parties, except one by C—— and another by L——, both very good. Mr. G—— has sent out invitation cards, and they have, I believe, all been refused. H——, L——, and C—— I know refused. The old fellow will be in a devil of a rage.

"I dine to-day at H——'s, a bachelors' party. I like him very much; he is clever and sensible and hospitable; moreover, has taken a great fancy to Mrs. M——. The Count has been trying to cut you out with Blanche. He brought her a very fine gold brooch from Geneva, and about ten pounds of *bonbons*. Madame de S—— has been brought to bed of a little boy, and is doing well. Another *ten-batsen* ball is on the *tapis* for the 5th of December.

"Mrs. M. has entered my room, I perceive, and put two lines of very valuable matter. By-the-by, two of the waiters of the Bergers Hotel (two buttons and three buttons) have blown their brains out. Miss A—— gives a dinner next Thursday; we expect some fun. She has included Miss O——, from the *pension*, and Mrs. G—— is outrageous, declaring that she is the meanest old woman that ever existed, and that it is very cruel, as Miss O—— will perish with cold in that miserable cold house. There may be some truth in the latter part of her observation. Madame C—— is pronounced to be about to present her husband with another child, but there is no report of Miss —— being in the same way. Miss —— has been twice tipsy, once at Miss A——'s, when G—— asserts that Miss A—— was the first tipsy, and went to bed, leav-

ing her party, consisting entirely of old maids, to get on how they could. All this may be scandal, but it looks very like truth, if you are to judge by Miss A——'s nose.

"Mrs. M. has again come in to desire me to say that she is very glad that you begin to like music, as there are now some hopes of you. I met S—— at Geneva, and he came up to me and said, 'Did you hear that Miss C—— has £35,000 of her own?' I replied that I did not, and he said that he was very sorry that he had not known it sooner, that she was a very nice girl.

"When you write again, which I trust you will, let me know the *on dits* as to politics in England. Mr. G—— O—— told me that there would most certainly be a dissolution in the Spring, and if by chance you should meet G——, expostulate with him, and point out to him the propriety of buying my works from me, and not *stealing* them. Tell him that there is such a thing as right and wrong, and that character is of value, even in a bookseller. If he *repents*, which I'm afraid he will not, advise him to write to me, and I will point out to him the path of virtue. Adieu!

"Ever sincerely yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

Although Captain Marryat and his publishers mutually benefited by their transactions with each other, one would have imagined, from the letters exchanged between them, that they had been natural enemies. One of these, in an epistle to his author, says he has known him "to be somewhat eccentric,"

and has always held him to be "an odd creature," concluding with the remark, "I am somewhat warm-tempered myself, and therefore make allowance for yours, which certainly is warm enough."

To which Captain Marryat replies:

* * * *

"There was no occasion for you to make the admission that you are somewhat warm-tempered: your letter establishes that fact. Considering your age, you are a little volcano, and if the insurance were aware of your frequent visits at the Royal Exchange, they would demand double premium for the building. Indeed, I have my surmises *now* as to the last conflagration.

* * * *

"Your remark as to the money I have received may sound well, mentioned as an isolated fact; but how does it sound when it is put in juxtaposition with the sums you have received? I, who have found everything, receiving a pittance, while you, who have found nothing but the shop to sell in, receiving such a lion's share. I assert again that it is slavery. I am Sinbad the Sailor, and you are the Old Man of the Mountain, clinging on my back, and you must not be surprised at my wishing to throw you off the first convenient opportunity.

"The fact is, you have the vice of old age very strong upon you, and you are blinded by it; but put the question to your sons, and ask them if they consider the present agreement fair. Let them arrange with me, and do you go and read your Bible. We all have our own ideas of Paradise, and if other authors think like me, the most pleasurable portion of

anticipated bliss is that there will be no publishers there. That idea often supports me after an interview with one of your fraternity."

But before leaving Lausanne for his tour in the United States, notwithstanding the disadvantages attendant on the limited possession of "six table spoons," Captain Marryat gave a large and brilliant entertainment, consisting of private theatricals and a ball, to which guests crowded from Lausanne and its environs, and some even crossed over from Geneva to attend. There was a large landing on the upper story at Elysée, upon which the bedrooms opened, and this landing was filled up with a stage at one end and seats for the audience at the other; whilst the apartments by which it was surrounded served as dressing-rooms for the actors.

The performance was a charade called 'Ill Will,' written by himself, and published in the 'New Monthly Magazine.' He took the character of the hero, and several English ladies and gentlemen assisted him in the other parts. After the play there was a dance followed by a supper, at which Captain Marryat made a farewell speech to his friends and received in return their best wishes that, in the new country, he might find the solution of the problem that puzzled him in Switzerland. To explain which the reader must be referred to the concluding words of his 'Diary on the Continent,' where, speaking of the Swiss, he says:

"Do the faults of this people arise from the peculiarity of their constitutions, or from the nature of their government? To ascertain this, one must compare them with those who live under similar institutions. I must go to America—that's decided."

But, before he went, he again visited England, and wrote the two following letters from Duke Street to his sister, Mrs. Bury Palliser.

"8 Duke Street, St. James',
"Thursday, February 21, 1837.

"MY DEAR FAN,

"I went out this morning for the first time for ten days, and was met with a strong easterly wind which soon blew me back again, when I found your letter. I do not write for sixteen guineas a sheet now. I let them off for twenty guineas, as I do not wish to run them hard, and I now have commenced with the New Monthly at that rate for one year certain, and the copyright secured to me. Times are hard, and I do not wish to break the backs of the publishers, although I ride over them rough-shod. I have also made very much better terms for my books. 'Snarley Yow' comes out on the 1st of June. I have parted very amicably with Saunders and Otley, who would not stand an advance. I *will* make hay when the sun shines; for every dog has his day, and I presume my time will come as well as that of others. Your book* is very much liked; but as M—— told me the other day, until they can introduce it as a *school* book they do not expect to do much, and that will require a little time and a little manœuvring. All that they can or do say against you is that you are *too clever*—not a bad compliment. I do not remain in England till April; I expect to be off about the 20th of March (never mind the equinoxes). I am, as you may suppose, not a little busy, with one thing and the other. Kate is located at Lausanne, where she proposes to

* 'Nature and Art.'

remain till I come back—when that will be, I really do not know. I hope I shall be able to run down to you before I sail, and I certainly will if I can. I have a letter from Fred; he is very well and doing well. Frank is a very smart sort of fellow, very quick, and has grown a gentlemanly boy. My daughters thrive, particularly Blanche, who promises to be very good-looking, which she did not formerly. Land is a *plague*; I shall sell mine if I can. My tenant, after all I have done for him, has been behaving very ill by all accounts, cutting down my timber and allowing people to shoot my game. I shall have him out in a very few days, as soon as I ascertain the truth; but he will not answer the letters I wrote to him.

“The society at Lausanne is very pleasant and sociable—half English and half Swiss; but it is by no means a cheap place. Kate likes it, and that is a great point, and says she could live all her life there. I am very sorry to hear that Palliser has been so unwell. God bless you, my dear Fanny; I hope to see you before I go to Ameriky. Remember me to Palliser, and believe me,

“Ever yours sincerely,

“F. MARRYAT.”

“Friday, *Good*, March 24, 1837.

“MY DEAR FAN,

“I have signed the receipt in your husband’s name, for it appears that all a wife does or produces out of her brain is the property of her husband, and that she has no claim to it. All she can do is to put her head in Chancery, i. e., do nothing.

“Now, send me up instructions and I shall obey.

As for your compunctions to receive the £150 (which, by-the-by, I perceive are very much reduced in the postscript), I can only say, that if you had had as much to do with publishers as I have, you would be aware of the propriety of taking all you can get without *remorse*. I have just let the larger part of Langham—four hundred acres—to a good, responsible man, for twelve years. He intends bringing a decoy man to work the lake, and he is not only giving me a high rent for the land, but £90 a year for the right of fishing and taking ducks, &c. The other part I can let with ease, as it is just what the farm people like, and I have raised my rent from £540 a year to £900 and more, as near as I can estimate. Not bad, in such times as these.

“God bless you, old girl,

“Yours, very truly,

“F. MARRYAT.”

CHAPTER XI.

America—Visits West Point—New York—Saratoga Springs—Niagara Falls—Toronto, where he gives a toast—Philadelphia.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT sailed from Portsmouth for America, in the passenger vessel *Quebec*, on the 3rd of April, 1837, and reached New York on the 4th of May, from which place he wrote to announce his arrival to his mother.

“New York, May 9.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“I write to save the packet to let you know that I am safe arrived here, where everybody is in a state of anxiety and distress. Upwards of three hundred of the best houses have failed, and all the rest will pro-

bably follow. The banks are not expected to be able to hold up, and when they go there will be a general smash. Not a very pleasant time to pay a visit to New York. Nevertheless they are very kind and attentive, and I am not a little lionised. I am hardly settled yet, and I do not yet know what I am about; but I have left the hotel, and am now in very quiet rooms. I wrote to Uncle Tucker and enclosed your letter, but I have not yet received an answer from him. I understand that one of his sons-in-law is very ill at Boston, and not expected to live. A Dr. Cunningham called upon me the day before yesterday, and took me to see a first cousin, Adelina Amory, to whom he is engaged to be married. She appears to be a very nice girl. I have no time to write any more; it is half-past nine, and they are closing the bag, as the packet sails a quarter before eleven. I will write to you again as soon as I am a little more settled; this is merely to let you know I am well. Give my kindest love to Ellen, and all the members of the family, when you meet them; and believe me, in the greatest haste,

“Yours, very truly,

“FREDERICK MARRYAT.”

On first landing in the country he had a great deal of prejudice to contend against; the Americans, not waiting to judge him on his own merits, but suspecting, from the conduct of some of his predecessors, that he had crossed the Atlantic solely as a spy, and with the object of making a book that would sell, naturally enough set up their backs at the supposed intruder, and received him with more animosity

than kindness. But this untoward circumstance, being one entirely of personal feeling, was not dwelt upon by Captain Marryat in his work on America, nor did he ever speak of the Americans but as a grand and rising people. Had he lived to renew his acquaintance with them, he would doubtless have spoken of them as a grander people still—a people who know how to forgive, as was evidenced by their cordial reception of Charles Dickens, on his second appearance amongst them. And the little hostility which existed between some of them and Captain Marryat would not have been touched on here, if the omission of it would not have destroyed a link in his biography. After remaining a month at New York, during which time “this distinguished author” consented to furnish a paper for the *Mirror*, he went to West Point, where the editors of the *Philadelphia Gazette* and the *New York Herald* appear to have had a squabble respecting his whereabouts, the former “hailing the arrival of ‘Peter Simple’ at Sanderson’s Hotel, in that city,” and the latter, after the assertion that he was not in Philadelphia at all, adding: “Whether he will go to Sanderson’s when he visits this town is more than can be yet declared; but we should, from old partialities, recommend Head’s. The editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette*, however (like a better known editor in Little Pedlington), is ‘right in the main,’ and hast the last word:—

“The statement, however, which we saw in print, and on the faith of which we composed our own announcement, will be true one of these days, to our certain knowledge. If he of the Royal Navy *had* been in town yesterday, he would have had a busy dexter; for we are told that the calls at his putative lodgings

were very numerous. There is a general disposition here to give him a taste of brotherly love.—ED. *Phil. Gaz.*”

From West Point, Captain Marryat went to Boston, where he was received with much hospitality and kindness, and enthusiastically claimed as a fellow citizen, the following paragraph on the subject appearing in the *New England Galaxy*:

“MARRYAT A BOSTON BOY.

“This popular writer is, on the mother’s side, of Boston extraction. His maternal grandfather, the late Frederick Geyer, was, for many years, an eminent merchant of this city. He left three daughters who were born in the ancient house in Summer Street, now occupied by S. P. Gordon, Esq. One of them married Mr. Belcher of Halifax, another Mr. Tucker of Bellows Falls, and Charlotte, who was distinguished for her talents and literary taste, became the wife of Marryat, an Englishman of family and fortune. Captain Marryat was the issue of this marriage.”

By the 4th of July he was back again in New York, and on that day was invited to dine with the mayor and corporation of the city. A nautical drama of his, entitled ‘The Ocean Wolf; or, the Channel Outlaw,’ was produced about this time at the Bowery, and criticised with much generosity: z

“No one familiar with Capt. Marryat’s novels, the flow and naturalness of their conversation and their melodramatic capacities, could doubt of his success in a drama of this description. We will confess, however, that we were somewhat apprehensive that his first attempt at a drama would disappoint those who

were acquainted with him as a novelist. Our fears were quite unnecessary. The success of the 'Ocean Wolf' was complete, and we are almost disposed to award it unqualified praise. The characters are well drawn and strongly marked. The situations are in a high degree dramatic and effective. The plot is well developed and continuous, with nothing to embarrass its action."

Captain Marryat next visited Saratoga Springs, the Scarborough of the United States; which he found so densely crowded that he left again at the end of a week; but not before he had been most cordially received and entertained by the inhabitants, the speech he made at a dinner party retailed in the papers, and the fact of the "celebrated novelist having arrived in town" much descanted upon.

"This distinguished writer is at present a sojourner in our city. Before we knew the gallant Captain was respiring our balmy air, we really did wonder what laughing gas had imbued our atmosphere—every one we met in the streets appeared to be in such a state of jollification; but when we heard that the author of 'Peter Simple' was actually puffing a cigar amongst us we no longer marvelled at the pleasant countenances of our fellow citizens. He has often made them laugh when he was thousands of miles away. Surely now it is but natural that they ought to be tickled to death at the idea of having him present."

So courted indeed and flattered was he by the fashionable visitors at Saratoga Springs, that a certain "Mr. Toadey," taking umbrage at the conduct of his fellow citizens, gives vent to his indignation in the following sarcastic letter to the *New York Transcript*:

"MOVEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE.

"Interesting Movements of Captain Marryat.

"As the slightest movements of illustrious men—and especially of those who visit us from foreign countries—are matters of very deep interest to the American public, perhaps we cannot do a more acceptable service than to lay before them the following letter, relating, as it does, to a much admired stranger, now travelling in this country:

" 'Saratoga Springs, July, 1837.

" 'Captain Marryat dined yesterday on roast beef, which he ate very heartily—accompanying each mouthful with a plentiful coat of mustard, a sizeable piece of potato, and a large bit of bread-and-butter. He did not use any cayenne pepper, and he was observed to turn up his nose very perceptibly at a dish of buttered turnips that were tendered to him. Why he should object to buttered turnips—not being in the secrets of the gallant captain—I really cannot pretend to say. But as he is known to be a man of admirable taste, I dare say he has the best reason in the world for eschewing—that is, in other words, for refusing to chew—buttered turnips.

" 'After his beef the captain ate a large slice of boiled mutton, with an accompaniment of capers. While thus employed, he was observed to make some remarks to a portly gentleman who had the honour of sitting at his right hand. What was the precise nature of those remarks—as I had the misfortune to sit at some distance from him, and there was, moreover, a great clatter of knives and forks—I cannot really say. But it is shrewdly suspected—and indeed

there is very little reason to doubt—that they had some relation to the interesting subject before him, viz., the mutton and the capers. And this belief is rendered the more probable by the peculiar air and manner of the Captain, during those brief remarks.

“The mutton, with the accompanying capers, being despatched, the illustrious author of ‘Peter Simple’ next took a plate of lobster, which he was observed to dress in a very peculiar manner, by putting on oil, vinegar, mustard, and cayenne pepper; which he mixed up in the proportion to two oils to one vinegar, two vinegars to one mustard, and two mustards to one cayenne pepper. Having put these condiments fairly upon the lobster, which he had previously hashed up with his knife, he wrought up the ingredients—including the hashed lobster—into a uniform mass; which he presently devoured with the appearance of surprising relish—all the time holding his fork in his right hand and a piece of bread in his left.

“And here, it is but justice to the gallant Captain to observe in a very particular manner, that, although he uses a knife, like Americans, to cut his food, he eats with his fork alone—whether it be roast beef, plum-pudding, hashed lobster, smashed potatoes, or whatever else happens to be the interesting subject before him. And this he invariably does by holding his fork in his right hand; which, as soon as he has finished cutting his food, he changes with remarkable grace and dexterity, from his left hand, in which it had been held during the operation of cutting.

“Captain Marryat made no further addition to

his dinner until the arrival of the pudding; when, being respectfully interrogated by the waiter whether he would have plum or Indian pudding, he looked the waiter in the face, with a very comical expression—which highly becomes him—and asked him if the Indian pudding was real aboriginal?

““Anan,” said the waiter.

““What is its composition?” asked the captain.

““Anan,” reiterated the waiter.

““Has it a little touch of the tomahawk?” said the Captain, looking more quizzical than ever.

“The waiter now began to perceive that the Captain was joking. And so, as he is a well-bred waiter, for an American, he paid the Captain the compliment of laughing heartily at his joke. It is thus that the agreeable author of ‘Peter Simple’ is daily winning golden opinions from all sorts of men, even from those of the humblest rank.

““Having finished joking with the waiter, Captain Marryat said he would take some of the Indian pudding; but he should want a tomahawk to cut it with, and ordered the waiter, with a great appearance of gravity, to bring him one. But as the latter assured him that they had no such furniture about the establishment, the gallant Captain, with great condescension, and again relaxing into a smile, told him he would despatch the pudding with a fork; which he did, talking between mouthfuls very affably to the portly gentleman on his right hand.

““The Captain finally finished his dinner with a piece of pie. And here again he exhibited that pleasant readiness at a joke which renders his company so agreeable. When the waiter asked him if he

would have pie, and whether he would prefer gooseberry or rhubarb, the Captain stared at him very comically, and demanded whether he had any *jalap* pie, as he should much prefer that to *rhubarb*.

“This good-natured and very admirable sally produced a hearty laugh from all who were so fortunate as to hear it; and those who were out of ear-shot, we were pleased to observe, seemed to enjoy the Captain’s wit, as it were, by mere sympathy; for they laughed louder even than those who heard it.

“I had not the honour of especially taking wine with Captain Marryat; because, as I sat at some distance from him, and not diametrically opposite, I was so unfortunate as to be unable directly to catch his eye; and as for elevating my voice so as to be heard amid the happy din of merriment, and the joyful jingle of glasses, *that* I found to be quite impracticable.

“But this disappointment was more than made up by the honour I enjoyed of sitting within a few feet of him, after the company had left the table. I saw him distinctly, on that occasion, put his hand into his left breeches pocket, take out his toothpick—which was made of silver, of a semi-spiral form—and deliberately, but with infinite grace, go through the interesting operation of picking his teeth. This he had, with a delicacy which always attends on genius, refrained from doing as long as he sat at table.

“Having finished picking his teeth, as he sat talking, and at the same time carelessly playing with his toothpick, he happened to let it fall on the carpet. Thinking this a fortunate opportunity to commence an acquaintance with the illustrious author of ‘Peter

Simple,' I immediately left my seat, approached the place where he sat, and lifting the fallen toothpick with as much grace of manner as I was capable of assuming, presented it to the gallant Captain. He put his hand in his right breeches pocket and pulled out half an English crown, which he insisted upon my accepting. Though the design exhibited a noble generosity, worthy of its distinguished author—and though the action was performed with inimitable politeness—nevertheless, as I had no mercenary motives whatever in picking up the pick, and besides, had a full half dollar (though in shin-plasters) in my pocket at the time—I respectfully declined the offer; at the same time assuring the gallant Captain that I was a thousand times overpaid for the trifling service I had done him, by the opportunity thus afforded me of making his acquaintance.

"I was going on to say something very complimentary in regard to his wit, genius, and literary reputation, when the bell rang for tea, and I was somehow, unfortunately, separated from him. I will give you more particulars respecting his movements hereafter. At present, adieu!

"'THOMAS TOADEY.'"

The following remarks, which appeared in the *New York Mirror*, prove that even at that time there were American publishers honourable and upright enough to confess that an author has some claim to remuneration for his labour, though no copyright law is in force between his country and their own:

"*Captain Marryat and the Book Manufacturers.*—The following just and eloquent epistle will be perused

with sorrow and chagrin by the admirers of the author of 'Peter Simple,' and with a feeling of indignant pleasure by each true partisan of our patriotic 'book manufacturers.' How a man who has seen so much of the world as Captain Marryat could have conceived that he had any natural right of property in his own productions, we cannot imagine. But still more strange is it that our 'eastern capitalists' should be so misled by this presumptuous 'foreigner,' as to share his delusion, and form a coalition to 'run down our western manufactories, and thereby take the living from our labouring class of society.' As for Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, who, it seems, have made themselves so active in this unhappy business, we consider it our duty to expose their underhand and oppressive conduct, and set their transactions before the public in a way that shall make them an example to all such daring monopolisers. The date of the letter here given, will show that it has taken us some time to get to the bottom of this nefarious business, but the completeness and unanswerable character of its statements prove that our labours have not been in vain:

" 'Cincinnati, July 18, 1837.

" 'MESSRS. CAREY AND HART:

" 'GENTLEMEN,—Yours, through Mr. L. Johnson, reached us some time since we will sell you our plates for Snarleygow. at 80 cts per 1000. ms. at 6 mos. and will not Publish the Balance of it, we have all the information in Point of LAW. to satisfy us that Capt Marryatt has no more right to this work than we have, the case is a peculiar one and we think our Business

will not be injured by a Foreigner attempting to Prevent us from manufacturing Books that are and have been considered and acted upon as common Property, the western People see the necessity of our manufacturing for ourselves, and any forcible attempt by Foreign or Eastern capitalist to run down our manufactories, and thereby take the living from our Labouring class of society will not be popular to say the least of it, We are not disposed to take any work that Justly belongs to another, and if you take our plates we will go no farther in this matter if not we will finish it and any other of his works that may be to our interest to do. an answer by return of mail will oblige
yours Resp.

“‘J. A. JAMES AND CO.’

“Now, can anything be more conclusive than this argument of the patriotic and intelligent Messrs. J. A. James and Co., of Cincinnati? Proud ‘Athens of the West,’ canst thou boast the birth of these asserters of a freeman’s rights? or have they imbibed the true Athenian spirit only from breathing thy classic atmosphere? ‘Captain Marryat has no more right to this work than we have!’ Most assuredly not. His literary property in this country is outlawed by the Act upon our statute-books; and as the law thus refuses to protect him, it is the duty of every good man to seize upon and spoil one who can thus assert no legal right to the produce of his labours. Nay, more, these foreign *littérateurs*, after we have taken their property from them, ought to be hunted down, and expelled the country, as the Jews have been frequently driven from Christian lands, where they presumed to

ask protection for their manufactures, as if, forsooth, a Jew could have any ownership in the work of his hands when the law did not secure it to him! 'The western people see the necessity of manufacturing books for ourselves'—the spirit of independence has cleared their mental vision—a noble impulse of patriotism animates them. Let us all kindle our torches at the same holy altar, and raise an intellectual blaze that will consume these foreign authors, and make dim those dull fires which dotard Europe expects us to help her in feeding. But although, at length, we do 'see the necessity of manufacturing books for ourselves,' let us still practise our natural right of despoiling others of their property; let us go on in the so-called piratical traffic of human intellect. Let us steal and sell the 'Peter Simples,' the 'Japhets,' the 'Jacob Faithfuls,' and all other ideal persons of whom American law takes no cognisance; and let us resist every attempt to repeal this most profitable kind of slave-trade, as an aggression upon the rights of freemen!"

It is to be concluded, however, that Captain Marryat subsequently succeeded in pointing out the "path of virtue" to Messrs. Carey and Hart, for in the November of the following year they entered into an agreement with him to furnish them with proof-sheets of his 'Diary in America' and 'Phantom Ship' a month prior to their publication in London for the sum of two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; and provided no one else published the works in America within thirty days from the date they issued from their press, a further amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. The 'Phantom Ship' first appeared

as a serial in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' in 1837 and 1838; besides a shorter tale entitled 'Ralph Restless,' and some articles, since republished as part of 'Olla Podrida.'

The following letter was written whilst on his journey:—

"October, 1837.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have been so occupied and have been moving about so fast that I really have had time to write to hardly anybody, and I put off a letter to you till I had a more quiet moment; but as it appears that moment is never to come, I now write to you on board of a steamer on Lake Erie. You have, of course, heard from the Tuckers* that I went up to Boston for a few days to see some of them; indeed all except Mrs. C—— and Mr. Tucker himself, who was mending his bridge and could not leave his work; they were all very kind, but I like poor Mrs. G—— better than any of them.

"I have since been a tour of the Lakes, and have travelled some thousand miles. I went up the Hudson, crossed to Saratoga, Trenton Falls, Falls of the Mohawk, Oswego River to Lake Ontario; then to Niagara, Buffalo, and to Lake Erie—to Detroit; from Detroit to Lake St. Clair, and Lake Huron to Mackinac, from Mackinac took a bark canoe and crossed the Huron, went up the River St. Clair to the Sault St. Marie, and from thence to Lake Superior. The latter part of the journey, five days in a bark canoe, was very fatiguing, and I was devoured by the mosquitoes; but it has been very interesting, and I

* His mother's relations.

have been much gratified. I am now on my return, and am bound for Canada, passing by Buffalo and Niagara to Toronto. Since I have been here I have been looking out for a good piece of land, for it more than doubles its value in five or six years, and I have been fortunate in purchasing some very fair land from the Government opposite to Detroit on the Canada side—about 600 acres. I have written to B—— B—— offering to settle him in it, and as it is not out of the world, but in very good society, I think it will be worth his while, as in a few years he will be independent. He will, however, require £300 or so to fit himself out, but that he only need borrow as he will soon be able to pay it off. I trust that if he accepts my offer his brother will assist him, and if so, he will do well.

“I am going to Toronto to pay the first instalment, and from there to Montreal, and then I return by Lake Champlain, so as to call upon Mrs. C—— at Burlington; and from thence proceed to Bellows Falls to see my Uncle Tucker, who is rather angry with me for not going there before, which I could not. From Bellows Falls I shall return to New York—I do not think by the way of Boston, for they want to give me a public dinner there, and I want to avoid it. At Philadelphia I must be in September for the same purpose, as I accepted the invitation; but I wish that they had not paid me the compliment. From Philadelphia I go to Washington to canvass for the international copyright, and then I shall probably go south for the winter.

“The more I see of America the more I feel the necessity of either saying nothing about it, or seeing

the whole of it properly. Indeed I am in that situation that I cannot well do otherwise now. It is expected by the Americans, and will also be by the English; and if I do not, they will think I shrink from the task because it is too difficult, which it really is. All I have yet read about America, written by English travellers, is absurd, especially Miss M——'s work; that old woman was *blind* as well as deaf. I only mean to publish in the form of a diary (but that is the best way); but I will not publish till I have seen all, and can be sure I have not been led into error like others. It is a wonderful country, and not understood by the English now, and only the major part of the Americans. They are very much afraid of me here, although they are very civil; but I do not wonder at it—they have been treated with great ingratitude. I at least shall do them justice, without praising them more than they deserve. No traveller has yet examined them with the eye of a philosopher, but with all the prejudice of little minds.

"Except a letter from you, I have not received a line from England, which is rather strange. From Kate I have had many letters. I have so many correspondents now—not only at home, but I have a large American correspondence which is too valuable to break off—that I really find I cannot write letter for letter. I have so much to read, so much to write, and so much to think about, that I must be excused. My time is not idly employed, I assure you, although I do not grow thin upon it; but, on the contrary, I think I am fatter than when I left England. I have been so far away these last six weeks that I have heard little English news, except the death of the

King and the accession of Princess Victoria. I met Captain V——'s brother the other day, who told me that the *Elna* was going home to England in consequence of Captain V——'s health. If so, I may hear something about Frederick, which I have not for a long while. I hope my dear Ellen* is quite well and happy. My kindest love to her. I will write to her as soon as I can; but it appears to me that I have more to do every day; and I really shall be glad to arrive at Bellows Falls, and stay there a week, if it is only to *take breath*. My journal is already swelled out nearly a volume, and the notes I have taken to work up afterwards will almost double it, and yet I have seen but a small portion of this country. I have picked up two or three good specimens for Joe's mineral collection on Lake Superior, and some day or another he may get hold of them. Write and tell me all the news. I have not had a line from Mr. Howard or anybody else, which is very strange. The steam-boat *jogs* so that I can hardly write, and I suspect you will hardly be able to read; but if so, it will take you time to decipher, and therefore will last the longer.

"God bless you, dear mother. A hundred kisses to Ellen, and kind regards to all who care for me.

"Yours ever truly and affectionately,

"F. MARRYAT."

With respect to 'The Phantom Ship,' we find the author writing as follows:

* His sister Miss Marryat.

"New York, April 15, 1838.

* * * *

"I have finished 'The Phantom Ship,' but I shall publish no more for some time—not till I return probably, if my finances will hold out till that time. I have written too fast, and wish the public to wait for me, to prove that I am not their servant or dependent upon them."

* * * *

The next place at which we find Captain Marryat is Niagara Falls, whence he proceeded to Toronto, in Canada, and, without premeditation, fell into hot water; for at a dinner given in honour of his arrival at St. George's he proposed the toast "Captain Drew and his brave comrades who cut out the *Caroline*"—a sentiment that gave so much offence that the newspapers were filled with personal abuse of its originator. He was included in "that class of Englishmen who glory in any meanness, and call it bravery," and was burnt in effigy at Lewistown, on account of the toast he delivered at the St. George's dinner, a further account of which proceeding will be found in one of his own letters home.

So Captain Marryat made the best of his way to Philadelphia, where he was received, luckily for himself, with less *warmth* by the citizens and more justice by the press:

"The Wizard of the Sea arrived in our city yesterday and took lodgings at Hulse's. Some very harsh remarks have been made by many of our brother editors upon Captain Marryat for his toast in Canada with regard to the steamer *Caroline*. We confess we have not their view of it. Captain Marryat is an officer in

the English navy, and was, at the time the toast was drank, the guest of his countrymen, officers of England. He had a right to express his sentiments as a British subject—a right which Americans, who so often express sentiments upon patriotic occasions against the deeds of Englishmen, should respect. It was not politic, it is true, in Captain Marryat to say what he did; but policy is always the artifice of the hypocrite, and has little to do with the frankness of a sailor. Our booksellers, and printers, and publishers, and paper makers, have all made money by the immense sale of Captain Marryat's works in this country. He has made nothing by their sale here. Americans give him empty praise for his books; Englishmen give to Americans the right of copyright in England, and American authors make more by the sale of their works there than here. When we reciprocate this right we may begin to find fault with the toasts of English authors if we should not choose to like them. Furthermore, Captain Marryat in his works has spoken in the highest terms of American vessels. We heard a gentleman to-day, who was taken captive in the late war by a British vessel, in which Captain Marryat was an officer, say that Captain Marryat was the only one of the captors who treated him like a gentleman. We believe that a franker and nobler spirit than Captain Marryat breathes not in the broad land. We respect the openness of his character—it is written in his strong and manly features. We, for one, entertain the highest respect for him, and take as much pleasure and pride in proclaiming it as we do our contempt for those who have assailed him."

CHAPTER XII.

Letters—Captain Marryat goes to Lewistown, where he is *toasted* in return—
Letter to Editor of *Lewisville Journal*—Correspondence—Home.

THE following letters from Mr. Clay to Captain Marryat, and Captain Marryat to his mother, are significant enough:

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Ashland, Sept. 22, 1838.

“I hasten to reply to your favour of the 20th instant, this moment received. I scarcely need say that it has excited both surprise and pain with me, that the circumstance of your dining with me, which I am quite sure afforded mutual satisfaction, should have been made the occasion of the propagation of a report so unfounded as that to which you refer. Nothing could be remoter from the truth, than that you contradicted or insulted me, or declined to drink a glass of wine with me. On the contrary, your whole conduct and deportment were perfectly gentlemanly. I derived much pleasure from your conversation and company; and you will recollect that when we parted I expressed a hope that I should again meet with you; and you made cordial acknowledgments for the very trifling attentions which I had been able to show you.

“It is even mortifying to me that you should find it at all necessary to resort to the testimony which I now cheerfully render.

“My best wishes accompany you, with my anxious desire that, during the remainder of your abode in our country, you may escape any further annoyance.

“With sincere respect and regard,

“I am, faithfully,

“Your obedient servant,

“H. CLAY.”

"Detroit, May 11, 1838.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

* * * *

"I had heard of Mrs. Howard's death from Howard, and have written to him in return; but I am quite desperate about letters, I find so many do not come to hand. I am not surprised at it, I have seen them so careless about them. I have walked up to my knees in letters in the cabin of the packet, and any one might have helped themselves to any he fancied. Notice of it should be made at the Post Office. Miss Martineau mentions the same thing. I leave this in a few days for Chicago, and then to the far West, so that I do not expect that I shall receive any letters for some time; but I expect to be down at Philadelphia about the end of July. I am not in very great favour with the Yankees here on the borders, in consequence of my having drank the health of those who cut out the *Caroline* when at Toronto. It was put in the papers, as everything is that I do or say, and a great deal more that I do *not* do or say; and they declared that they would *lynch* me if they got hold of me; but, nevertheless, I find them very civil now that I am amongst them again here, and this place is the very worst of all. The newspapers abuse me, but that is all, and that is *nothing* in America. I shall not be sorry when I have finished my travels; but I am resolved that I will see the whole of America before I leave it; they are terribly afraid of me, and wish me away.

"I have just received by post a printed handbill, dated Lewistown, 3rd April, as follows, in large capitals:

“‘MORE INSOLENCE!!!

“‘Captain Marryat, the novelist, is now at Toronto. On Monday last, at St. George’s dinner, in that city, he gave as a toast, “Captain Drew and his brave comrades, who cut out the *Caroline*.”

“‘Persons in this village having any of the novels of this author will please to hand them in at the Lewistown Hotel this day before four o’clock P.M., for the purpose of having a *novel* spectacle made of them this evening.’

“And I have twice seen the newspapers, by which I find that they have *burnt* me in effigy, dancing round the fire and tossing in ‘Peter Simple,’ ‘Jacob,’ and ‘Japhet,’ and all the rest of them one after another. There is no knowing to what honours a man may come; it is not every one who is *burnt in effigy*; I shall be *tarred and feathered* yet before I get out of the country.

“Notwithstanding all which, I am now walking about among my Yankee friends here, and although some of them *eye* me anything but graciously—for this is the very focus of the patriot cause, as they term it—they do not venture to do more. I leave this in a few days for Green Bay, Wisconsin, and then go up the M—— country and the Falls of St. Anthony. After which I shall be decided by circumstances whether I penetrate further West, or work down South. I have plenty of time before me, for if there is another attack on Canada it will not take place till the autumn or winter, and it will not lead to a war till a month or two afterwards. It is, however, a very doubtful affair altogether, and depends

upon so many wheels within wheels that time alone can tell. I have just made a tour through Upper Canada, and have been impressed with the beauty of the province. So now farewell, my dearest mother; if I am not drilled by a rifle, or blown up in a steam-boat, you will hear of me again in about two months or so, but not before. Remember me kindly to all my good friends and relations, and believe me,

“Ever yours truly,

“F. MARRYAT.”

His next halting-place was at Louisville, where the question as to the intended (!) insult at Toronto was still at its height; but thence he proceeded to Cincinnati, and there, on the 28th of July, a dinner was given in honour of him, which passed off “in the best possible manner.”

“We have only room to give the speech made by Captain Marryat, which elicited the most rapturous applause, and put down for ever the vile calumny which has been circulated against this much abused gentleman:

“‘Captain Marryat, the Wizard of the Sea. We respect him for the independence of his character, as much as we admire him for the brilliancy of his genius; though he is not a citizen of our Republic we welcome him to our city, and acknowledge with pleasure his station in the Republic of Letters.’

“After the tumultuous cheering with which this sentiment was received had in some degree subsided, Captain Marryat arose, and addressed the company as follows:

“Gentlemen, I can assure you that of all the compliments which have been paid to me since my arrival in this country, I feel most deeply the one which has been offered to me on this day. On other occasions I have refused any public demonstration of opinion, not only because I wished to avoid publicity, but, to be candid with you, because as it is most probable that I should give to the public my remarks upon your country, I did not wish to be taxed, as some of those who have preceded me have been, I regret to say with great justice, with returning ingratitude for kindness received. Candidly, gentlemen, I wish to remain, if possible, unbiassed, unshackled, and under no obligation, that if I should prove so unfortunate as to give offence by any observations I might hereafter make, at least I should not have to accuse myself, or be accused by the Americans, of having violated their hospitality, or treated them with ingratitude. Acting upon the same motive, I have been as unwilling to enter into private society as I have been to receive public testimonials—a fact which the eastern cities can well substantiate.

“I mention this, gentlemen, because the cry of ingratitude has already been raised against me by many of the public journals, and I wish at all events to disprove so odious a charge, at the same time as to avail myself of this public opportunity, which you have so kindly offered me, of defending myself from the arbitrary decision which has been passed against me, and which I pronounce cruel, tyrannical, and unjust. I trust, gentlemen, that I shall be able to convince all here that I am the injured party, and that it

is I who have a right to complain, and that the offence given to a portion of the American people was as unintentional on my part as it was in them captious to suppose that any was intended. Gentlemen, you know well to what I refer—to the toast I gave at Toronto—little imagining, when I drank to the health of an old shipmate, that I was going to create a whirlwind of indignation over a vast continent—to rouse up the choler of its millions of inhabitants, and find myself pursued, as I travelled along, with fire and fagot, or hemp—every indignity poured upon my head, and every invective poured out upon my name. Yes, gentlemen, as you are aware, I have latterly had the honour of being burnt in effigy and hung at every town through which I passed, and reviled by almost every paper in the Union—and, gentlemen, for what? Because in my own country, at the festival of our Patron Saint, when I returned thanks for the compliment paid to the Navy of Great Britain, I toasted the last naval achievement which had occurred but a short distance from where we then stood. It was not for me to enter into the doubtful question how far we were justified in taking the vessel out of an American port. Sailors have nothing to do with such questions—they obey *orders*, and Captain Drew received his, and, as far as he was concerned, the merit of the execution of these orders was all the same, whether the orders were just or not.

“But, gentlemen, it is the ignorance of the truth, so studiously circulated, which has caused this excitement. I read an article of a column long in the *Cincinnati Whig* of yesterday, every line of which is a tissue of misrepresentation. I do not think, were

the facts as there stated, I should merit the odium which has been cast upon me. The facts were: The *Caroline* was *chartered* by the rebels, *manned* and *armed* by the rebels, *fired first* upon our boat, and was *defended* by the rebels to the best of their ability, as the loss on the British side so plainly testifies. I presume that the editor of the paper considers that he has only been promulgating a fact, whereas he has been deceived and is deceived by the grossest misrepresentation.

“Gentlemen, it is from a *real* knowledge of facts that I have ever considered, and do now consider, that the act was justifiable. It is true that we may differ on that point, but if we are to burn all those who differ with us in opinion, consider what a glorious bonfire would be made of many in the United States.

“Gentlemen, there is an old adage derived from Scripture, “Do as you would be done by;” but I cannot say, as far as I am concerned, that the Americans have borne this in mind. On the 4th of July, 1837, I was invited to the New York Corporation dinner given in celebration of the Day of Independence. I accepted the invitation. Shortly after the cloth was removed, Bunker Hill was drank, and subsequently the battle of New Orleans.

“Gentlemen, although I was present as a guest, it was not considered necessary that expressions of exultation should be at all suppressed. Indeed, on the second toast, which was preceded by a speech from Mr. Recorder Riker, an oration against my country and my countrymen was launched out in a style which did more honour to his patriotism than to

his good taste and delicacy, considering that he knew that I, an English officer, was present and close to him. Gentlemen, I forgave this. I considered that the speaker was either carried away by his feelings, or intended to set up a claim to the Mayoralty on the ensuing year, and did not think it at all necessary to exhibit any marks of indignation.

“Every nation has its victories to celebrate, and the remembrance of them calls forth their patriotism, and invites the rising generation to deeds of valour. The battles of Bunker Hill and of New Orleans are of as much importance in their results to America as were those of Trafalgar and Waterloo to the English; and I should indeed consider myself unjust if I had not permitted to another nation an expression of feelings similar to those which swell the breasts of my own countrymen on anniversary celebrations. But, gentlemen, it appears that although I must sit and hear remarks not very pleasant upon my own country from the Americans, that, with an injustice unheard of, they will not permit me to toast the exploits of my own countrymen in my own country, and on the festival of our Patron Saint, without being subjected to unlimited wrath and indignation—and that although on the 4th of July, 1837, I am condemned to listen to the ranting of Recorder Riker, on the 4th of July, 1838, I am paraded in effigy round the town of St. Louis, with a halter round my neck, merely because I had paid a deserved compliment to the gallantry of one of my own country and profession.

“Gentlemen, I am certain that there is no Englishman existing who is more anxious for the maintenance of friendship and good will between the two

countries than I am; but rather than I will surrender my prerogative and rights as a freeman to applaud the deeds of my countrymen—to drink to the achievements and success of our army and navy, and to express my opinions freely wherever I go—they may continue to burn me in effigy until the last general conflagration shall put an end to all parties, all sects, all politics, crime, folly, and absurdity. Gentlemen, that I regret that such excitement should have prevailed, is true; but not on my own account. To me it has been a matter of little moment how much straw has been consumed in this manner, as long as they permitted me to smoke my cigar and look on. Had they required the substance instead of the shadow, it had been quite another affair.

“It has also been surmised that the treatment I have received will not be forgotten in my remarks upon this country. But when I remember the conduct of the less enlightened portion of your community, I shall also bear in mind the kindness and marks of approbation I have received from those whose opinions and whose good wishes are more than an equivalent; and upon the principle that the kindness shown to me on this day would not persuade me to praise where praise is not due, so will the injustice of the other portion of your community never have the effect of inducing me, but on just grounds, to find fault or to censure.

“Gentlemen, at the commencement of my address I stated that I felt most deeply the compliment paid me on this day. Flattering as it is to me, it is more honourable to yourselves. You have been the first of all the cities through which I have passed who have

ventured to decide and think for yourselves, and have shown the moral courage so deficient in a portion of your countrymen. You have set an example which I have no doubt will be followed, and that upon reflection others will agree with you, that it is much more reasonable to read my books than to burn them; and even those most opposed to me must acknowledge, that allowing my toast to have been offensive, at all events I have by this time been sufficiently *toasted* in return.

“Gentlemen, when the storm first rose against me I was in the confines of your country; now I am in the very heart of it. I did not allow the progress of my tour to be checked by these temporary ebullitions of feeling. I had too much confidence in the Americans not to feel assured that the tide would soon turn, and honour and justice eventually gain the day. The proper time for explanation on my part has at length arrived, and feeling that I am before a conscientious jury, I now ask of you your verdict—Guilty or Not Guilty?”

“A universal and deafening shout of ‘Not Guilty’ was the immediate response to the concluding appeal.

“During the delivery of these remarks, the captain was repeatedly interrupted with bursts of applause, and the entire speech was received with the most marked gratification. At the conclusion he was called upon for a sentiment. The captain remarked that he ought to bear in mind the old adage, ‘a burnt child dreads the fire,’ and of all men be very circumspect in reference to *toasts*. He therefore would propose a sentiment which the most captious could not find fault

with, and which would not be likely to create any great indignation. He gave—

“‘The Ladies of Cincinnati.’

“By Mr. Punchon, Vice-President: ‘The second lieutenant of the British frigate *Newcastle*, which captured the American privateer *Ida*, commanded by Captain J. Pierce. The courtesies of this officer, in such perilous times, to our old friend “Blowhard,” entitle him to the immunities and hospitalities of this meeting.’

“This toast called out Captain Joseph Pierce, who rose and remarked, that previous to giving a toast he would, with permission of the company, state a few facts with regard to his first acquaintance with their guest, Captain Marryat. That nearly twenty-four years had transpired since he first had the pleasure of his acquaintance. It originated during our late war with Great Britain, early in the month of October, 1814. Commanding a privateer out of Boston, the *Ida* brig, of twelve guns, and at that time east of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, having previously captured three British vessels, he was himself captured by the British frigate *Newcastle*, after a hard chase, and in the night forced into the body of a British fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of twelve British men-of-war; the whole fleet numbering about one hundred and sixty sail.

“That himself, officers, and crew were in a short time shifted to the *Newcastle*, which was commanded by a Lord George Stewart. That during forty days, the time which he was a prisoner of war on board that ship, he was treated by her commander with

indignity, harshness, and severity, and wholly without cause.

"That there was an order from this Lord George Stewart to all of his officers, commanding them to hold no communication with the prisoners, which prevented any alleviation of their sufferings, and they were huddled together between the guns of the main deck.

"Our guest at that time was the junior lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, then about twenty years of age. That he, and he alone, broke the unnecessary and unseaman-like order, and meliorated in a degree, not only his situation, but that of his fellow-prisoners on board the frigate. That they were all, on their arrival at Halifax, sent to prison, where they remained prisoners of war until the ratification of peace between the two nations. Lieutenant Marryat was the first man belonging to the frigate who spoke to him. He was the man that took him by the hand as he went over that ship's side, on his way to prison, and said 'Pierce, be of good cheer.' From that to the present time he had never met him. He was proud to take him by the hand at this time, and greet him with feelings not rare among seamen. During the time he was on board the frigate he had abundant proofs of the bravery and humanity of Lieutenant Frederick Marryat; and that as long as life should last he should with pleasure reflect on the good conduct of this gentleman while they were on the ocean together, and with pride at his reception in the city of Cincinnati.

"He offered as a toast—

"'Health and long life to Captain Frederick Marryat, the man who, under the dictates of humanity, dared to break through the rules of a tyrant, and

be what every seaman should be—generous and noble.”

Three months later, in the October of 1838, he revisited Louisville, and whilst there addressed the following letter to the editors of the *Louisville Journal*:—

“DEAR SIRS,

“The number of my anonymous correspondents increases so fast, that I venture to request that you will permit me, through your influential paper, to address them a circular. It is difficult to reply to people without names, and I must therefore content myself in assuring them all, individually and collectively, how very much I feel obliged to them for their advice, although sometimes couched in terms which nothing but the sincerity of the motives could extenuate. I will also take this opportunity to mention a point which, in their zeal, they have overlooked; which is, to pay the postage of their letters. It has always been the custom that all advice, not legal or medical, should be given gratis; whereas in my instance it has cost—I will not be so rude as to say more than it is worth—but certainly more than I have been willing to pay. Since my arrival in this country I have received nearly five hundred anonymous letters, the postage of which has, upon an average, amounted to fifty cents each, following me as they do with such pertinacity from place to place. This has become a subject of some importance, and indeed I have sometimes been inclined to surmise that I have been deceived in supposing that I had so many secret well-wishers, and that the whole was a scheme

between Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Amos Kendall to increase the somewhat defalcating resources of the country.

"My unknown correspondents have, however, been so far of advantage to me, that from the general tenor of their letters I have discovered the causes which have produced such expressions of distrust and ill-will as have latterly been shown to me, and have also given me a clue to unravel the skein of unjust and ridiculous calumny which has been so industriously circulated since my arrival in the Western country.

"It appears that I am considered to be travelling through this country as a spy, and that it is my intention to follow in the steps of many who have preceded me, availing myself of American hospitality, and in grateful return holding up to ridicule the domestic manners and customs of those who have kindly admitted me into their circles—in short, that I have come over first to see as much as I can at the expense, and then to 'write a book' at the expense, of those who confide in me, thereby paying the expense of my tour at the expense of all that is honourable or gentleman-like.

"Sirs, I do not blame the Americans for suspecting this, as they have good cause, but at the same time, I feel that they do not know me. Those who wish me well have advised me to publicly disavow such intentions; as they assert such disavowal will give general satisfaction and restore confidence.

"Were I to consult my own feelings I should probably remain silent, not only on account of the treatment I have received, but because I feel not a little affronted at being classed with the Trollopes and Fidlers who have preceded me; but there are other

and cogent reasons why their ideas should be corrected, although, as far as I am myself concerned, I request nothing but to be permitted to pass through the country in quiet and receive no more anonymous letters; or, if they must be written, at all events that they may be post-paid.

"There is, however, some difficulty in following the advice of my friends, arising from the simple fact that I have not yet made up my mind what I shall do. Not satisfied with the contradictory account of other travellers, and impelled by a truant disposition, I came into this country to judge for myself. I came to it with the best feelings towards its people, and did anticipate, as I was not unknown to them, that these feelings would have been reciprocated. My object was to view the Western world, and ascertain what might be the effects produced upon the English character and temperament by a different climate, different circumstances, and a different form of government from those which they had been accustomed to; the only object, in my opinion, worthy the attention of those possessed of common sense. That I may not, in the uncertainty of my proceedings, commit myself, instead of saying what I may do I shall prefer stating what it is my intention not to do. Of the first I am not sure, but of the last I am.

"I therefore beg to assure my anonymous correspondents, and all others whom it may concern, that I did not come three thousand five hundred miles by water, and since peregrinate about fifteen thousand more in this country, to ascertain whether the American people ate their dinner with two or three-pronged or silver forks, or took up green peas with their knives,

or sat down to dinner with or without grace—whether the children sat down in high chairs, had silver mugs to splutter in, or china ones with their names in golden letters.

“I did not come here to ascertain at what hours the American public went to bed or rose in a morning, or whether they burnt a candle all night—whether they slept with a feather bed or mattress uppermost, one or two pillows—or to take an inventory of every article in their bed-chamber.

“I have never inquired whether they wash their hands and faces with Windsor or almond, or jessamine or rose-scented soap—whether they used hard or soft tooth-brushes—or what ~~dentifrice~~—whether Macassar oil or bear's grease is most in vogue; nor have I ever ventured to pry into the secrets of a lady's closet or her dressing room. I have never been in the kitchens to ascertain whether they used iron or copper sauce-pans—burnt anthracite coal, wood or charcoal, cooked by coal fire and smoke jacks or by Professor Nott's patent stoves; neither have I explored the mysteries of the larder, dairy, laundries, wash-houses or dust-holes.

“I have not thought it necessary to make any inquiry as to the wages of servants, or whether they are or are not allowed tea and sugar, or are permitted to have followers—whether they have vales and perquisites from their masters and mistresses, whether the washing is put out or not, or who it is that gets up the starching and fine linen.

“Neither have I attempted to learn whether the lady or gentleman of any house I have entered ruled the roast, having already formed my own opinion on

the subject; and I may add that I have never penetrated the nursery to ascertain whether the babies were suckled or brought up by hand, and if the latter, whether it was on pap, arrow-root, or common gruel. I can assure my valuable anonymous correspondents that upon all these and many other matters of equally momentous importance to some travellers, I have not even ventured to ask a question; indeed, since I have been in the country my time has been so completely occupied in giving answers, that I have never had time to ask a question. What little information I may have picked up has been chiefly by the use of my eyes, and I cannot suppose that they would wish me to go through the country blindfold. Indeed, that precaution would be of no avail, as Mr. Holman has fully established the fact that a traveller can go on just as well without his eyes as with them.

"To be serious—I consider, by the present conduct shown towards me, the Americans are unjust to themselves as well as to me. Any attempt to conceal becomes an acknowledgment that there is something wrong; and if the Americans do surmise that my remarks upon them will be annoying to their extreme sensitiveness, surely it is neither wise nor generous to give me just cause of complaint during my sojourn in their country, or to wreak upon me the vindictive feelings created by the illiberality of my predecessors. Let the Americans do their duty to themselves, and not attempt to inflict the punishment previous to the offence being committed.

"I trust that this explanation will be considered satisfactory, and that I shall be permitted to proceed on my tour without any further 'letters of advice,'

when I assure them that they have already somewhat overdrawn upon my patience, and that I must in future enter a protest upon further acceptances. With these observations, I take leave of my anonymous correspondents, and am, dear Sirs,

“Very truly yours,

“F. MARRYAT.”

I withhold the publication of the answer to this letter; for it is more smart than kind, and the feeling which dictated it, even should the writer be still alive, must long ere this have passed away. It is sufficient to say that Captain Marryat was eventually permitted to quit Louisville “forgiven,” and with the accompanying blessing:

“Be to his virtues ever kind,
And to his faults a little blind.”

The two following letters to his mother tell their own tale:

“Montreal, Dec. 18, 1838.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,

“Except one letter from B—— B——, it is now nearly four months since I have heard either from England or the Continent; the latter I can in some way account for, at least in my own opinion—still I wish to hear how my little girls are.

“I was going South, when I heard of the defeat of St. Denis and the dangerous position of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; and I considered it my duty as an officer to come up and offer my services as a volunteer. I have been with Sir John Colborne, the Commander-in-Chief, ever since, and have just now returned from an expedition of five days against

St. Eustache and Grand Brulé, which has ended in the total discomfiture of the rebels, and, I may add, the putting down of the insurrection in both provinces. I little thought when I wrote last that I should have had the bullets whizzing about my ears again so soon. It has been a sad scene of sacrilege, murder, burning, and destroying. All the fights have been in the churches, and they are now burnt to the ground and strewed with the wasted bodies of the insurgents. War is bad enough, but civil war is dreadful. Thank God, it is all over.

"The winter has set in; we have been fighting in the deep snow, and crossing rivers with ice thick enough to bear the artillery; we have been always in extremes—at one time our ears and noses frost-bitten by the extreme cold, at others roasting amidst the flames of hundreds of houses. I came out of Grand Brulé after it was all over. I had the greatest difficulty in getting through the fire. I had a sleigh with two grey horses driven *tandem* (as it was too cold to ride the horse the general had offered me); and before I escaped, one side of each of the horses was burnt *brown* and *yellow* before we could force them through; however, the poor animals were more frightened than hurt.

"As I can be of no further use now, I shall return to America in a few days. I really wish I could receive a letter from England. I feel very much about having no intelligence. It will be too late to go South now, and I think I shall winter quietly at New York, and proceed to Washington early in the year.

"I really have nothing more to say. It is hard to fill a sheet when the correspondence is all on one

side. So give my love to Ellen, and God bless you both.

"Ever your affectionate son,
"F. MARRYAT."

"I may just as well answer B. B——'s letter here. He may bring out his fishing-rod and fowling-piece if he chooses, but nothing else. Let him bring out a letter of credit upon England for what money he may have, and that is all that is necessary; if he comes out in April packet, it will be quite time enough. He will always find where I am by applying to *Messrs. Davis, Brooker, and Co., New York.*

"In future, direct all my letters *under cover to that house*, and desire *Mr. Howard* to do the same. Merchants' letters always come safe. Why others do not is to me a mystery."

"New York, Jan. 7, 1839.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I wrote to you about a fortnight back when I was at Montreal. I have since arrived here after a very fatiguing journey, and I am not sure that I shall not have to take another up to Navy Island, if things do not go on well; but what I dislike most is the journey, it is so hazardous and fatiguing at this time of the year. We have every prospect of a war; but as the President's message is peaceful, it is to be hoped that it will be averted. The excitement, however, is so great that it is difficult to say whether it can be prevented; much depends on the return of Judge McClean from Washington this evening or to-morrow morning, and what he has obtained from the President.

"*Jan. 8th*, I have intelligence which will leave

me still undecided. That they will have great difficulty at Navy Island, should they attack it, I believe; but as Sir F. Head in his letter merely says that he *may* find me something to do, and I understand that there are many navy officers there on half-pay like myself, I do not much think that I shall go at present, but remain here till the affair is advanced. If I go now there may be older officers than I there, who may not like to be under my command, and in such a desperate business I will be commanded by none, but trust to myself alone. I shall therefore wait to see what takes place; if they are beat back at Navy Island, and Sir F. Head sends for me, I will go; if they succeed, they will not want me.

"There is another point, which is, that already the President's message has had a contrary effect to what was intended; the people are more exasperated than ever, and the war becomes even more probable. Now there is no small risk in getting through the frontiers, and if I were once in Canada, and war broke out, I should be shut up there till May, by which time all the ships would be given away in England, and I should either have to take a lake command or have none, and I infinitely prefer a man-of-war on the ocean. I think, therefore, that without I am sent for, I shall remain here, and if war is declared, or such hostilities commence as to make war certain, I shall go home with the first intelligence. It would not be well to stay in Canada and on the lakes for so long a while without coming home first; and if I am appointed to the lakes, from my knowledge of the country, I had rather be at home to communicate my ideas to the Government.

"Tell all this to Mr. Hay, as I have written to him, but had not made up my mind when I wrote; and after you have looked at it, send him the enclosed plan of Navy Island, as it will be interesting to the Admiralty, and it is very correct. I have written two letters with accounts of our relations, which I hope you have received. I have received a letter from my wife announcing her safe arrival at Paris. I find that they have a governess, which certainly was required.

"Mr. Howard writes me in very bad spirits. He says that I am much injured by remaining away from England, and my popularity is on the wane. I laugh at that; it is very possible people will be ill-natured while I am not able to defend myself; but what I have done they cannot take from me, and if I wrote no more, I have written quite enough. If I were not rather in want of money I certainly would not write any more, for I am rather tired of it. I should like to disengage myself from the fraternity of authors, and be known in future only in my profession as a good officer and seaman.

"I must leave off now. Remember me to all, and particularly to Ellen, and believe me, dear mother,

"Yours most affectionately,

"F. MARRYAT."

By this time Captain Marryat had spent as much time in America as he could spare, and before the end of the year he was again in England, having been in the land of independence nearly two years. His opinions of the manners and customs of that country, her people, government, and politics, are so fully given

// in his 'Diary in America,' that to attempt a republication of them here would be superfluous.

Before settling in Duke Street, St. James' he went to Paris to see his wife and children (who, during his absence, had gone there from Lausanne), and to make the necessary arrangements for their return to England.

His third son, Norman, who died an infant in 1823, is buried in the cemetery of Père La Chaise.

CHAPTER XIII.

Duke Street, St. James'—Wimbledon House—'Percival Keene'—'Diary in America'—'Poor Jack'—Correspondence.

ALTHOUGH Captain Marryat had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and was on intimate terms with half the notabilities of his day, it is with difficulty that even the few letters that appear in this notice of his life have been collected.

The following one was written to a lady for whom, to the time of his death, he retained the highest sentiments of friendship and esteem.

"8, Duke Street, St. James',
"June 15, 1839.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"I am a little vexed at your returning the picture; but I appear to have been altogether unfortunate in my new acquaintances. Mrs. B—— rejects my love upon the ground, I presume, that it is of too little value. You reject my picture upon the ground that it is of too great value. I am afraid that I made a great mistake.

"I should have offered the picture to Mrs. B——,

and the other to you. As for the former, I told you at the time it was given to me, and I did not see why I should not have the pleasure of giving as well as Mr. Stanfield. I pleased him by accepting, why should you not have pleased me? But I say no more, as, though you have returned it me in a delicate and complimentary manner, it has annoyed me very much. I certainly shall avail myself of your kind invitation, if I ever come down to Liverpool; but although I ought in every respect to be free to come and go, I have forged my own chains, and am as much tied by the leg as any man of business in the City. Three weeks back I had a letter from my mother's sister, stating her fear that she would have to bury her husband, he was so alarmingly ill. Yesterday the husband wrote, stating that she had died suddenly and that he was about to bury her. My mother is in great distress, and I leave town to-day to condole with her. A little repose after your gay life in London will be of service to you. Read Wordsworth and listen to Mr. MacNeil. It almost appears like a dream to me, and yet it is constantly recurring to my memory as a picture—'You reposing on the sofa, C—— sitting by you, and I on the footstool.' It has all vanished like 'air, thin air.' You are at Liverpool with your husband and children; C—— with Dr. G—— and homœopathy; I in my dungeo, unpitied and alone.

"God bless you, and believe me always,

"Very sincerely yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

The first work which appeared after Captain Marryat's return to England was 'Percival Keene,' which

was soon followed by the 'Diary in America,' published in June, 1839, and succeeded in the December of the same year by a second series of the 'Diary,' and the first number of 'Poor Jack.'

Mr. Vizetelly, the engraver of Mr. Stanfield's drawings for 'Poor Jack,' received two applications from gentlemen in Paris for leave to purchase sets of casts for translations of the book about to be brought out in their country.

One of them writes, that it is "*mon intention de faire traduire Jack,*" and proposes to pay the money for the casts by the simple method of "*cheek,*" as being that by which most Englishmen liquidate their debts. Could we all meet our liabilities in the same manner, how few of us would be bankrupt!

The transcribed epistle from Samuel Lover was received in return for a copy of the 'Diary in America':

"Wimbledon, Sept. 24, 1839.

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot make you a numerical return of three volumes for your very kind presentation of your 'America;' for the only three-volume work I have as yet written is 'Rory O'More,' and I know you wouldn't like *that*, because it is very patriotically Irish, and though you are too English an Englishman to have reason to find fault with the Irishism of an Irishman, yet I will not give you 'Rory O'More.' 'Barney O'Reardon, the Navigator,' you know, so I need not give you that; therefore do I send you my songs. In these there are some things I believe you like; others, I *think* you would like—one, I am sure you would like. *Vide* p. 128, 'Twas the day of the Feast'—a

sufficient evidence for me that feasting is independent of party.

"My dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"SAMUEL LOVER."

On his return from America, Captain Marryat brought with him a large collection of prairie curiosities—bear, buffalo, wolf, and opossum skins; bowie-knives, with inscriptions on them, presented to him by various Yankees, chiefly as advertisements to their own names; and odds and ends of all sorts. Now the bowie-knives were harmless enough, but the skins with which his rooms were literally hung, the chairs covered, and the floors carpeted, were very much the contrary. They had never been properly dressed, and, in plain English, they were *tenanted*, and strongly required a visit to the furrier.

Many literary ladies and others of note and distinction, honoured his rooms with their presence, admired the pictures, stroked the panther, went into ecstasies over the great black bear with real silver claws (a present to the captain when in America), and fell in love with the blue fox; but somehow or other, after the inspection they all felt—how can their feelings be expressed?—*irritated*. In fact each successive visitor was glad to drive home again, and change his or her clothes.

Seeing is *said* to be believing; but when the state of his favourite bear was brought before Captain Marryat's eyes, and the necessity of a temporary change of residence for his furry associates hinted at, a lioness robbed of her whelps, or a poet disturbed in

the midst of his composition, could not have been more furious.

"My furs infested! Why the Yankee furriers would beat the European ones into cocked hats! I won't believe it!"

Nor would he; but during all that season kept the things in their accustomed places to the great inconvenience of his guests.

A time came, however, when their removal was imminent. Captain Marryat decided on giving up his apartments in Duke Street, which were laden with the most expensive furniture, and was asked on the occasion whether the articles should not be sold.

"Sold, no! not worth it—get nothing at all! I shall send them to S——. He will find a use for them;" and accordingly a huge furniture van, laden with beds, and wardrobes, chairs, tables, and sofas, was actually despatched to the six-roomed house of his friend, a struggling artist, residing somewhere in the suburbs of London.

The recipient was grateful, but astonished.

"It was very kind of Captain Marryat," he remarked afterwards—"very kind indeed; but not an article, except the chairs, would so much as enter my doorway."

This wholesale generosity, however (which was but a type of his large-hearted nature), bore good results, for on the exodus of his less prized possessions, the bear with the silver claws, the prairie wolf, blue fox, and company, were sent off to the safe keeping of an Oxford Street furrier, by whom, before being recalled, they were effectually rid of their obnoxious tenants.

After leaving Duke Street, Captain Marryat went to stay with his mother at Wimbledon House.

This residence (now in the possession of Mr. Henry Peake, M.P.) was occupied for some years by the Prince de Condé, and purchased from the executors of Sir Stephen Lushington by Captain Marryat's father. It is a long, white, low-built villa, of the Grecian order of architecture, with a projecting porch supported on Ionic columns, and has more than once been mentioned in the same breath with Chiswick, Gunnersbury, and other models of English homes—happy combinations of luxury and taste, without any pretensions to grandeur. The garden at Wimbledon House (which was considered one of the first in England) is too well known amongst florists to need any description. The property is further enriched by a park and artificial lake, and used to be considered one of the show places in the environs of London; parties even from across the Atlantic constantly demanding permission simply to view the grounds—a permission which was always cheerfully accorded.

If strangers were so favoured, it may be supposed that the intimate friends of the family (amongst whom were numbered such well-known names as Sheridan, Rogers, Campbell, Blomefield, Stanfield, Ainsworth, etc.) were always welcome.

The following letter is so characteristic of the poet Rogers, that it is inserted on that account:

"St. James' Place, June 28, 1844.

"MY DEAR MRS. MARRYAT,

"Encouraged by your kindness, may I venture to propose another visit to your elysium, and to bring with me a few of my friends, and to name, if you will permit me, the day and hour? The party, who

have long been most desirous to come, and at whose urgent request I have consented to present a petition, are four in number—Lord and Lady Abercorn, Lord Aberdeen, and Mr. Landseer, the artist; and, if it will not be inconvenient or interfere with any of your engagements, to arrive on Tuesday next, the 2nd of July, at four o'clock, if the heavens are not unpropitious. But when I presume to make this proposition, I rely confidently on your friendship to tell me, and tell me frankly, whether you like the thoughts of it or not. Pray, pray forgive me if I am asking too much. But no; I have no fears; I have already experienced your kindness, and I am sure you will, if you can, say YES.

“Yours ever most sincerely,

“S. ROGERS.”

There was scarcely a room in Wimbledon House that was not decorated with some of the spoils which Captain Marryat had collected in his travels round the world. A Burmese shrine with silver idols, rifled from a pagoda; the carved tusks of a sacred elephant; opossum skins from Canada, embroidered with porcupine quills and coloured beads; toys in tortoiseshell and ivory, with precious stones and curious shells, were scattered everywhere, recalling memories of the Rangoon war, America, India, and the Celestial Empire. He early evinced a great taste for art, and when a young man in Italy commenced to collect pictures and *objets d'art*. After the Rangoon war his chambers became quite a museum of Burmese and Indian antiquities. The statue of the King of Ava, now in the Ethnological Museum of Leyden, belonged

to him, and was one of his greatest treasures. It is encrusted with gold and precious stones, of more or less value.

During the war those Burmese who were in the possession of any stones of value used to make an incision in the flesh of their arm or leg, and inserting the jewel, allow the flesh to close over it again. Captain Marryat became aware of this custom, and after each engagement made his sailors pass their hands up and down the bodies of the slain, and wherever a bump was perceptible a cut of the knife soon relieved the owner of his then useless property.

By this means some two hundred valuable stones were collected by him, of which one alone remains in the possession of his family—a yellow diamond set in a ring, the property of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Horace Marryat. He was so profuse in his generosity, so lavish of giving, that his friends permitted him to keep nothing for himself; and notwithstanding the large and valuable collection of curiosities which he amassed during his travels, not a single article amongst them has been bequeathed to his children.

The apartment he occupied whilst on his visits to Wimbledon House, and in which he wrote, was one upon the second story, overlooking the park; and in this room, at a table covered with an African lion's skin; and on a little old black leather blotting-book, worn with use and replete to bursting with ruled foolscap, several of his works were composed. His handwriting was so minute, that the compositor having given up the task of deciphering it in despair, the copyist had to stick a pin in at the place where he

left off, to ensure his finding it again when he resumed the task.

Here is a letter written on that old blotting-book, in company with the lion's skin:

"Wimbledon, Nov. 4, 1839.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"Strange to say, that I had just laid down the last letter which you wrote to me when yours of the sixth arrived. I have referred to it to see what time it was that you have stated that you would be at leisure, and your long silence had inclined me to surmise that you had forgotten me, particularly as you never sent me any grouse, as you promised. The latter I did not think much of, as perhaps your husband is not a good shot, and it did not depend upon yourself; but I was coupling the two together, and did not know what to make of it. Your letter has proved that I was unjust towards you, and I beg your pardon. I am sorry to hear you have been so unwell. If Shakespeare had been a woman he never would have styled it 'That pleasing punishment.' But let us talk of something more agreeable, in every sense of the word. I shall be at leisure, I really believe, about the first week in December; but this second portion of 'America' has been a very tough job. I am now correcting press of the third volume, and half of it is done. I hope to be quite finished by the end of this month, and also to have the other work ready for publication on the first of January; but what with printers, engravers, stationers, and publishers, I have been much over-worked. I have written and read till my eyes have been no bigger than a mole's, and my sight about as

perfect. I have remained sedentary till I have had *un accès de bile*, and have been under the hands of the doctor, and for some days obliged to keep my bed, all owing to want of air and exercise. Now I am quite well again. You perceive I date my letter from Wimbledon, having given up my chambers in Duke Street altogether, and retired to my mother's, which is now my headquarters, although my residence here is but nominal, for it is very dull and *triste*, and one might as well be shut up in a penitentiary. I do not correspond with Priaulx; he cannot read my writing, I cannot decipher one word of his. By mutual consent we never trouble ourselves about each other until we meet again. Power* I dined with about three weeks ago; his new house is well fitted up, very comfortable, and he is very proud of it. His new piece is very laughable. Mr. B—— I have heard of, but I have not met. Dr.—— I have seen at a friend's of mine; and I was told by her (perhaps all scandal) that he has, for these last six months, been courting another lady, with whom, she asserts, he is very desperate. She has a large fortune, and won't have him. If it is true, all I can say is, that I am ashamed of my sex. Dr.—— is a very amusing personage, that is certain, and every one appears to like him. An agreeable humbug will always make his way; and, depend upon it, he will marry a rich woman after all. As for other news, there is but little to tell. The hissing of His Majesty's Ministers at the Lord Mayor's feast was most terrible. My mother was there. I mention this because many of the papers deny it. The Admiralty have ordered all the Indian navy to China to make reprisals in case

* Tyrone Power, who was lost in the *President*.

they refuse to pay for the opium which they extorted as a ransom for Captain Elliott and the merchants, so that tea will probably be dear. The officers who have command in the latter have also written home to inform Government that it must be prepared for a renewal of all the disturbances in Canada this winter—that is, as far as the Americans are concerned. I have written about Canada in this second portion of my work. Pray offer my respects to Mr. S——, whose acquaintance I shall be most happy to make; and if you can receive me early next month, I know no one whom I shall meet again with more pleasure than you. I trust that you will be quite yourself again soon.

“Yours most truly,

“F. MARRYAT.”

The next letter was written about the same time. Captain Marryat had been down to his country house at Langham, and on his return was stopping the night at Norwich, those being the days before England was intersected with rails and when coaches ruled the road.

“Norwich, Saturday.

“I write from the inn of this place, where I am waiting very patiently till seven o'clock to start for London; that is to say, poetically speaking, as soon as Phœbus unyokes his anything but fiery coursers, the Ipswich mail will put its horses to, and then I am off for London. But you must not imagine that I am driven to writing to you from the ennui of a country inn. Norwich is a city, and this is market day, and it does not rain; on the contrary, it is fair and frosty. Moreover, there is Mr. Wombwell's menagerie of wild

beasts, and several other interesting exhibitions, on the hill, not two hundred yards from me, and no want of pretty girls staring at the paintings outside, which have invariably the merit of portraying things larger than life in all cases, except in dwarfs, who are the only exceptions to the rule. I was rather amused at a painting outside an exhibition, on which was written, 'The largest travelling alligator in all Europe.' Now, although the painting represents him thirty feet long, still he may not be more than five inches, and yet the assertion be correct. I did not go in to see him, as the price was only a penny, and what sized alligator could you expect to see for a penny? -

"I have mentioned all these particulars to prove to you that it is my anxiety to write to you an answer to your joint-stock letter with C—— which has induced me to avoid the market, the fair, and the still fairer, and that I have eschewed up-and-downs, roundabouts, gingerbread cocks-and-breeches which infant eyes do gloat upon whilst infant noses run with the cold, to prove that, whether wandering up and down, or cruising round about, I prefer your company and little C——'s to all the cocks-and-breeches in the world. You may inform C—— that I do not consider her letter as a letter to me; it is only a portion of yours, which was written for you, because you could not write yourself. You may say, 'On my eyes be it.' I hope they are better; but I agree that change of air will be the best thing for you. If the weather sets in fair and frosty, get into a steamer and work your way down to Brighton, and I will come down and meet you; it will be the best place for you. I have just been reading the *Argus* weekly paper;

there is a poem on the Ministry, or verses, I should say, one stanza of which I will copy out for you, as I think it very happy:

"And they say that Lord Brougham has ready
A play, full of politics crammed;
I suppose having tried being *dead*, he
Means to try how it feels to be d——d."

"I have been down at Langham these last ten days, but the weather was not very propitious for shooting. The decoy, however, works well, and as soon as the widgeon are sent up I shall send some down to you. Mallards are very scarce this year, because the weather has been so open, and widgeon are, in my opinion, usually better eating. I will not forget the oysters; on Monday they shall be despatched. The meerscham I have not yet seen, but I presume it is at Wimbledon. I never knew that you were writing a novel; I wish you would; novel it certainly would be, proceeding from you.* Forward my stools, by all means; I shall think of your drawing-room when I put my feet upon them; like magic, and far swifter than locomotives, they shall transport me to Liverpool, and I shall hold 'Imaginary Conversations' more true than any composed by Walter Landor the Savage.

"And now a message for C——. Tell her that I hate crossed letters. It may be economy, as far as paper and postage are concerned, but my eyes are of more consequence to me. I have made no small use of them during five and forty years, and they are not quite so bright as her own. Moreover, I do not put great value upon letters which have been at the mercy

* Both Captain Marryat and Washington Irving offered to write a book in collaboration with this lady.

of all those who may have opened the blotting-book; 'tis mine, 'tis hers, and has been, &c., won't do for me. I shall write to her constantly; but I hope that she will consider that my letters are not to be left about or read to others—if so, they will not be so interesting, from the simple fact that they will be more guarded. I am jealous as respects letters. I consider it a breach of trust to show them, unless to those who share in the sentiments, and form, as it were, a portion of the Privy Council. However, she will think I am scolding if I say any more; so give my love to her, and tell her that if she feels inclined to write to me before I write to her, I shall be very glad to hear from her; at all events, I will write in a few days. You have not mentioned Mrs. T—— in your letter. I feel very awkward about having received those things from her, but it cannot be helped now; pray say something therefore from me when you see her again. I do not know her address. I have been so out of the world that I can tell you nothing. I spent Christmas Day at Sir Jacob Astley's. The servants had a ball, and we went down to it and joined them. What with punch, pushing, and pretty housemaids, it was good fun. And now farewell, and God bless you. Commend me to your husband. Kiss C—— for me—by-the-by, she don't like kissing, she says—and believe me,

“Yours ever truly,

“F. MARRYAT.”

CHAPTER XIV.

'The Poacher'—Correspondence—3 Spanish Place—Society—Count d'Orsay—Personal appearance—Traits of character—'Masterman Ready'—Letters.

'JOSEPH RUSHBROOK' first appeared as a serial in the *Era* newspaper, and subsequently in three volumes, under the title of 'The Poacher;' which Mr. Colburn brought out at his own expense, the author receiving two-thirds of the profits, and £400 in anticipation of them. It is evident, from the following refutatory letter, written by Captain Marryat, that some unfavourable criticism respecting this work must have been published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' to which periodical it was addressed:

"In your critique upon Mr. Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,' you have expressed an opinion that, as an author, I have shown a want of self-respect in contributing the tale of 'The Poacher' to this weekly paper. I will quote your own words before I reply: 'If writing monthly fragments threatened to deteriorate Mr. Ainsworth's productions, what must be the result of this *hebdomadal* habit? Captain Marryat, we are sorry to see, has taken to the same line. Both these popular authors may rely upon our warning, that they will live to see their laurels fade unless they more carefully cultivate a spirit of *self-respect*. That which was venial in a miserable starveling of Grub Street is *perfectly disgusting* in the extravagantly paid novelists of these days—the *caressed* of generous booksellers. Mr. Ainsworth and Captain Marryat ought to disdain such *pitiiful peddling*. Let them eschew it without delay.'

"In other portions of your critique you have stated that the *serial* system is detrimental to the reputation of authors, inasmuch as they are too apt to wait till the last moment and write in a hurry. I take up this single point first, that I may dismiss it at once, as far as regards myself, by observing that, whether I appear hebdomadally or monthly, my writings, such as they are, will be no better or worse than if they first appeared in three volumes. I am too old a sailor to venture into action without plenty of powder and shot in the locker; the two first volumes of this tale were written before one number of it appeared in the *Era* and the remainder is now completed.

"You are not the only party who has ventured to make the remark to me that they considered it was *infra dig.* that I should write in a weekly newspaper; but you certainly are the first who has ventured to pronounce it as *perfectly disgusting* and as *pitiful peddling*. Had it not been for such unqualified harsh terms, I probably should have made no reply to your observations.

"If I understand rightly the term *pitiful peddling*, it would intimate that I have been induced by a larger sum than is usually offered for contributing to monthly periodicals to write for a weekly paper. If such is your impression, you are very much in error; for I now assert, and, were it worth the trouble, could easily establish, that the very contrary is the case; and that, had I considered my own interests, I should have allowed 'The Poacher' to have made its appearance in Mr. Bentley's 'Miscellany' or Mr. Colburn's 'New Monthly Magazine.'

"In the paragraph which I have quoted there is

an implication on your part which I cannot pass over without comment. You appear to set up a standard of *precedency and rank* in literature, founded upon the rarity or frequency of an author's appearing before the public, the scale descending from the 'caressed of generous publishers' to the 'starveling of Grub Street'—the former, by your implication, constituting the *aristocracy*, and the latter the *profanum vulgus* of the quill. Now, although it is a fact that the larger and nobler animals of creation produce but slowly, while the lesser, such as rabbits, rats, and mice, are remarkable for their fecundity, I do not think that the comparison will hold good as to the breeding of brains; and to prove it, let us examine—if this argument by implication of yours is good—at what grades upon the scale it would place the writers of the present day.

"My lady—anybody—produces a novel but once a year. Of course she must be superior, nay, twice as good as Hook or James, whose conceptions are twice as rapid—twelve times better—than the contributors to 'Blackwood,' your own, or other monthly periodicals—fifty-two times superior to the hebdomadal editors of the *Examiner* and *Spectator*, and three hundred and thirteen times to be preferred to the talented writers in the *Times* and other daily newspapers. You will find very few who will agree with you in this—indeed, I doubt if you would exactly approve of your own position in the scale which you have yourself laid down. You will agree with me that the great end of literature is to instruct and amuse—to make mankind wiser and better. If, therefore, an author writes with this end in view and suc-

ceeds, you must admit that the greater is his circulation, the more valuable are his labours.

“Who are those, may I ask, who most require instruction, and, I may add, amusement? Are they not those who cannot afford to purchase the expensive literature of the present day—not even to delight themselves with the spirited pages of your magazine. I do not pretend to compare my efforts with the concentrated talent exhibited monthly in your pages, but if I do reach the mass and you do not, in spite of my inferiority I become the more useful of the two.

“You assert it is beneath me to write for a weekly newspaper, taken in chiefly by the taverns frequented by the lower classes, and perused mainly by the mechanics and labourers of the country; in short, that it is *infra dig.* in me to write for the *poor man*. I feel quite the contrary, and I would rather write for the instruction, or even the amusement, of the poor than for the amusement of the rich; and I had sooner raise a smile or create an interest in the honest mechanic or agricultural labourer who requires relaxation, than I would contribute to dispel the ennui of those who loll on their couches and wonder in their idleness what they shall do next. Is the rich man only to be amused? Are mirth and laughter to be made a luxury, confined to the upper classes, and denied to the honest and hard-working artisan? I have flatteringly given my aid to cheap literature, and I consider that the most decided step which I have taken is the insertion of this tale in a weekly newspaper—by which means it will be widely disseminated among the lower classes, who, until lately (and the

chief credit of the alteration is due to Mr. Dickens) had hardly an idea of such recreation.

"In a moral point of view, I hold that I am right. We are educating the lower classes; generations have sprung up who can read and write; and may I inquire what it is that they have to read, in the way of amusement?—for I speak not of the Bible, which is for private examination. They have scarcely anything but the weekly newspapers, and, as they cannot command amusement, they prefer those which create the most excitement; and this I believe to be the cause of the great circulation of the *Weekly Despatch*, which has but too well succeeded in demoralising the public, in creating disaffection and ill-will towards the government, and assisting the nefarious views of demagogues and Chartists. It is certain that men would rather laugh than cry—would rather be amused than rendered gloomy and discontented—would sooner dwell upon the joys or sorrows of others in a tale of fiction than brood over their supposed wrongs. If I put good and wholesome food (and, as I trust, sound moral) before the lower classes, they will eventually eschew that which is coarse and disgusting, which is only resorted to because no better is supplied. Our weekly newspapers are at present little better than records of immorality and crime, and the effect which arises from having no other matter to read and comment upon, is of serious injury to the morality of the country. So prone is our nature to evil, that the very exposition of dark deeds occasion more dark deeds to be perpetrated, and the weekly recitals of murders and stabbing, of insurrection, of bloodshed and incendiarism, habituate those who have nothing

to direct their attention from them to the deeds themselves, until they no longer appear to them formidable or revolting. 'Fear God and honour the King' is a maxim inculcated to the youth of this country, and grows up with them: but if a man week after week, and year after year, has naught to listen to but scoffs at religion, attacks upon the church and clergy, treasonable outcries against the government, aristocracy, and monarchy itself, his best feelings are gradually warped, the lessons of his youth are looked upon as fallacies; without religion to guide him, loyalty to cheer him, and patriotism to exalt him, he becomes, as a vessel without a rudder, at the mercy of every wind that blows; easily persuaded to do wrong, and to find out too late the error which he has committed; from a peaceful, industrious, and contented man, he becomes gloomy, morose, and discontented—a bad father and a worse husband—a misery to himself and dangerous to others.

"I consider, therefore, that in writing for the amusement and instruction of the poor man, I am doing that which has been but too much neglected—that I am serving my country, and you surely will agree with me that to do so is not *infra dig.* in the proudest Englishman; and, as a Conservative, you should commend rather than stigmatise my endeavours in the manner which you have so hastily done.

"Neither do I consider that the patrons of our expensive literature have any cause of complaint at the step which I have taken. When I have ministered to the wants of the humbler classes, I can wash my hands and face, put on clean linen, and make my appearance in the three aristocratic volumes which you con-

sider as necessary to my self-respect. It will then be quite time enough to be '*caressed by generous publishers!!*' What a splendid metaphor that is of yours! How hope-inspiring! for it refers, of course, to futurity. The golden era of literature approaches. Mercury, so long presiding over us, is at once unshipped from his pedestal; the great Jove himself becomes our patron, and, to follow up your magnificent conception, authors in future are, I presume, like other Danaës, to await the descent of whichever Jupiter shall *come down* with the most plentiful 'shower of gold!' What a delightful, transporting vision for a pitiful, peddling, positively disgusting, self-constituted starveling of Grub Street, and his fraternity! I think I see an author now, his pen arrested in its progress, his eyes cast up to the ceiling, waiting for the appearance of his celestial descendant, totally indifferent as to whether it be Murray, Colburn, Bentley, the Siamese Juncta, Saunders and Otley, Whittaker, Chappell, or Tegg. Nay, so far from dreading, welcoming the near approach of that comet of Paternoster Row, the long-tailed firm of Longman, Orme, Longman, Brown, Rees, Longman and Co.

"Caressed by generous publishers!! Truly, I may say that such a metaphor I never *met afore*. Authors must no longer write to their publishers in plain unvarnished language to inform them that they have books, like razors, to sell; but, refined by your tuition, despatch a perfumed billet-doux with—My dear Colburn, or My dear Bentley, 'Are you inclined to *caress* me? If so, come immediately.—Yours ever.'

"Such a communication from many of our fair authoresses will, I have no doubt, be well received;

and I think I see Mr. Bentley impatiently pulling on his boots, or Mr. Colburn rubbing his hands with delight, till the carriage comes to the door; or Mr. Longman, senior, with truly parental solicitude forbidding the disappointed Thomas or William from responding in person to the dangerous communication.

"But a want of more time and space compels me to finish my prologue. The curtain rises and once more the hebdomadal little Joey appears upon the scene."

* * * *

It is to be surmised that Captain Marryat continued to find Wimbledon "*triste* and dull," as in the spring of 1841, we find him again in lodgings in town, and busy on the first part of 'Masterman Ready,' which was translated both into French and German, as indeed were many of his works, some having found their way into the Spanish and Swedish languages.

Again he writes to his friend:

"120, Pall Mall, Feb. 13, 1841.

"MY DEAR MRS. S—,

"That you may not think me unkind in refusing your invitation, I must tell you that I am much worse than I have made myself out in my former letters. I fell down as if I had been shot, a few days ago, and have been ever since obliged to be very quiet, and am not permitted to drink anything but water, or undergo the least excitement, and you would offer me every description in the shape of beauty, mirth, revelry, and feasting, putting yourself out of the question. No, for my sins, sins in the shape of three volumes chiefly, and heavy sins too, I must now submit to mortification and penance. I am positively forbidden to write a

line, but you may tell William and Dunny that the little book is finished and will be out at Easter, when they will be able to read it. I have been amusing myself with drawing all the illustrations myself and they will do very well, independent of saving me a great deal of money. Tell Mrs. — I have received no letters from her, which I regret very much, but I have been so long confined to my room that I have not been to the club for weeks. Of course I shall obey her wishes, but why they should be burnt I cannot imagine; however, a lady's request is law to me. I will execute your order at Fortnum & Mason's, if I can crawl up there this afternoon, but I move very slowly now, for my chest is very bad and my head not much better. I wish you a great deal of pleasure, and I have no doubt but that there will be many happy faces about you on Monday night; and I am glad to find that you are well enough to go through the fatigue. My kind regards to all, and

"Yours ever,

"F. MARRYAT."

At this time he took a house in town, No. 3, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, where he remained for more than a year; and it was whilst resident there, surrounded by his friends (amongst whom he numbered Lady Blessington, Lady Morgan, Lady Stepney, Charles Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth, George Cruikshank, Alfred d'Orsay, John Forster, Sir L. B. Lytton, Edwin Landseer, Clarkson Stanfield, and many others of equal celebrity), that, for a while, he rested from the labours of authorship. It was here that, in the tiniest of houses, furnished according to his own taste,

a very gem in point of its adornments—rich in pictures and *objets d'art*, clothed in velvet and decorated with hot-house flowers—he received visitors who made the little rooms brilliant with their conversation and their wit; and mixing with the gayest votaries of the world himself, formed a circle of acquaintance that extended from Devonshire House to Little Pedlington.

The following letters from and to Captain Marryat were written about this time:

"Liverpool,
"Tuesday, Sept. 8.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,*

"This morning, at half-past eight o'clock, I put Coz on board of the Shenandoah, and, having seen her towed out for half a mile by the tug, I considered that I had done my duty. I therefore put my hands in my pockets and walked back again, meditating upon the bales of cotton, bars of iron, casks of flour, and various other articles which impeded my passage. I left her "as well as could be expected." She kept her spirits up very well to the last moment, and then she began to *pump*. I leave this for the good town of Whitehaven this evening, and from thence proceed to Cockermouth Castle, where I shall stay a week and no longer if I can get away. After which return to Liverpool and so on to London, and then to pay you a *visit*. Rather annoying that you should be away at the time; but I hope you will be amused, at all events. Give my love to George and Gina, and tell them that, as sure as there are snakes in Wirginny, I will come down and see them as soon as I have nothing very pressing to do.

* His sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Marryat.

"Coz has not written to my mother, or any one, so you are the sole proprietor of the important intelligence contained in this letter. You can communicate it if you please, and think you will find favour in the sight of *ruling power*. Adieu, *Dieu vous bénisse*. Kind regards to Charles. Coz desired me to say that she loved you very much. So do I, and am, ever yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

"3, Spanish Place,
Thursday.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"I hope to come down to see you some time next week, but at this present moment I hardly know whether I stand upon my head or my heels, so very busy and so very much annoyed I have been with various circumstances. When I do come I'll talk you 'clean out of sight,' as the Yankees say. Love to all, and ever yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Devonshire Terrace,
July 16, 1842.

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"Most unquestionably and undoubtedly I expect you at six to-day, to dinner. I should have sent you a reminder, but when the invitation has been given at dinner time, I have a delicacy in doing so, lest it should seem to intimate a suspicion that the invited one was drunk.

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"I think I can give you some hock to-day which will do your leg good."

"Devonshire Terrace,
"January 3.

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"Friday next—twelfth night—is the anniversary of my son and heir's birthday; on which occasion I am going to let off a magic lantern and other strong engines.

"I have asked some children of a larger growth (nearly all of whom you know) to come and make merry. If you are in town, and will join as early as half-past seven or so, you will give us *very great* pleasure.

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

About this period Count d'Orsay took a portrait of him, in coloured crayons, one of a series of likenesses of which the first attempt was made on his own face.

His likeness of Captain Marryat is a failure, and, what is worse, the irregular features are vulgarised; but, as Alfred d'Orsay, in these sketches, failed to make himself handsome, he must be forgiven if he did not fashion Adonises out of less perfect clay.

The portrait of Captain Marryat was painted in oils by Simpson, the favourite pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and originally executed to head the first number of the 'Metropolitan Magazine.' He was also drawn in water colours, by Behnes, which drawing was afterwards engraved as a frontispiece to the 'Pirate and Three Cutters'; but Simpson's portrait is con-

sidered more like him than any other. His bust was taken by Carew.

Although not handsome, Captain Marryat's personal appearance was very prepossessing. In figure he was upright and broad shouldered for his height, which measured 5 ft. 10 in. His hands, without being undersized, were remarkably perfect in form, and modelled by a sculptor at Rome on account of their symmetry. The character of his mind was borne out by his features, the most salient expression of which was the frankness of an open heart. The firm decisive mouth, and massive thoughtful forehead, were redeemed from heaviness by the humorous light that twinkled in his deep-set grey eyes, which, bright as diamonds, positively flashed out their fun, or their reciprocation of the fun of others. As a young man, dark crisp curls covered his head; but later in life, when, having exchanged the sword for the pen and the ploughshare, he affected a soberer and more patriarchal style of dress and manner, he wore his grey hair long, and almost down to his shoulders. His eyebrows were not alike, one being higher up and more arched than the other, which peculiarity gave his face a look of inquiry, even in repose. In the upper lip was a deep cleft, and in his chin as deep a dimple—a pitfall for the razor, which, from the ready growth of his dark beard, he was often compelled to use twice a day. Like most warm-hearted people he was quick to take offence, and no one could have decided, after an absence of six months, with whom he was friends and with whom he was not. One who knew him as intimately as it was possible for any man to do, writes of him in these words:

"His faults proceeded from an *over active* mind, which could never be quiet—morning, noon, or night. If he had no one to love, he quarrelled for want of something better to do; he planned for himself and for everybody, and changed his mind ten times a day. His restlessness of spirit would have quickly worn out the body of a less vigorous man."

This restless activity of spirit was visible in him indeed at all times: he would get up in the middle of the night or before dawn, and, bursting into his brother's room, rouse him from sleep with some newly hatched plan of starting at once for Austria, buying a *château* in Hungary, or camping out in the desert for three years, by which means a great fortune would be realised; and grave would be his indignation when the disturbed sleeper turned wearily on his pillow, and entreated him to let him go to sleep again. But when in a good humour, Captain Marryat could be charming, especially with young people, though his manners were brusque and, at first, somewhat alarmed them. His knowledge of nature was most extensive, and he might often be seen surrounded by an audience of delighted little ones, listening with open eyes and mouths to his descriptions of the wonders of the deep or the natural history of the creation.

About this time Captain Marryat sold the copyright of his celebrated 'Code of Signals' to Mr. Richardson, of Cornhill, and subsequently made a fresh agreement with the same gentleman, by which, on condition of his adding to or altering the flags as required, he was entitled to receive a fourth part of the profits on all copies sold during his lifetime. The

year following this arrangement they jointly cleared a profit of between five and six hundred pounds.

In 1842 the second and third volumes of 'Masterman Ready' made their appearance. By this time Captain Marryat was beginning to long for a quieter life, and to contemplate taking up his residence altogether at Langham Manor, and the following letter to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Marryat, was written in the early part of the summer of 1843:

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"I am really so immersed in business—what with getting furniture for Langham, printing a book to pay for said furniture, and, moreover, a knee which might be better—that I cannot come to you this week. I hardly know if I can promise next week, as I leave for Langham on Thursday or Friday. All I can say is, I will if I can, if it is only for one day, as I am as anxious to see you as you are to see me. I will try on Monday or Tuesday, but the weather is against me; this too solid flesh of ours does melt most terribly. Where are you going to? Somewhere, I presume. Suppose you wait till I have been down to Langham and put things to rights. I have no curtains, but I have four spare beds to offer you; and, if you bring down your cook, you might contrive to exist. I can promise you plenty of game, plenty of sea breezes, but no bathing; you must go on to Cromer for that. By-the-by, what a nice plan it would be to put the nurses and children at Cromer, while you staid part of the time with me. You can go nearly the whole

way by steam. Think of this, and when we meet the affair shall be canvassed.

"Yours very truly,
"F. MARRYAT."

CHAPTER XV.

Settles at Langham—The Manor House—Dogs and pony—Tastes—The poor of the village—"Monsieur Violet"—Correspondence.

THERE is something almost touching in the way in which men of talent in the vigour of their manhood, and the zenith of their fame will retire, from the busy and brilliant life in which they have taken a foremost part, into comparative obscurity. Captain Marryat, whilst the remembrance of the services he had rendered to his country was still fresh in the world's memory, and his literary fame was growing daily more assured, whilst his social qualities and bodily strength were unimpaired by so much as a suspicion of the terrible disease that afterwards assailed them, suddenly banished himself into a corner of the great agricultural county of Norfolk, and brought all the resources of his wealthy mind to bear upon the cultivation of stock. Yet he seems to have anticipated such a finale to his active career, for in the unpublished fragment of his 'Life of Lord Napier,' there occur these words:

"Most sailors when they retire from the service turn to agriculture, and, generally speaking, they make very good farmers. There appears something very natural in this. When Adam was created a man in full vigour he naturally took to the labours of the field. And what is a sailor—who, although he has run all over the world, has in fact never lived on it—

when you plant him on shore, but a sort of Adam—a new creature, starting into existence as it were in his prime? For all his former life has been, as far as terrestrial affairs are concerned, but a deep sleep. There have been many definitions of man by various philosophers, all of them extremely absurd; it appears to me that the true definition of man is, that he is a *creative* animal, which no other living creature is. It is true that he cannot, like his God, start a being into life, but he imitates his creative power as far as he is able: he builds; he plants; he changes the face of nature; he raises woods where nothing higher than the thistle waved to the breeze, he levels forests and turns the site of them into verdure and fertility. Examine all the greatest pleasures of man, and you will find that they consist in imitating the Deity in his creative power, and the more refined the intellect, the higher the aspirations of the soul, the greater the delight received from these noble attempts."

* * * * *

When Captain Marryat revisited his country house he found that the tenant who rented the larger farm on the estate had not only taken all he could out of the land without putting anything in it, but had attempted to turn an honest (?) penny by fitting up the drawing-room of the manor, then uninhabited, with rows of beds, which he let out to tramps at twopence a night. Into the boudoir the birds of the air had been allowed free entrance, and as its walls and ceiling were painted to imitate rose-covered trellis work and sky, the simple country sparrows had been deluded into the idea that they had discovered umbrageous shelter, and built their nests there accordingly.

The mimic birds, which were pictured flying about or settled on the branches, were by Audubon, and the feathered bipeds of Langham had acknowledged his talent as a naturalist and painter by fraternizing with them, although, from the fact of their being chiefly specimens from the tropics, they could hardly have recognised them as old acquaintances.

This boudoir, from having mirrors set in the panels of the folding doors, which, when opened to face each other, reflected the trellised pillars backward and forward until their number appeared interminable, was called by the village people the "Room of a Thousand Columns"—a name so suggestive of the palaces in the 'Arabian Nights,' or the *Café des Mille Colonnes* at Paris, that it would never be supposed to have emanated from the thick and muddy brains of the Norfolk peasantry. Langham Manor, without having any great architectural pretensions, had a certain unconventional prettiness of its own. It was a cottage in the Elizabethan style, built after the model of one at Virginia Water belonging to His late Majesty George IV., with latticed windows opening on to flights of stone steps ornamented with vases of flowers, and leading down from the long, narrow dining-room, where (surrounded by Clarkson Stanfield's illustrations of 'Poor Jack,' with which the walls were clothed) Captain Marryat composed his later works, to the lawn behind. The house was thatched and gabled, and its pinkish-white walls and round porch were covered with roses and ivy, which in some parts climbed as high as the roof itself. When he wrote in the dining-room, he always selected a corner of the table that commanded a view of the

lawn; on which his favourite bull, Ben Brace, was generally tethered; and here, with his papers scattered about him and a couple of dogs at his feet, he would settle himself down to play the part of a country gentleman. These dogs, great pets of his, were two very beautiful, but utterly useless, creatures; Zinny, a large-eyed black-and-tan spaniel of the King Charles breed, with a broad short head weighed down by a combination of humility and length of ear, who never dared to trespass beyond his master's boots, but from that lowly position languished and cringed and rolled over, a deprecating mass of stupidity and floss silk;* and Juno, a tiny black Italian greyhound, all spring and activity, with slender limbs and almost hairless skin, who would leap upon the author's table and indulge in a wild scamper over his papers, and when rebuked for her forwardness, creep under his coat and lie there blissfully contented.

Captain Marryat tried very hard to be a regular farmer. He built model cottages and instituted model pigsties; but both cottagers and pigs proved averse to anything like a progressive movement. He turned his attention to guano, and made himself master of Ben Brace's pedigree: put on gaiters, and, mounting a rough, thickset, shooting pony, rode about from dyke to ditch, and from ditch to dyke, standing patiently for hours whilst he watched the men drain the "Fox Covert" or exorcise the will-o'-the-wisp from the "Decoy Meadow"; but for all that, he was a farmer in theory only, and not in practice. Yet there are

* Afterwards the property of Annie Thomas, author of 'Denis Donne,' &c., to whom it was presented by Captain Marryat, she being then a little child, and almost as familiar with him as one of his own.

few in that country side that have not something to tell of him, and most of its poorer inhabitants preserve a reverential memory, and have a loving word to say, of one whose talent and cordiality went hand in hand to win him golden opinions, if his skill in farming was not entitled to honest admiration.

His pony, which was most appropriately called "Dumpling," was so inseparable a companion of his that few remember one without the other. He was of Hanoverian breed, cream-coloured, with a black hogged mane and long tail, and a dark mark across his shoulders and down his back, like that of a donkey, of which animal's nature he also strongly partook; his chief merit consisting in the fact that, if left to himself, he was warranted to stand still. He was a very cunning beast, and if mounted by any one he did not like (and his dislikes were general), would rub their legs up against a wall or post till he forced them to dismount again. His back was broad and long, and his legs were short and sturdy, yet he was a pony who objected to work of any shape or kind; but with his master he was well enough behaved, which may account for Captain Marryat being fond of what all the rest of the world disliked. And "Dumpling" was essentially a shooting pony, and would allow any number of shots to be fired between his ears, without having his serenity disturbed.

Captain Marryat, on account of his shortsightedness, was not much of a sportsman. When he did carry a gun he wore an eye-glass, which he had mounted himself after a rather novel fashion. It was a plain piece of crystal surrounded by a strip of whalebone, the ends of which, bound together with

twine, formed a long handle. This was stuck through a hole cut in the brim of his hat, and so arranged as to hang down in front of his right eye. (For reading at night, he wore strong double glasses). So, mounted on "Dumpling," and attired in a velveteen shooting coat, mud-bespattered highlows, and a "shocking bad hat," he used to ride about his farm in all weathers; for although he was most particular about his personal surroundings, he cared nothing at this period for his dress or personal appearance; and, with the exception of his linen, the garments which he usually wore were scarcely worth the consideration of the poorest in the village. To judge from his writings, in which his keen sense of humour too often borders on a want of refinement, the delicacy which he displayed in the details of every-day life would hardly have been expected of him. The bed and dressing rooms which he occupied, called the "Blue Rooms," from the colour of their furniture, were about equal in size; and if a person's character may be read (as is sometimes affirmed) upon his toilet table, a stranger introduced there would have pronounced Captain Marryat to be a dandy. He was a scrupulously clean man, and very neat in the arrangement of his drawers and wardrobe. Packing, or as he termed it, "stowing away," was his forte; and he could manage to get a larger quantity into a smaller space than any one, except a sailor like himself. Whilst in the country, he always breakfasted at eight o'clock, and would have none but pure white china, such as is used on the Continent, upon the table—a fancy that involved the trouble of sending abroad to replace the missing articles, whenever breakages or other casualties had

thinned the ranks of the service. After his early breakfast, he never ate again until his dinner-time, twelve hours later. He was not a great smoker, only now and then indulging himself with a cigar; but he took an immense quantity of snuff, much to the dissatisfaction of the little greyhound, Juno, into whose eyes it was sure to fall whenever she tried to bury her nose in the folds of his waistcoat.

Captain Marryat was a generous landlord and a kind friend to the labouring people round about his property; they all knew that they possessed his sympathy; and a poor fellow, whilst in the dreaded Union, has even gone without his scanty dinner in order that he might take it away with him to show the "Captain," quite certain that at the next board the part of the working man would be taken against the guardians of the poor. He raised a great tumult by his attempts to balk his brother magistrates in their vengeance against the poacher—a plant indigenous to the soil of Norfolk as it then was; and at one time, in utter disregard of the prognostications of evil with which he was favoured, on the principle that trust begets trust, he picked the most notorious offender in the neighbourhood out of the mire into which public opinion had cast him and raised him to the honourable post of his own gamekeeper. Captain Marryat's confidence, in this instance, was not betrayed; for William Barnes proved a faithful and attached servant, first to himself, and afterwards to his son Frank, whom he accompanied to California, where he still remains, leading a steady and respectable life.

When Captain Marryat so abruptly disappeared

from among the crowd of which he had been a prominent member, his friends made several attempts to win him from the seclusion upon which he had entered, by the most seductive offers of good dinners and good company.

Mr. Forster, in a letter written during the summer of 1843, presses him to join in a dinner to a mutual friend, on "his starting for Yankee-doodle-dodom," and at which many well known to him were to be present:—

"Stanfield says you meditated a run to London at this very time, and I am fain to hope I shall have a welcome 'Yes' from you by return of post, and that you will leave your farming and your crops, and come and shake all of us by the hand."

But this was his reply:

"MY DEAR FORSTER,

"Langham,
"August 24, 1843.

"I would go much further than Richmond, and undergo much greater privation, to show my respect and goodwill for Macready, who, in my opinion, is a trump; but I must put my case before you. It is three weeks back, nearly, that I received an invitation from one of the *nobs* of this county to dine with him—the first invitation I have ever received from him, although well acquainted; and I found, when I was at Lord Leicester's the other day at a cricket match, that several of my friends were asked *expressly to meet me*. This dinner is on Friday, the 25th, and I cannot get off without being guilty of positive rudeness and incivility, as it has evidently been made up for me. I would start on Saturday morning, but if I do I cannot possibly arrive at Richmond before half

past ten or eleven o'clock at night, by which time the company, if not dispersed, will probably not recognise me. I am verry sorry for it, as I should very much have wished to have been there; and the harvest, certainly, should have been no obstacle. Assure Macready of my best wishes, and regret that I am prevented by *good manners* from joining in such good fellowship. I wrote to Stanfield relative to the select party down here in September. You can talk it over with them at Richmond, as I believe you will all be there. I shall be up for a few days some time next week, when I hope to see you.

"Very truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

Meanwhile, he was busy writing the 'Travels of Monsieur Violet,' supposed to be founded on those of Chateaubriand, in the wilds of the New World, but in reality the travels of a young Frenchman of the name of Lasalle, who stayed down at Langham for the express purpose of relating his adventures to his biographer, and who must be well remembered by the people of the place, whom he greatly astonished by performing war-dances and lassoing horses on the farm of the manor, for their edification and amusement. Mr. Forster, who was ill at the time he received this work, writes: "But then, you know, there are reliefs, and your Monsieur has been of service to me in fighting the enemy Pain. Thank you for him very much."

About the same time Captain Marryat wrote and received the following letters:

"Langham, near Blakeney.
"August, 1843.

"MY DEAR STANFIELD,

"Although I shall be in town at the latter end of this month, I write to you that we may not be disappointed in our intended party down here in September, and I think you had better at once make the arrangements as to the time of coming, so as to meet the wishes of all. I believe we have only mentioned Landseer, Maclise, Dickens, Forster, and yourself. Are there any more that you would wish to add to the list? as I can find room for one, if not two, as I only expect Blanche* and my boy Frank, who has just arrived from the Mediterranean in the *Vanguard*. The harvest is so late that we do not expect to begin this ten days, and therefore the corn will not be off the ground until about the 10th of September. I mention this, as those who are fond of shooting will not have any until the harvest is in. But I suspect that shooting is not the great desideratum with you and those that accompany you. You come for fresh air, amusement, fun, and a hearty welcome, all of which I will try hard to procure for you. However, settle that matter as you please; I leave it all to you; and when you have so done and let me know I will, if necessary, write the invitations and dispatch them. At all events, I shall see you in about a fortnight, if I live and do well.

"My crops look well, and I shall begin harvest sooner than most others. I shall have them all in before I come to town.

* His eldest daughter.

"Your picture is hung up, and is *magnifique*. It met with a small accident before it was hung up, and there is a hole in the canvas; but it is easily repaired—it is in the *water*.

"My best compliments to Mrs. Stanfield and Mary.

"Yours ever truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Broadstairs, Kent,
"Sept. 6, 1843."

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"A hundred thanks for your kind note, and the renewal of your hospitable invitation, and for your truly friendly suggestion in the joint matter of Macready and Liverpool. The same thought had occurred to me, but I felt it would seem so ridiculous to people who didn't 'know our country,' that I really lacked the courage to give it utterance. As soon as I heard what you had said, I resolved, of course, to keep away, and did so.

"It gives me great pleasure to find that you like the tickling. I shall go in again before I have done, and give the eagle a final poke under his fifth rib.

"I fear I cannot say, with any degree of certainty, sooner than the *third* week in October for the pleasures of Langham; but, please God, I shall be ready about the 19th or 20th. I will make this known to Maclise and Forster, and we will send you a threatening letter when the time approaches. Kate (that's Mrs. Dickens) is very thankful for your kind recollection of her, and begs me to say that she hopes to have the pleasure of knowing your daughter well. I fear, however, that she will not be fit for travelling.

A coming event casts its shadow before. Still, she can't make up her mind to a capital *No* yet.

"My dear Marryat,

"Cordially yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

"Langham, Sept. 11.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"It is a very difficult affair to get a good donkey and a large one. I do not know of one anywhere about here, except one in my own possession, who is of a large size, and very virtuous for a donkey, going well in harness and saddle, and very fast when he thinks proper. He has always been much petted, and with kindness will, I have no doubt, do well, especially if to fair words you add a few oats. It will further suit Charles's economy and my feelings if you will accept him from me; and of course you will call him *Fred the Second*. Am I to send him up by railway? If so, he must go to Norwich. What the expense will be I cannot tell, as I do not think that donkeys are enumerated among the passengers; but Charles can inquire in London, and when you write again let me know all about it. It will cost five shillings to get him to Norwich.

"Love to gr. ma and others.

"Ever yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

After getting in the crops he pays a flying visit to London, as he mentions to Mr. Forster.

"I was out of town two days after I went up. I was near you, at my lawyers, or I should not have had

time to call. There was no need of sending me down your note to prove your kind feelings. I gave you credit for them, without receiving the invite."

Later in the autumn he again writes:

"Langham,
"October 9, 1843.

"MY DEAR FORSTER,

"As you appear to be the locomotive which can put this first-class train in motion, and as this is the second week in October, I write to you to ascertain whether the honourable parties are still of the same mind, and intend to honour me with a visit. I am sorry that by putting it off they have lost so much fine weather—but there is a little sunshine left.

"Dickens said he would come in the third week in October, others the second—so how is it to be? I know not. All I can say is, that I shall be most happy to see them all; but at the same time, if it has become really inconvenient, from their engagements, I should be sorry that they should come down and consider it a bore. I do not consider that, although I asked them as a party, therefore a party it must remain. Let those come who like, and those who do not, put it off till another time. Those who can come will have a sincere welcome, those who cannot, sincere regret for their absence. But I know how difficult it is to make up a party, for 'many men have many minds.'

"I hope you received the second volume of 'Violet'—some queer stories!!!

"Let me hear from you, and believe me,

"Very truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

CHAPTER XVI.

Correspondence—Anecdotes of Captain Marryat's sons—He revisits London—
Letters to his friends—'The Settlers.'

"Langham,
"November 4, 1843

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"I should have written to you before, but I have been very much occupied and bothered these last few weeks. Frank came down here with Augusta and Emily* about for weeks back, and will remain, I presume, about the same time, when I hope he will be appointed to a ship. I have applied for a steamer on the home station, in which he may remain until we ascertain what may be the result of Belcher's catastrophe. They seem inclined to think that even if he raises his vessel he must come home; but still the Admiralty know at present no more than the public. My opinion is that he must come home to refit, as I do not find that he has saved any of his surveying paraphernalia—however, a short time will decide. Frank is very like Frederick in his humour and mischievousness, but considerably steadier, still not over steady. Like all midshipmen, he turns the house upside down, and very much disturbs the economy and well regulating of a family. I shall not be able to do much with his sisters until he is gone, as anything serious is out of the question. However, midshipmen do not remain long on shore, so at present I submit to it, although he ought to be always followed by a housemaid with a broom to sweep after him, and a carpenter to repair damages. The girls are doing well. * * * I have begun Italian with them, and shall keep them well

* His daughters.

employed as soon as Master Frank is summoned to serve his Queen and country. * * * I do not intend to have a governess for them. I can teach them, and will teach them, better than any governess can; and as for music, I do not think that Augusta will suffer much, as she has already had offers of instruction, &c., from some of the ladies here, and, when she is better acquainted, will get on very well, as she practices every day. We have a very musical neighbourhood here. By-the-by my young ladies have already obtained a reputation since their arrival, not for female accomplishments or beauty, but for being *true game* as the people call it—Emily for mounting a pony never mounted before (she soon parted company with him), and Augusta for doing what I am certain no man in this county would venture upon, knowing the consequences—which she did not. We were rat-catching the other day; our rats are very large and very venomous in their bites. It being a lady's amusement, I permitted the girls to be present, and Augusta actually seized with her hands, and held on for a minute until the dogs came, an enormous rat, whose bite would have crushed the bones of any finger she had. All the people present were astonished, not only at her boldness, but at her escape from being bitten, which was marvellous; and the rat-catcher himself said that he would not have done it for £5. In a county like this things get wind fast, and yesterday, when I was at the magistrates' meeting, they asked me how the young lady was who seized rats. You must know that our Norfolk rats are quite as large as well-grown guinea pigs, and a rat bite is a *two months' affair* at least, they are so venomous.

Since I have been here they have killed two of my ferrets in single combat, so you may imagine the size of them. However, 'All's well that ends well,' and I have made Gussy promise that she will leave rats in future for the dogs.

* * * * *

"I have got rid of my house in Spanish Place—not very well, but still it is off my hands, and no longer an expense. I have got a small premium, and £20 a year additional rent.

* * * * *

"This is a long letter for me to write. I hate the post, for every second letter is bad news, and I hate writing almost as much. If you let your house, come down, and economise; I can take you in with all your babies.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Of Captain Marryat's eldest son Frederick, mentioned in this letter (a fine, wild, generous fellow, who perished in his prime by the wreck of the *Avenger*), many stories might be told quite as amusing as those which signalised the early life of his father. He was a universal favourite, but the pranks he sometimes played in his profession alarmed even the least sober among his companions. Amongst his boyish escapades it is related how, when his ship once lay off Gib, he used to be selected to command the boat which took a certain blind admiral to and from the shore, and part of his duty consisted in telling the old gentleman whenever an officer saluted him in passing. The temptation to mischief was too strong for poor Fred; the warning, "Officer saluting you, sir," was given

upon all occasions, necessary or otherwise, and the old admiral was never allowed to rest quiet two minutes without raising his hand to his hat.

The trick played upon so important a personage having been discovered, Mr. Midshipman Marryat was transferred to another ship in disgrace; when he piled all his baggage in a boat so as to resemble a coffin, covered it with the Union Jack for a pall, and played the 'Dead March in Saul' on a cornopean as he was conveyed to his new destination.

On another occasion he was serving in a ship off Singapore, and not on the best terms with his captain, who, on giving a ball on board, omitted Mr. Marryat's name from the list of invitations. On the following day however, when all the glass and crockery which had been hired for the guests were ready packed to go back on shore, he was the one told off, with malice prepense, to command the boat. On receiving the order, Midshipman Fred appeared on deck slowly and indolently.

"Make haste, sir!" cried the indignant captain. "Run, sir—jump!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the ready response; and jump he did, right over the ship's side, and dashed into the midst of the hired crockery, the destruction amongst which may be better imagined than described.

The younger boy, Frank, was entered on the roll of the navy at the tender age of three years, and his father used to say that when he took him up for that purpose to the Port Admiral at Plymouth, and the officer, wishing to be gracious, patted the little one (who was attired in the costume of a seaman) on the head, with the observation, "Well, you're a fine little

fellow," the youngster set all the bystanders in a roar by the cool reply, "And you're a fine old cock too!"

It was not until the beginning of the next year that Captain Marryat revisited London.

"120, Pall Mall,
"January 10, 1844.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"Your letter of the 27th September I found at the Club on my arrival in town yesterday. I have been down in Norfolk for a long while, and am so occupied that I have not been six weeks in town these last eighteen months. I am sorry that it should have laid so long unanswered, as you must have thought not only that I was very rude, but that I intended to cut the intimacy, which is far from my intention. There is, I believe, an oscillation in everything in this world, and that is the only reason I can give for our apparent coolness, as on my side I have never thought of you but with pleasure; but I believe we both have had our own affairs to look after more seriously than before, and, in our own interests, we are apt to put aside our friends for the time being. I have been absorbed in felling, draining, building, and repairing, and have been out of the world for a long time. You, I know, have had your troubles and difficulties as well as I; and self for the time has made us forget each other. I believe this is a very rational way of accounting for our apparent coolness. I have not had the gout, but I did have a severe attack of rheumatism, which has compelled me to be more careful of myself than I usually have been. I am now fixed at Langham. We are all ruined by West India property being so bad. My brothers suffer most, but it will hit us all very hard. Patience, I can live upon my farm. I am

going to call upon Osmond as soon as I have finished this letter. Is there any chance of seeing you? God bless you! and belive me

"Most truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Pall Mall,
"January 16, 1844.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"I presume by your letter, which I have read with great pleasure, that you are not aware that I have given up my town house, and live altogether down at the manor at Langham; and moreover, I am farming on a large scale, so much so that my presence is almost always necessary, and that it is only perforce that I come up to this overgrown metropolis. I have been up for a fortnight as the utmost of my absence, and next Monday I shall be compelled to start back for Langham. I fear, therefore, that there is little chance of our meeting just now. Country life and country pursuits agree with me, and I can there cultivate the virtues of temperance and sobriety much better than when dining out in London, and being compelled to drink against my will. Many thanks for your kind invitation, but all your baits to me as a *gourmet*, added to what renders them *nil*, the wish to see you, cannot take me away from my farm. It must be attended to, or I shall not do well. You forget that there is large capital invested in a farm, and that a farmer is as much a man of business as a merchant.

"I should like very much that M. A. would come down to Langham, and stay a good stay with us. We could make her very happy; but I do not want two of them, as it would be one too many for the horses,

carriages, &c., and one would be obliged to remain at home, which is never pleasant. If she will come I will ask her, and come up for her. At all events, if she is inclined to come, I will arrange everything *comme il faut*. Tell her so when you see or write to her. — is sufficient chaperon for her, although I rather suspect that Miss A. is more fit to chaperon her; but custom is everything, and a small hoop of gold on the finger makes a flirt and coquette into a trustworthy matron. I really beg F——'s pardon for not mentioning her, but I was thinking of her mother. Pray, kiss her for me, and some day I hope to have the pleasure of letting her learn what sort of a person her godfather is.

"Adieu! God bless you! Kind regards to your husband, and

"Very sincerely yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

The annexed letter from the author of 'Little Pedlington,' is introduced here, as it may be interesting to many who knew him, or have laughed over his writings:

"Brighton,
"39, Black Lion Street,
"March 4.

"MY DEAR MARRYAT,

"Did you ever receive a letter from me, dated a long while ago, in reply to yours of about the same date? You never told me you did. Are you settled in the country for life? Everybody has sought for information from me upon that point—Yates, Crofton, Price, Frank Mills, in short, as I have said, everybody. All I have been able to tell them is, 'I don't know,'

which leaves them about as wise as they were before. What are you doing? Something, I suppose, more agreeable to the 'world' than merely planting and building. I—and I am sure you will be sorry to hear it—am doing nothing. For nearly eight months, since a short time before Christmas, I have been suffering the same calamity as, for a much longer period, afflicted Wilkie (the painter)—a suspension of mental power. For all that time I have not been able to produce a line, *literally, not a single line!* Like him, my general health is good; in conversation I am the same as ever. I can write a common note, but the instant I sit down to a sheet of paper to *work*, it is all *buzz*. I have been ordered out of town for change of air and scene—to go to Paris for a few weeks, or over to the French coast, and not attempt to write, as I have doggedly done daily; but all I have been able to accomplish is to come here, where I have been a fortnight. I read and walk a great deal, and think I begin to see daylight; and high time it is I should, for, as the articles I have *not* written have not fetched very high prices, this affliction (for it is no less) has played old gooseberry with me. But enough of that. I saw Chamier, who is here. He left G—— in Paris. G—— has written a book (nautical), and as he wants money (a most uncommon want!) Chamier thinks it would assist him if you would edit it.

"Chamier tells of a very silly gentleman, who went to one E——, a corn-cutter here. This gentleman having been relieved of his corns, the operator demanded forty-five guineas for his work; and the silly gentleman was silly enough to pay it! I say he was the greater fool, for he might have gone to a respect-

able surgeon and had his leg cut off for the money. I was told this by B——, who says the story is confirmed by B——, the banker.

"And so, my dear Marryat,

"Yours ever sincerely,

"JOHN POOLE.

"High water }
Haut eau } Is that a correct translation?

"The weather here is beautiful except the wind and rain, which are incessant. They spoil the races; and the more is the pity, for they are by *live* horses."

"Langham,
 "May 26, 1844.

"TO MRS. CHARLES MARRYAT,

* * *

"I am very quiet here, and do not go out on a visit once in three months. I have plenty to do, and have just begun to see my way clear. It has, until lately, been all money spent; now the returns come, not fast, but very satisfactorily. This rain has done my heart good, and my crops also. I was very short of grass indeed, and I began to tremble about my stock, for I have ten horses and seventeen cows to provide for. Fortunately, I sold my sheep in the spring. But now I think I shall do, and after the summer I shall have plenty of pasture for the future. I am on my legs from morning till night, for I am my own bailiff and superintend everything myself. I shall have a hard year of it this year, but next year I hope to be out of difficulty. The girls get on very well, and are very happy: they have plenty of amusement, and sufficient employment to make them enjoy it. I

consider them wonderfully improved, and so I think you would say.

* * * *

"But although I am much distressed by this unfortunate affair,* yet I am not unhappy. It is not great blows like these that disturb us; we get over them. It is the petty annoyances that make us miserable, and I thank heaven I have none of them. My children are good, my household do their duty, we have no quarrelling or discontent among ourselves, and I have plenty of employment that interests me, as there is profit and loss attending on it.

* * * *

"I am now printing my second work for children, 'The Settlers,' and I hope it will be out in June. I like it myself, and therefore I think the public will also. I do not think I shall come to town this year, unless I am obliged: I have no wish to come, and it costs money. I now look at a shilling twice before I part with it, and pocket coppers with complacency.

"Adieu, Caroline. *Toujours à vous,*

"F. MARRYAT."

"Langham,
"Friday, 15th, 1844.

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,

"I shall be most happy to give my votes to Margaret Emily Denny as soon as I receive the papers, which, by-the-by, they do not always send since I have been down here. Perhaps Charles will see to that when the time arrives. I have a letter from Frank, in which he states that he has joined the *Samarang*,

* Captain Marryat had received news that greatly distressed him a short time before.

and I have also information that the *Cambrian* is ordered to remain out till February, so that Frederick will not be home till June or July.

"Ellen ought to have made her appearance last night, and I sat up till twelve o'clock, although she should have arrived here at nine. I presume, Wednesday being a bad day for sight-seeing, she remained at Cambridge. I expect that a letter this morning will explain; and I shall probably not send this for another day, that there may be no alarm unnecessarily created by her non-appearance. I am glad to say that I have finished my new work for young people, and am again at leisure. I shall now play a little, although I have something ready to take up as soon as I feel inclined. I am sure that I work for my bread, and am thankful to God that I am favoured with the means of so doing. That polka is certainly an epidemic. I was at Raynham* before the girls came down, and the Townshends were dancing it there and gave me a lesson. Since the girls have been here it is polka upstairs and downstairs, in the dining-room before and after dinner, and I am pulled up to dance it every hour. They have commenced it in the kitchen, and one or two of the maids are pretty expert. We have established a Sunday-school, and, as they go two and two, I fully expect that they will polka to church and back again. Emily declares that it was the polka that David danced before the ark, an assertion which if difficult to prove is equally difficult to disprove. We have had sad blustering weather here, and at a time that we do not like it, as it interferes so much with getting in the wheat; mine is all in this afternoon, but many have a

* Seat of Lord Townshend.

great deal to sow yet. I am in great hopes that I have secured a governess, but cannot tell yet; at all events, she is a good musician, which is very important to me, as the expense of a master coming twenty-six miles—from Norwetch—is rather too much for a farmer; and one lesson costs more than it does to feed my whole household for a week.

"*Saturday*.—Ellen arrived yesterday evening in good preservation. She has been jigging it all over the country, having been at Cambridge, Newmarket, Bury, and Norwich, by way of a short cut.

"Adieu. *Le bon Dieu vous préserve.*

"*Toujours à vous,*

"F. MARRYAT."

During the summer of 1844 we still find Captain Marryat buried in the country, and resisting the many temptations held out by his friends to induce him to leave it.

Mr. Stanfield tries his hand at a little persuasion, but without effect.

"Charles Dickens is about to leave England with his family for one whole year, to visit foreign parts, previous to which we are about to bestow on the said Charles Dickens a complimentary dinner, to be eaten at Greenwich. Now, Forster, Maclise, and myself, who have the arrangement of the above dinner, would be very glad indeed if you could and *would* make one amongst us on the occasion. I wish you would! I think really a run up to town would do you good; at any rate, it would rejoice us much to have you with us on the present occasion."

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Langham,
"Sept. 24, 1844.

"I have had no intelligence to give you worth writing about. I have had one or two unsatisfactory letters from —, who falls very fast in my opinion of her. However, what is done cannot be undone. I also am afraid that you are right in your suspicions of —, and that she is playing a double game; but God only knows the secrets of all hearts. I do not want, however, to enter any more into the business at present. I have really been so worried, that I am glad to fly to any employment which will not allow me to think. Everything seems to go wrong, and I now give up all hopes of finding tranquility and quiet in this world. I must look for it in that where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;' and, provided I am prepared as well as a sinful mortal can be, I care not how soon it comes. If I want to live now, it is only that I may become a better man. * * * I intend, as I cannot come up myself till after Christmas, to send Florence and Caroline* up on Monday next, the 1st of December. They will be taken up by young Stanfield, who is down here on a visit, and will go to Mr. Hay's. I mention it to you as I think you said something about wanting to have them down at Wimbledon for a day or two, and, if you let me know what you wish, I will give directions accordingly. They are good, truthful children, although they are rather wild; but the latter is of no consequence.

* * * *

"We have raised wages here to enable the poor

* His two youngest daughters.

people to live, for bread has risen very high, although wheat is going down. We are also trying to get up a national school; whether we shall succeed or not I know not. There is a difficulty about the ground for building it upon, which is not yet got over; and then we have to raise the money, which is another difficulty. But this is a world of difficulties. Love to Ellen and Kate, and, dear mother,

“Yours most truly,

“F. MARRYAT.”

In the autumn of this year Captain Marryat published ‘The Settlers,’ the second story in the ‘Juvenile Library,’ and received the following communication from Mr. Hood:

“St. John’s Wood,
“Oct. 22, 1844.”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have been requested to introduce to you Mr. Moore, who has some literary proposal to make to you, which, as ‘The Naval War with Young France’ has evaporated, you may have leisure to entertain. I believe he wants a novel, not necessarily a three-decker, but in one, two, or three vols., according to the subject or the author’s inclination—to my thinking, a very sensible latitude.

“I am, my dear sir,

“Yours very truly,

“THOS. HOOD.”

The proposal made was that Captain Marryat should write a book, in three volumes, for a periodical about to be started, and called ‘The Novel Times.’ Nothing further, however, was done in the matter, as

he himself maintained to Mr. Moore that his name would "*do the publication more harm than good.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

Correspondence—System of reward and punishment—Affection for his children —'The Mission'—'Life of Lord Collingwood'—'The Privateersman'—More Letters—'Valérie.'

CAPTAIN MARRYAT attempted at this period to find a suitable person to undertake the education of his daughters, and Mrs. S—— appears to have interested herself in the search, as in a letter to her, dated Langham, November 16th, 1844, after complaining of the decreased value of West India property, he remarks, "But I did not imagine that the price of sugar could have had any effect, as it appears to have done, upon the governesses of Great Britain."

A week after, the subject is renewed in another communication to the same lady:

"Langham,
"Nov. 26, 1844.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"Many thanks for your trouble with respect to the coquetting Miss W. I have decided that I will do nothing until I go to London. Miss W. may have considered the circumstances by that time, and, if not, I should like to see Miss B. myself. My little girls must get on as they can till then, which they will have no objection to. I think of going up for a fortnight about Christmas time, and when I have procured a governess to leave with my girls during my absence, I shall then be able to come up in the spring, or at any other time that I feel inclined. They have sent me the 'Athenæum,' who is always very inveterate

against me. It has attacked 'The Settlers,' upon the same grounds as it has generally done my other works, 'That I am a quarter-deck captain who defies critics, and trifles with the public, writing carelessly and not even good English; taking it for granted that the public are to read just what I think proper to write.' There may be some truth in it, for all I know is, one does not know one's self. That I care nothing for criticism like the 'Athenæum's,' is, I fear, very true; and I believe I am a proud sort of person for an author, as I neither dedicate to great men nor give dinners to literary gentlemen, and dogs will snap if they are not well fed. You ask me about my next work. I am happy to say that it is finished, and in the press. It is composed of scenes and descriptions of Africa in a journey to the northward from the Cape of Good Hope—full of lions and rhinoceroses, and all manner of adventures, interspersed with a little common sense here and there, and interwoven with the history of the settlement of the Cape up to 1828—written for young people, of course, and therefore trifling, but amusing. Now you know all about it.

"A man has sent me an enormous number of documents relative to Paul Jones, and wished me to write his life. I have read them all, but am not yet decided. Three lives have been written already; but two are by Americans, who turn a renegade into a Nelson, and the third by his own family, who qualify down all his errors. A moral might certainly be drawn from the life of that man; but whether it would be interesting just now, I doubt. As I have not decided, do not say anything about it.

"Earl of — is an ass, and something worse.

Do you know that he represented his wife as dying, and courted Miss —— in anticipation? But his wife was quite well, and he could not anticipate as he wished. D'Orsay showed him the door, and he has never entered Lady Blessington's house since.

"You never sent me an answer about the ducks. Your basket will be thankfully received, and my girls say, 'the apricots by all means.'

"I suspect that there is a storm brewing for Peel, and that the malt tax and income tax together will produce such a cross sea that he will be swamped, or near it, unless he finds some means to batten down. At all events, I do not think that he will be able to keep his head above water and support the weight of both together; however, we shall see. I am not his well-wisher, that is certain; and I begin to suspect that I am a Whig, or something very near it: I certainly would ride in the coach if it only had a drag-chain. We have no news here. A little dog bit old Lady A—— in the leg the other day, and that has kept conversation alive for these last three weeks. We are all now ready for some other 'accident or offence' equally as important, as that topic is worn out and the leg is well again.

"Adieu! How glad I shall be to see you again.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

The book here alluded to was 'The Mission,' published in 1845. Apropos of the contemplated visit to town, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth says, "I hope your agricultural pursuits will prosper. It must be quite a new life to you. When you come to town at

Christmas, I hope you will bear in mind that you will find a hearty welcome here. Let me have a line on your arrival."

But the project was not carried out, as on the 26th of December we find him again writing from Langham:

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"The small box has just arrived, and I deferred writing to you until I could announce its safety; moreover, I have tried one of the cigars, and pronounce them excellent. I have not yet tried the Manillas, but as I am about to proceed to Holt to get some money for my wheat, and we have a fog as thick as mustard, in another hour I shall have a very favourable opportunity. When Manillas are good, they are very good—perhaps preferable to Havanas; but it is hard to find them old enough, for they are not ripe till seven to ten years of age. You see I speak *en amateur*, if not *en connoisseur*. I am interrupted, and shall have to defer this letter one day's post, as time and money wait for no man, at least they don't with me, as they both fly. I have been in a peck of troubles—domestic, agricultural, legal and pecuniary, but have got pretty well out of them, although I still have an action or two against me for goods supplied to my thoughtless boys. I wish, among other things taught at schools, they would teach them the value of money. I reply to you distinctly that I have postponed my going to London till February, unless imperative circumstances require my presence, and I anticipate great pleasure in meeting you on my arrival.

"Lady M—— going to be married! I did not think she was such an Irish jackass. I'd as soon go to church with a paint-pot! Mercy on us! I have no doubt but that her ladyship has, since the proposal, a thousand times compared herself to Ninon de l'Enclos. And she has painted her ceiling in clouds *d'azure*. Well, let her hear me or not, I will say it, 'There is no fool like an old fool.' Nevertheless, I shall be happy to meet you there or anywhere. Many thanks for your offer of the Chinese gong, but is it not rather a queer kind of keepsake? A keepsake is given to remember you by, and am I to couple you with horrible discord? No, that won't do. By-the-by, I sent you a turkey, and I hope it came to table. I assure you we have a great many good things down here on the farm and property, and I would feed you well, if ever you would summon up sufficient heroism to undertake the journey; but we will talk of that when we meet.

"The Manillas are not so good as they might be, they are too new. What a dreadful thing is that death of poor Clara Webster! Just two minutes before she was to dance the *pas seul* in which she was, poor girl, anticipating enthusiastic applause, thinking of anything but her fate. Well may we say, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

* * * * *

"How is my goddaughter and how old may her little ladyship be?

"Farewell for the present. Emily wants me to play piquet, and as she is alone with me I must not let her feel dull.

"Yours ever truly,
"F. MARRYAT."

Piquet was a very favourite game with Captain Marryat, and he had taken great pains to teach his children to play it sufficiently well to be his opponents; but, in order that their interest in the performance might emulate his own, the stake invariably consisted of sugar plums provided by himself. These trifles, put on paper, look sadly insignificant; but, if a feather shows the way the wind blows, the index to a man's character is far oftener to be found in private than in public life—in little than in great things; and when a father is alone with his children, his true feelings rise to the surface. Many people have asked whether Captain Marryat, when at home, was not "very funny." No, decidedly not. In society, with new topics to discuss, and other wits about him on which to sharpen his own—or, like flint and steel, to emit sparks by friction—he was as gay and humorous as the best of them; but at home he was always a thoughtful, and, at times, a very grave man; for he was not exempt from those ills that all flesh is heir to, and had his sorrows and his difficulties and moments of depression, like the rest of us. At such times it was dangerous to thwart or disturb him, for he was a man of strong passions and indomitable determination; but, whoever felt the effects of his moods of perplexity or disappointment his children never did. To them he was a most indulgent father and friend, caring little what escapades they indulged in, so long as they were not afraid to tell the truth. "Tell truth and shame the devil," was a quotation constantly upon his lips; and he always upheld falsehood and cowardice as the two worst vices of mankind. He never permitted anything to be locked or hidden away from his children, who were allowed

to indulge their appetites at their own discretion; nor were they ever banished from the apartments which he occupied. Even whilst he was writing, they would pass freely in and out of the room, putting any questions to him that occurred to them, and the worst rebuke they ever encountered was the short, determined order, "Cease your prattle, my child, and leave the room," an order that was immediately obeyed.

For, with all his indulgence of them, Captain Marryat took care to impress one fact upon his children—that his word was law.

The long-intended visit to London was accomplished in the early part of February, and the following letter was despatched from his old lodgings in Pall Mall:

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"120, Pall Mall,
"Wednesday.

"I don't write to say that I am safe here, because you would have heard if I had not been, but because I like to write to you and I think you like to hear from me.

"I have been busy enough since I have been here. The B——s have not turned up yet. Have they left you? I want to see Peter very much. I saw Lady Morgan to-day; she is far from well—influenza; speaks in high terms of you. Went down to Gore House—nobody at home but little E——. Yesterday dined at the de Bathes' and from thence went to a get-up at Dickens': very pleasant indeed—lots of fun—Wilson and Parry sung; children had then a ball and supper, and made speeches, and sung convivial songs; afterwards, ball and capital supper; everyone there: Talfourd, Macready, Cruikshank, Landor, Stanfield, Forster, and a hundred more. Left Mrs. G—— dancing Sir

Roger de Coverley like mad. I hope you are better. Has D—— returned? How's my little Flo? I dine with Ainsworth to-day. No politics at present; but they say that Peel will not touch the Corn Laws much; if he attempts it he will be thrown on his back. Since Ellenborough has been sent to the Admiralty the name is changed to the 'Elephant and Castle House of Call.' They ask, Why must officers in future study litigation instead of navigation? Because they must go to law before they can get a ship. What was Joan of Arc made of? She was Maid of Orleans. Is that new?

"Ever yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

Notwithstanding the numerous letters that had passed between Captain Marryat and Mrs. S—— on the subject of their meeting, it did not, after all, take place, as a fortnight later we find him back again at his country house—when he writes:

"Langham,
"February 25, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"You are a very provoking personage. You told me that you would be in town the first week in February, and requested that I would arrange so as to meet you, which I did at some inconvenience to myself. On the 3rd of February I went to London, and immediately went to Priaulx and made inquiries. He said that you were not come, and would not come, he was certain. I remained in town till the 22nd, when I was obliged to return down here, and now you write to tell me you are coming up. Thus, you perceive, I kept my appointment, and you did not keep yours; moreover I loaded

myself with the —— correspondence, as I had promised to bring it up to you, and had to lug it all down again; and I hardly need say that I was very much disappointed. There is certainly no chance of our meeting now, as I could not possibly come up again; and we must live on hopes.

"Let me hear from you if you have time. It will be all the consolation left me. Kind regards to your husband, and

"Ever yours truly,
"F. MARRYAT."

"Consolation" appears to have arrived by return of post.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"Langham,
"February 28, 1845.

"It does appear rather arbitrary to insist upon my making an apology for having kept my engagement; but, as it must be I presume, I do apologize, and if you wish it, will promise never to do so again. You remind me of Tom Sheridan, when I lived with him, who, when people came to his own appointment, declared that they were so cursed punctual that he had not a moment to himself. Why I did not write was from Osmond's asseveration that you would not come; in fact, that you could not; and, as I presumed that he knew something of his aunt's movements, I believed him. I never accused you, or any other woman, of being either Mede or Persian; and I should not fancy a woman of that description, if such a one is to be found. Your great charm consists in your variety, and although fickleness may be a great fault, yet, somehow or another, it causes us men to be more

assiduous; what we are certain of soon becomes indifferent to us, and that is the cause why matrimony is sometimes a little wearisome. What do I think of Sir R. P——? I think that he is a great man because others are so little, nothing more. I think he is a humbug, and I dislike him most amazingly; but I am more disgusted with the cowardice of those who support him after his having broken faith with them. I *did* see the d'Orsay and *miladi*. I *did* promise to dine with them, and I did *not* keep my promise; but I made the same to so many that I could not keep one promise without breaking another, and that neutralised the sin and satisfied my conscience. The fact is that I was divided between my mother's sick-bed and looking out for a governess for my children. I succeeded at last, and bore her down in triumph to this place; and, as far as I can judge, she will do very well and appears to be well satisfied with her position. If Sir —— would serve us agriculturists he would send away this frost, for I assure you it is now becoming very serious. The wheats are very much injured and the stock are starving—another ten days and thousands and thousands must perish for want of food. We are feeding our sheep upon oil-cake now, but that cannot last long, as very little is left, and it has risen already to ten pounds the ton. I am better off than my neighbours, and that is all I can say; but the foreign cattle imported here brought over with them an epidemic, which saves us the expense of feeding a large proportion of those which are left. As for the labourers they are literally starving; for those who would give them work cannot while this frost lasts, as it has put a stop to everything except eating.

"I regret, as much as you do, not having seen you, but we are all the slaves to circumstances and they lead us by the nose hither and thither. It is to be hoped that in following our noses we may again stumble upon one another. Next June we shall have a railroad within distance, and then I shall persuade you to come down here and see how I am rusticating among the pigs and calves.

"Very truly yours,

"F. MARRYAT."

In March he writes to a friend in town:

"Very busy getting in the barley and praying for the grass to grow, that the stock may not starve. I suspect that there will be a hiatus between the turnips and the grass of about a fortnight, during which the cattle must fast, as the farmers have no hay."

And two months later, in a letter to Mr. Forster dated May 27th, he says:

"How pleasant is the grumbling farmer's lot,
The world forgetting—by the world forgot."

"So Pope might have said, if he had pleased, with about as much truth as in the case of the vestal. I am tied down here and do not think I shall be able to come to town this season, unless it be late in next month for a few days. The grass is growing at last, but we still require sun."

The long expected governess, when eventually secured and transplanted to Langham, was not received by the children, who had been accustomed to have their own way in everything, with much enthusiasm; and their father was the friend to whom they invariably appealed for protection against her authority. Captain

Marryat had rather an original plan with respect to punishment and reward. He kept a quantity of small articles for presents in his secretary; and at the termination of each week the children and governess, armed with a report of their general behaviour, were ushered with much solemnity into the library to render up an account. Those who had behaved well during the preceding seven days received a prize, because they had been so good; and those who had behaved ill also received one, in hopes that they would never be naughty again: the governess was also presented with a gift, that her criticism on the justice of the transaction might be disarmed. Thus all parties left the room perfectly satisfied: an end which, Captain Marryat used to observe, it required some diplomacy to attain.

This governess was in the habit of restraining the children's thoughtlessness by the imposition of fines or lessons when they tore their clothes; but, as tearing their clothes was an event of daily occurrence, the punishment became rather heavy; and one of the younger ones, having made a large rent in a new frock, ran in dismay to her father in order to consult him how best to escape the impending doom. Captain Marryat, without any regard to the future of the garment in question, took hold of the rent and tore off the whole lower part of the skirt. "Tell her *I* did it," he said in explanation as he walked away.

In the spring of 1845 'The Mission' was completed, and announced for publication; when Mr. Forster wrote, "Now that you have knocked off another little book, you have doubtless a little breathing time. What would you say to giving a month or two

to a short biography, of about a volume, something of the size and manner of Southey's 'Nelson,' and the subject, 'Collingwood'?"

This biography was never written, but that it was contemplated is evidenced by the following extracts from Captain Marryat's letters:

"I should like to write about Collingwood, but, if I were to write it in anything like a stipulated time I should not do it well. Biography is most difficult writing, and requires more time and thought than any original composition, and if I take it up I must be free as air."

And again: "With respect to your inquiry as to my reasons for not writing 'Collingwood', one is, that I have lately taken to a different style of writing, that is, for young people. My former productions, like all novels, have had their day, and for the present at least will sell no more; but it is not so with the *juveniles*; they have an annual demand, and become *a little income* to me; which I infinitely prefer to receiving any sum in a mass, which very soon disappears somehow or other."

April 5th, he again writes to Mr. Forster:

"I never see any books here, except those in my own library. I am on my legs the best portion of the day, and have hardly time to get through the newspapers. If you can manage it, come down and stay here—*you* shall do as you please, and so will I. The weather is beautiful, and the country is really, without exaggeration, one *mass of violets*. I am very busy getting my barley in. *Vale*.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

In May he managed to leave his farm for a few days and run up to town.

"United Service Club,
"May 8.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"Augusta and I arrived in town last night, having been detained longer than I expected.

"Mr. Hay tells me that Frederick is at the *Golden Cross*, Charing Cross, so that we are not very far apart; but I have heard nothing about him, except that Mr. Hay thinks his ardour for painting has very much evaporated since he has found that he cannot make a hundred guineas in a day's work.

"I shall know more by to-morrow. I have not seen anybody, for Joe was in the city, Mary in the academy, and neither came home till dinner-time.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

On returning to Langham he writes, in July, as follows:

"Langham,
"July 16, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S—,

"Your letter has remained a long while unanswered; but I received it just as I was starting for London, and have been so occupied that I have not been able to reply to it. I did not, like you, go to London for pleasure: it was Law and Chancery that drove me up; and I only staid a week, and then came down again to prepare for a trial which comes on at Norwich, if not compromised, on Monday next. I am at issue with one of my tenants, who will not fulfil his covenants and will ruin my property if he is allowed to go on

as he does now. I am forced into law, and cannot help myself. I only hope a 'happy issue out of all my afflictions.' I did receive 'Sybil,' and read it with pleasure; many thanks to you for it. How much it has become the fashion, I may say, to hold up the lower classes: Jerrold, Disraeli, Mrs. Norton, and Dickens, I may add, are all at it; and they will produce some good by their constant efforts. I saw very little of — when in town. I happened to say to him that if my tenant gave up his farm, I should require more capital than I had to carry it on; and I thought afterwards that he had a suspicion that I was about to request a loan of him, for he never was to be seen afterwards. He was very much mistaken, if he did think so; for I would sooner borrow money of a Jew, at fifty per cent., than borrow of even my own mother or relations. With a Jew I am under no obligation, and that is why. But the fact is, I do not want to borrow at all and I only said so, talking, as people say, promiscuously. My little girls are quite well, and the governess gets on smoothly. She has her faults, but who has not? She is too imperative to the servants, and too fond of fruit and sweet things, both of which are bad examples to children. She is still as cold as ever, and as it is of no use attempting to warm her I have let all the fires go out.

"I expect my eldest son home from India in a few days; so that we shall be a large party. Recollect that Miss Cushman, the American actress, is a great friend of mine; and I shall give her a letter to you when she goes to Liverpool, and you must be kind and useful to her if you can. I mean the last, when I say if you can—the first you can't help. I send you

an order for 'The Mission,' which is approved of; and now I must say farewell.

"Good-bye, God bless you.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

This tenant, the same who fitted up the drawing-room of the manor as a public sleeping-place, proved very difficult to eject. He would not compromise, and, therefore, Captain Marryat was compelled to attend the assizes, as his letter from Norwich will show:

"Norwich,
"July 23, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"Your letter arrived just as I was setting off for this town, to try a cause at the assizes—being an action that I have brought against one of my tenants for breach of covenant. It has already given me much trouble, hurrying me from town and to town, so that I have been in a constant state of bustle and motion for the last six weeks; and it has proved, as you may suppose, a great worry—I may say, a new sort of worry to me; for I never was in court before. However, it is not to be expected that a man is to pass away his whole life without being involved in law, and I take it as a portion of the 'ills which flesh is heir to.' Now that I am writing to you the trial is just coming on, and I am sitting here, not choosing to appear in court myself, as I think it shows an anxiety about your cause unworthy of a philosopher. I have to do with fellows who stick at nothing, and who are trying to outswear me—which is their only chance, and I am sorry to say a very good chance too, in this

part of the world. I send you an order for the other two volumes of 'Masterman Ready,' but for the autograph you must wait for another opportunity.

* * * *

"I sincerely hope that you will be settled in London; it will suit you much better than that half Yankee town of Liverpool; and then, as soon as the railroad opens, I shall hope to see you once more. You will be able to get a very good and spacious house on the other side of Oxford Road, in the Cavendish Square thereabouts, for £100 per annum, or a little more; and as nobody will care where you live, you need not care yourself. I am glad to hear well of the A——s. I presume by L—— you mean the eldest. She will make a good wife to any one who deserves her. My teacher seems to improve a little, as far as the servants are concerned; but she has a very sweet tooth, and is always talking of what nice things she had when she lived at some other house with a wealthy corn-factor. I am afraid she must live now upon the remembrance of them. It is a sort of race between her and my children, who shall get the fruit first out of the garden as it ripens. However, I never interfere about these small matters.

"A message from the Shire Hall, saying the opposite party desire to compromise, if they can. The attorneys have met; but I am almost positive that they will not come to terms.

"Poor Mrs. ———! Gaiety may 'keep up her health and spirits'; but let her be omitted in the list of invitations where she anticipates going, or let any other trifle hurt her vanity, and she would vote London a nuisance and set off on a tour a month sooner

than she intended. However, she is right to make the most of the present, for life is short, and all is vanity and, but too often, vexation of spirit.

"Four o'clock. I left my letter open. They could not come to a compromise, and the trial took place. I have gained my cause, with £150 damages. I am glad it is over, and I hope never to be at law again.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

In the same month Mr. Ainsworth, having purchased the 'New Monthly Magazine' from Mr. Colburn, asks his old friend to become a contributor. "You will confer the greatest favour upon me, if you will write for me and lend me the weight of your name;" and after suggesting a novel, he continues: "but if this plan does not suit you, at least let me have two or three short tales or sketches of any sort." The consequence of this request was, that the number of the 'New Monthly' for August contained a story by Captain Marryat, of which Mr. Ainsworth writes: "The 'Log' reads capitally, and I hope you will approve the heading I have given it. You must give a longer 'extract,' twelve pages or a sheet, next month, and let us have it early."

In the following note to Mr. Forster, Captain Marryat does not appear to have quite given up the idea of writing Lord Collingwood's life:

"Langham, August 21.

"MY DEAR FORSTER,

"I return the proof, which is quite correct. I am reading for 'Collingwood', but I think I must read

more, and perhaps apply to his relatives for matter, before I shall have enough to make *one* volume. However, it is too soon to decide that point. When you see Stanfield say I inquired if he was alive. Remembrances to Dickens. I have been helping 'Blue and Yellow Fire,' as I call him—Ainsworth, I mean—in his 'New Monthly,' and that has put me back a little.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Mr. Forster was not behind his other friends, in trying to coax him to return to the world which he had left:

"Look at this bill enclosed; it is all Dickens's doing. I am a lamb at the slaughter. *But will you come up?* Stanny, and all of us, are in it. Dickens plays Bobadil. I have kept my *best place* for you, if you will come. Tell me, and you shall have the card of invitation by return of post. Many are coming from far greater distances than Langham. *Do come.* I shall be so pleased to hear 'Off, off,' and 'Fling him over!' (for hear them I suppose I must) from your friendly voice. Now, be a gentleman—a trump—a first-rater, and come 'special' for the play. Tickets are at a premium, I can tell you."

"MY DEAR FORSTER,

"Would you have me disinherited? And yet, to accede to your proposal, and at the same time to gratify my own wishes, would probably have such a result. My honoured mother, for the first time, comes down here in state to pay a visit to her son—and I expect her in a few days. It is impossible for me to

be absent at the time or to go away while she is here. If it were not as I say, I would come with great pleasure; but *I dare not*. I do think, however, that, once begun, it will go on and I shall have another chance; then I will not only come, but snuff the candles, play the lion, or the hind legs of an elephant for you, just as you please.

"Got through the letters at last, thank heaven. By-the-by, I have been reading for 'Collingwood,' and up to the present I do not think that a *life* of Collingwood could be written—the materials are so meagre, and it must be wholly composed of what is already in print and well known. Still I am not certain, and I shall begin to read again in a few days.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Captain Marryat's next letter to Mrs. S—, dated August 20th, is chiefly on business, unimportant to any one but himself; the remainder only therefore is transcribed:

"With respect to speculating in railroads, I am aware that much money has been and is to be yet made, but I also know that the loss must eventually fall upon somebody, and there must be a crash by-and-by. As long as people do not hold they may continue for some time to make money; but the great point is to bide your time. A railroad speculation is composed of two tides: you start it at young flood and up it goes till you arrive at high water; then comes the ebb, and those who embarked too late find themselves aground. I will not speculate except in cattle. A large farm is a heavy yearly speculation

upon the seasons, and quite as much as I choose to embark in, as I like to sleep sound at night.

"You are very kind to promise me some grouse; I am very fond of those interesting little animals and hope you will not forget me. Do not be afraid of their condition, as I like them high. I really wish you would write your confessions, I will publish them. I have a beautiful opening in some memoranda I have made of the early life of a Frenchwoman, that is, up to the age of seventeen, when she is cast adrift upon the world, and I would work it all up together. Let us commence, and divide the tin; it is better than doing nothing. I have been helping Ainsworth lately in the 'New Monthly,' and I told him that I had commenced a work called 'Mdlle. Virginie,' which he might perhaps have. Without my knowing it, he has announced its coming forth; but it does not follow that he is to have it, nevertheless, and indeed he now wishes me to continue one that I have already begun in the magazine.

"My boy Frederick is with me, just come home from Hong Kong—a very queer, eccentric fellow, as idle as he is talented. He has taken possession of the pipe you gave me, and smokes awfully. My young ones are all well. I expect my mother down here on the ninth of September, and am preparing to receive the old lady with all the honour due to her age and grey hairs. *Addio*, or as Fred says, *Chin, chin*, which is the Chinese salutation.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

The work alluded to was 'The Privateersman,' first

soon as they are promoted. They have given him three months leave, and *nous verrons*.

"I cannot possibly come down to you at the time that you mention, and I assure you the very idea of taking the chair at a meeting would be enough to keep me away. I have a great horror of any publicity. Time was, but time is. Moreover, I am convinced that you gain in public opinion now by keeping quiet. There are so many thrusting themselves forward on the public, most of whom are found wanting, that they serve to direct people's attention to those who do not seek popularity. Some of these days, like another Cincinnatus at his plough, I may have a deputation, and if it never does come, so much the better. I have had my swing, tried and tasted everything, and find that it is vanity. I have also just found out that I have been writing upon two sheets of note paper instead of one, which is not economy.

"But I could not pay you a visit at the time you mention, as, at the commencement of November, law business begins; and I am told that my tenant, rather than pay the expenses of the action which terminated in my favour, means to make a fraudulent bankruptcy and walk off. Now, I could not be away at such a time, and if he does do so, I shall have to farm the whole property, 700 acres, and shall have enough to do to get through the business. I do with all my heart wish that we lived nearer, but it is no use wishing. Come and see you as soon as I can get away I certainly will, and then we can talk over this, that, and everything else in the world. In the meantime, with kind regards to your husband,

"Ever yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

"Langham, Sept. 28, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S——,

"I have to thank you on my bended knees for a basket of grouse, which arrived in good order and were very acceptable. My honoured mother was, however, gone before their arrival—that was her fault. The grouse, by-the-by, remind me of the black-cock that you sent me last year. I gave one to a large farmer, a neighbour of mine, who had been very civil, and he was so astonished at it that he took it the following day to Fakenham market, to show to the rest of his fraternity, and there was as much admiration and astonishment at it as if it had been a mermaid or the King of the Cannibal Islands. You see we are very primitive down here. Harvest was finished last night—all got in well, and in good condition. To-morrow the men have the harvest-home dinner, and the next day they put apart to get drunk; such being the invariable custom of the county. It certainly does appear that we English will always have some excuse to get fuddled whenever we can. I proposed, last year, that they should get drunk on the day of the harvest dinner, but they scouted the idea—they would have a day for intoxication entirely—such was the custom. It was true that they would lose a day's wages, but they must do as their forefathers had always done before them. Perhaps they are right; for one day in the year they will forget their cares, and then get up next morning to renew their year of toil. It is but the Saturnalia of slaves.

"I presume —— has told you that I wrote the letters in question. I did tell him, because we had a

conversation on the subject of the game laws last year, when Bright held his committee, and I said that I would give my opinion in print. I do not know whether you agree with me, but I believe that every word that I have written is true. It would, however, displease my neighbours here very much if they knew that I had written those letters, and therefore I have not mentioned it to anybody else but —— and Forster of the ‘Examiner.’ Do not, therefore, say that you know for positive that they were my writing.

“Now that the harvest is over, the farmers are speculating upon the turnip crop, which, if it does not mend, will certainly be but a moderate one. They say that farmers are always grumbling, and perhaps they are not exactly grumbling, but doubting and fearing. Each season brings its cause of anxiety, its lottery, and a blank very much deranges all the farmer’s speculations. Now we want rain. I have often thought, since I have farmed, how different my feelings have been, as to the weather, to what they used to be when I had nothing to do; then I always wanted fine weather, and grumbled if I got up in the morning and found it was a wet day. In London they always want fine weather. Sad, selfish mortals we are—that’s certain. *Addio!* I am not head-achy, but I have more letters to write.

“Yours truly,

“F. MARRYAT.”

The letters here alluded to were part of a series published in the ‘Examiner,’ under the title of ‘Letters of a Norfolk Farmer.’ They formed a protest against the restrictive laws upheld at that time by Sir Robert Peel; and their peculiar excellence consisted in the

fact that they were written entirely from the farmers' and agricultural labourers' point of view, and urged in their interests only. Writing to Mr. Forster on the subject, Captain Marryat says: "I have been amusing myself with putting together my thoughts and knowledge of the condition of the agricultural class—I mean the common labourer principally—and I believe I know more of the subject than anything I have seen in print. What I can say is from personal knowledge. I was thinking of writing some letters to Peel as a Norfolk farmer: 'The Poor Man *versus* Sir Robert Peel.' It would not do to put my name to them, as they would be anything but *Conservative*, but they would be the *truth*."

"Shall I send you the first letter? I think it would do for the 'Examiner,' and if you like them I will continue, as I have it all in my head."

With reference to the same subject, he writes:

"MY DEAR FORSTER,

"According to your wish I send you up the first letter to Sir Robert. I hope you will be able to read it. It goes but a little way, merely pointing out the causes of the agricultural labourer's distress. *After* my next I intend to point out how he may be benefited in some way; and after that I go to the *Game Laws*, which I will prove to be the source of much mischief. Of course you can make little out of it from what I send you up, and I think, perhaps, it would be better if I wrote them *all* first and let you see them. I think it would not make a difference of ten days to him, which would be of little consequence. However, you can tell me if you like the first; and, if

you choose to insert it, I think you had better send me down the slips, that I may correct it, as my writing is not very legible. If it don't suit there is no harm done. Recollect, I cannot answer by *return* of post from this place.

"Yours truly,
"F. MARRYAT."

And somewhat later: "I send you up the second letter, which, with the first, I think, will be hardly Radical enough for the paper; but I like to begin quietly, as people then *read*. The third, and the others that follow, shall be more to your liking; but do not for a moment suppose that I shall be *affronted* if they are *rejected*—I am too old a hand for that; all I request is that you will return them to me. Not exactly agreeing in politics is no proof that what I write is not well written or is not true; therefore no ceremony with me."

During the year 1846, Captain Marryat employed what leisure he had for writing on the production of 'The Children of the New Forest' and 'The Little Savage,' only two chapters of the second volume of which was written by himself.

In another part of this volume will be found the commencement of a juvenile tale on the subject of Farming. Had the author lived to complete it he might, perhaps, have discovered the secret of farming with profit, which during his lifetime he failed to do, as the subjoined extracts, taken at random from his farm accounts, will fully evidence:

		£	s.	d.
1842	Total receipts	.	.	154 2 9
"	Expenditure	.	.	1637 0 6
1846	Total receipts	.	.	808 12 6
"	Expenditure	.	.	2023 10 8

His agricultural vagaries appeared almost like insanity to those steady plodding minds that could not understand that a man may have genius and no common sense. Captain Marryat prided himself on possessing common sense, and would have been very much hurt if any one had hinted to the contrary; but his proceedings did not bear testimony to the idea. He had a passion for sinking money and selling his landed property. The very estate he farmed had come to him by exchanging Sussex House at Hammersmith for Langham, over a bottle of champagne with its late owner; and the sums he expended on the place were extravagant.

"Why! what money you are sinking!" remarked his younger brother to him on one occasion.

"If you'd a head on your shoulders you'd know the money's in the ground, young sir, in the ground!" was the rejoinder. "Better buy an estate yourself and follow my example."

"So I will, when I see the money *come out again*; till then I shall content myself with the Three per Cent. Consols,"—at which answer the Captain roared.

One of his pet hobbies was his decoy,—in order to make which he had, to the astonishment of his Norfolk tenants, flooded some hundred acres of his best grazing land. The plan, for a wonder, succeeded; the decoy became prolific, and produced some five thousand birds yearly for the supply of the London market. A few years later, when it was in full working order, Captain Marryat caused it to be drained again.

One morning, at Langham, he burst into his

brother's bedroom at 3 o'clock, full of a plan for draining the salt marshes round Clay-by-the-Sea, by which means he should "be a millionaire in no time," and he was going to see Lord C. T—— and K—— about it at once; such was the burning activity of a mind that never rested. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Langham proved less profitable than amusing to him, and that his son, on entering on his inheritance, found himself weighed down by a responsibility which he was unable to sustain.

At this period, Captain Marryat was particularly engrossed by the business of the farm, as, by the ejection of the refractory tenant, more than seven hundred acres of the estate had returned upon his hands and gave him plenty of employment. At the close of the year he wrote thus to his godchild, Florence S——:

"Langham, Nov. 6, 1846.

"MY DEAR FLORENCE,

"I was very glad to receive your nice letter. It was very well written for a little girl like you, and I wish my godchild to learn very fast and be very clever.

"Where is your Mamma now? Is she in France with Willy? If she is at home again I wish to know, that I may send her a basket of wild fowl; but I do not like to send them if she is not at home, so tell your Mamma to write to me and let me know.

"The picture of the Chain Pier at Brighton on the top of your sheet of paper is very pretty.

"I am not certain whether I can come to see you at Waterloo on Christmas Day. I have my daughter Augusta with me, and I do not know whether there

is room for us both; so your Mamma must write herself and invite us, as I cannot come without Augusta.

"Give my love to your sisters, and believe me, my dear Florence, to be

"Your affectionate godfather,

"FREDK. MARRYAT."

The visit to Waterloo did not take place, the Christmas of 1846 being spent by Captain Marryat amongst his family. In the beginning of 1847, he again writes to his godchild:

"Langham, 4 Jan. 1847.

"A happy new year to you, my dear little Florence, and may you be a good little girl the whole of the year 1847; then you will be loved by everybody, and I shall be proud of my little goddaughter.

"I am very glad that you had such a pleasant Christmas, and that your tree was so beautiful. I should have been much pleased to have been with you on that day, but I was too ill with the rheumatism, and could not venture to leave home. It was a great disappointment to me, but we must not expect to have our own way in this world, as you will find out when you have lived longer, and we must be cheerful and happy and not pout and be cross because we are disappointed in having what we wish.

"And now I will tell you how we passed our Christmas Day. We had a very small dinner by ourselves, but we thought of you and your fine Christmas tree, and how merry you were; but if we were not merry, there was a very merry party in the house; and if we did not feast, we had the pleasure of mak-

ing others thank God for having a good dinner. All the men who work on the farm were invited to a Christmas dinner in the kitchen, and they sat down two and twenty at the table in the servants' hall, and were waited upon by our own servants. They had two large pieces of roast beef and a boiled leg of pork; four dishes of Norfolk dumplings; two large meat pies; two geese, eight ducks, and eight widgeon; and after that they had four large plum puddings. Now Florence, these poor men work hard all the year round and never get anything to eat but bread for themselves and their wives and children; and they are thankful if, by hard labour, they can find bread to live upon. Don't you think then, dear, that they were pleased to have so many good things put before them, and don't you think that they ate very heartily? Indeed they did, and, as they had plenty of strong beer to drink, they made very merry, and enjoyed their Christmas Day. So you see, Florence, if we were prevented from being merry with you, we at least have the pleasure of making other people happy; and therefore Augusta and I were quite content to dine quietly alone. I hope to see you, my dear Florence, before long. I do not think that I shall leave this till the spring, as I have a great deal to do, for the poor people are out of work and I must find employment for them so that they may not starve, for things are very dear this winter, and, when I have so many people at work, I must remain here to show them what is to be done, or they would not know. But your Mamma says that you will be in town in the spring, and then the poor people will find work elsewhere, and I shall be able to come up and see you.

"So good-bye for the present; give my love to Mamma and your sisters, and believe me,

"Your affectionate godfather,

"F. MARRYAT."

During the summer of 1847 Captain Marryat went to London on business. This was just before the commencement of that disease which terminated, but a year afterwards, in his death—a disease to which he had shown a tendency in his youth, and which, now that he had attained the prime of his manhood and the full vigour of his intellect, was lying in wait to reduce his athletic form to emaciation, and weaken his mind until it was brought down to the level of a child's. Up to this period, he had been as strong and active as a young man, and notwithstanding his weight of fourteen stone, could leap a ditch or clear a railing with the agility of twenty-five. It was from his Club that, before he returned to Langham, he wrote to his daughter, Augusta:

"United Service Club, Friday.

"MY DEAR GUSSY,

"As yours is the only communication on a sheet of paper, you are entitled, *par excellence*, to the first reply. I intend to come down on Monday. William must walk the roan over on Monday morning, at five o'clock, to Dereham, in the mail cart, so as to get there in time for the horse to bait. I shall arrive about three or four o'clock at Dereham, and then proceed to Langham. All the elections will commence next week, so as to be over before harvest.

"Grandma is at Lindsay's on a *wisit*. Hays are

at Barnes, for country *hair*; Stanfield's at Hampstead—he is very ill yet. Everybody is out of town, or going out, and there's nothing going on, except balloons going up and coming down again. There's *not nothing whatsoever no how* to see or hear, except Jenny Lind, and I can't afford *she*. I shall be very glad to be back, but I cannot finish till to-morrow night and Sunday is not a day for travel. I am glad that Mary looks after the raspberries, and that she gives you black-currant puddings.

"This will probably be the last letter I shall write from *this here*. I may write to-morrow, but this is to be taken as final orders relative to sending for me.

"*Adieu, ma petite. Embrassez vos sœurs pour leur papa.* Tell Frank that I am satisfied with his conduct, as far as I know of it, he being his own trumpeter.

"Yours ever,

"F. MARRYAT."

To show the friendly and familiar terms on which Captain Marryat lived with his children, the following nonsense, sent to him by his youngest son, the midshipman, Frank, whilst he was absent, is inserted:

SONG, AFTER JOHN PARRY.

PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

AIR: *Fine Old English Gentleman.*

And so you're going to town, sir, as you've often done before,
To look into De Castro's, and to visit Mason's store?
Now, *don't* forget you've children, nor say that they're a bore,
But get them all they want, sir—and they'll ask for nothing more.

CHORUS: Like a fine old generous governor—
A brick of the modern time.

RECITATIVE.

Imprimis CAPERS (*imitate capers on piano*). Ah! I'll bet a crown,
 You'll cut enough of these when you're in town.
 My only fear is (*tremulous music*) that you'll cut so quick (*Quick movement!*)
 You'll have to cut your landlord, and your stick!
 (*Execute a panic, and the pursuit of duns, on the instrument*).

A pair of razors (*imitate razors*)—here you must not waver;
 They're wanted for the Baby* (*imitate baby*) that incipient shaver.
 The Baby says he has a deal of trouble (*nervous, disturbed music*)
 In getting steel to touch (*harsh, grating sound*) his infant stubble. (*Excruciating music*).

A silver watch, too (*imitate ticking*), if you've no objection,
 To watch the clocks, and keep them in subjection.
 Such clocks! My stars! (*Confused music*). Some walk, whilst others ran;
 The Hall is striking nine (*strike nine*), the Kitchen, one** (*strike one*).
 (*Confused striking of all the clocks together*).

Some soap, that we may scrub (*imitate scrubbing*) our hides at ease;
 For, *entre nous*, sir, yellow's not the cheese;
 If we've no soap (*soothing music*) how can we soap you down?
 Don't buy brown Windsor, or they'll do you brown!
 (*Music imitates customer being done brown*).

And many things besides (*music strikes notes of every possible variety*)—of
 paper, reams!
 Left to your generosity and means. (*Burst of RICH music*).
 If, after all, you find you have a balance (*balances*),
 Why, (*preparatory symphony, played with exquisite skill*), let us have the
 long-expected clarence!
 (*Music conveys the idea of going out to dinner, seventy miles, and coming back
 the same evening in the clarence*).

And so you're going to town, sir, as you've often done before,
 To look into De Castro's, and visit Mason's store;
 Now, don't forget you've children, or say that they're a bore,
 But get them all they want, sir—and they'll ask for nothing more.

Like a fine old generous governor—
 A bricksy-wickay-wickay of the modern time!

The effect of which effusion was that Captain Marryat bought the clarence. The first symptoms of his illness must have displayed themselves very shortly after his return home; for the following letter to his sister was written in August:

* His own nickname.

** Captain Marryat had sixteen clocks in Langham Manor, and it was a hobby of his that they should all strike simultaneously.

at Barnes, for country hair—
—he is very ill yet.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
August, 26, 1847.
"MY DEAR FANNY,
I have been very ill for six or seven weeks, hav-
ing broken a blood vessel twice; but I never trouble
people about my complaints in body, as I wish those
who regard me not to lament, and those who hate me
not to rejoice. I am now somewhat better, and have
been out in the open air, which gives me a
little strength, which I certainly now require; but, as
you may suppose, I am obliged to be very careful, as
the wound is not yet healed. The only advantage
gained by the accident is the loss of about two stone
weight, which I could well spare.
"Our harvest goes on well, and the crops are
great; this will not give us more money, but it will
more straw, and that is something.

"If Richard* wishes to come and see us, we shall
be most happy to see him; but he must put up with
the fare of a farm-house, for we make no pretensions
above our condition. He had better come down on
the 1st, or before, with his gun. We have plenty of
birds, and he can shoot some for you. Let me know,
and I will write and tell him how to proceed so as to
get here most conveniently.

"We are dried up here—not a pond of water left
for the stock; but we can't have everything. All the
harvest is in but the oats, and they will be down
about the first of September.

"My girls send their kind love, and so does Frank,
and I am,

"My dear Fanny,

"Yours affectionately,

"F. MARRYAT."

* Captain Bury Palliser.

In October, the second and concluding volume of the 'Children of the New Forest' appeared, of which the *Era* said: "Captain Marryat will look back at these works as those that have yielded him most pleasure and profit; and we believe they will outlast all else that he has written." And Mr. Forster, in advising Captain Marryat to alter the form of the 'Juvenile Library,' adds: "You ought to make a fortune out of these little books. I know no book of its kind so popular as 'Masterman Ready.' Children don't read it once, but a dozen times: and this is the true test." *

* Captain Marryat did make large sums by his writings—by the most popular of which, alone, he realised a fortune of £20,000. The following figures show what he received on first publishing the manuscripts:

1839	Diary in America	£
1837	Snarley Yow	1600
1836	Midshipman Easy	1300
1832	Peter Simple	1200
1833	Jacob Faithful	1100
1834	Japhet	1100
1834	Pacha of Many Tales	1100

CHAPTER XIX.

Unpublished Songs — 'The Victory' — 'The Impress' — 'Honest Will' —
 'The Cat' — 'Conspirators' Song' — 'Oh! we're getting very vulgar' —
 Commencement of a Tale for the 'Juvenile Library.'

THE following sea songs, and the commencement of a story for the 'Juvenile Library,' which were found as MS. in Captain Marryat's desk after his decease, are inserted simply because, where so little remains, it is supposed that every fragment will possess its value.

THE VICTORY.

I.

Stop the fiddle! cease your reeling!
 All now gather close to me.
 Silence, girls, while I'm revealing
 How we gained the victory.
 Off Trafalgar's Cape, long seeking,
 Nelson's flag was at the fore;
 In close order, two lines keeping,
 Down upon the foe we bore.

II.

In a crescent wide extended,
 They received us to engage;
 Soon the morning's brightness ended—
 All obscured by battle's rage.
 Up the bunting runs again, boys;
 Break the stops, the flags blow clear!
 When the signal was explained, boys,
 Then, indeed, there was a cheer!

III.

As lords like him cared not for booty—
 All but glory he rejects—
 He only said, To do his duty
 England every man expects!
 With folded arms, his lips compressing,
 Firm and silent, at his gun,
 Every man in heart confessing
 That signal had the victory won.

IV.

See, the *Royal Sovereign* proudly
 Pours her thunders on the foe;
 Broadside after broadside loudly
 Fills the decks with cries of woe!
 Heavy odds are five to one, boys;
 When was Collingwood afraid?
 Though the *Santa Anna's* won, boys,
 Haste, *Bellisles*, they need our aid!

V.

Now the *Victory*, canvas straining,
 On surges to the contest dire;
 Her pennant curls, as if disdainful
 E'en the whole line's centred fire.
 But now, her wrath no more controlling,
 Hark to that concentrated war!
 View that giant, trembling, rolling—
 'Tis the punished *Bucentaure*.

VI.

With our ships at once engaging,
 All our masts gone by the board,
 The unconquered *Bellisles* raging,
 Mocks the Spanish ensign lower'd.
 But our gallant vessels striding,
 Now relieve us from the foe;
 All in action fast arriving,
 See the Frenchman's flags below.

VII.

Should I all the logbook dwell on
 Of that great and glorious day,
 Good two watches would be well on,
 E'er I'd said but half my say.
 Suffice it is that with the thunder
 Amphitryt swooned with fright;
 Neptune's ears were split asunder
 With these proofs of Britain's might.

Unfinished MS.

THE IMPRESS.

WHEN they hauled me on board, somewhat loth I must own,
For a clip with a stretcher had made my head ring,
Why, the impress, thought I, it is but a forced loan
Which the service demands, and the right of our King.
So here's to the King, God bless him,
And here's to Her Majesty, too;
A sailor, although you impress him,
His duty will cheerfully do.

Once flogged by a splinter, as a Frenchman we fought—
A splinter which barked from the eye to the chin,
When down to the cockpit my maimed hulk was brought,
Say I, Shipmates, we bleed for our country and King.
So here's to the King, God bless him,
And here's to Her Majesty, too;
A sailor, although you impress him,
His duty will cheerfully do.

When my Nan would persuade me to cut and to run,
Says I, Nancy, desertion, d'ye see's a base thing;
As long as I'm wanted I'll stand to my gun,
While I've life I will fight for my country and King.
So here's to the King, God bless him,
And here's to Her Majesty, too;
A sailor, although you impress him,
His duty will cheerfully do.

And now that in Greenwich I at last am safe moored,
As I spin my long yarns, and my ditties I sing,
I bless the kind nation who have laid up a hoard
To provide for the sailor who fights for the King.
So here's to the King, God bless him,
And here's to Her Majesty, too;
A sailor, although you impress him,
His duty will cheerfully do.

HONEST WILL.

I AM called Honest Will, but for why I don't know,
For I only, d'ye see, do my Duty;
And it's every one's business to soften the woe
That presses down Virtue and Beauty.

Why gold was first made I can't tell, to be sure,
 To learning not being addicted,
 Unless it was given to cherish the poor,
 And comfort and aid the afflicted.

In yon gallant fight, t'other day, of the Nile,
 My messmate, Tom Brace, chanced to die:
 And, tho' after action I cheer'd with a smile,
 A tear for poor Tom dimm'd my eye.

Thinks I, it's bad now for his children and Kate;
 They'll scarcely survive the sad shot;
 But I'll save my rhino to soften hard fate,
 And save them from Poverty's lot.

Once honest Ben Backstay, a true-hearted lad,
 Became, for a land lubber, ball,
 Who soon got from Ben all the money he had,
 And then housed him up in a gaol.

My pockets with prize money then were well lined,
 So Ben I restored to his friends;
 Their transports made *him* almost out of his mind,
 And *me*, for the act, full amends.

If safely through life's troubled course you would steer,
 And reach the right haven at last,
 A messmate's misfortunes neglect not to cheer,
 And save him from Poverty's blast.

As for me, I well know Tars must fight and must fall,
 And leave their poor widows' hearts sad.
 Lord love 'em, I wish I could marry them all,
 And be to each orphan—a Dad!

THE CAT.

I.

I wish they'd not such trouble take,
 But leave alone our service;
 Our skippers follow in the wake
 Of Nelson, Howe, and Jarvis.

II.

What can they know, these Commons green,
 Of men-of-war's conditions?
 And what the devil do they mean
 By bringing up petitions?

III.

I must allow a naked back
Was ever my aversion;
But chaps we have on board who lack
What Boatswain calls *coershun*.

IV.

If sculkers are to go scot free,
And good men double tides work,
A ship like that won't do for me,
Or those who never toil shirk.

V.

When slinking Bob my locket prigged,
Which cased the hair of Nancy,
D'ye think to see the grating rigged
Was not unto my fancy?

VI.

Yes, every honest man on board
Him punished saw with pleasure;
The rascal had his back well scored,
And I regained my treasure.

VII.

We know that sometimes it will hap
A good man gets in trouble;
A drop too much will make him nap,
Or sometimes to see double.

VIII.

But when called up, you touch your hat,
And plead, "the first offence, sir."
The skipper, he detests the cat;
His anger was pretence, sir.

IX.

The lash, when given, is deserved,
And certain 'tis, our navy,
If discipline were not preserved,
Would soon go to old Davy.

X.

I don't know what they would be at—
They'd screen all thieves and sculks, sir.
A seaman true don't fear the cat
Will ever scratch his hulk, sir.

XI.

'Tis known that they who play at bowls
Must sometimes meet with rubbers.
Them Commons chaps, why, bless your soul,
What are they but land-lubbers?

XII.

Then let them no more interfere,
For every sailor jolly
Will at their nonsense only sneer,
And tell them it is folly.

CONSPIRATORS' SONG.

I.

FILL, lads, fill,
Fill, lads, fill!
Here we have a cure for every ill.
If Fortune's unkind
As a north-east wind,
Still we can endure
Looking for a cure in "Better luck still."

II.

Drink, boys, drink,
Drink, boys, drink!
The bowl let us drain with right good will.
If women deceive
Why should we grieve?
Forgetting our pain,
Love we make again, with "Better luck still."

III.

Sing, lads, sing,
Sing, lads, sing!
Our voices we'll raise, be merry still.
If dead to-morrow
We leave all sorrow.
Life's a weary maze.
When we close our days 'tis "Better luck still."

OH! WE'RE GETTING VERY VULGAR.

I.

THE times are sadly altered since I was but a lad,
And little did I think that Reform would prove so bad;
But, since that Bill has passed the House, it certainly is so,
That we're getting very vulgar and most exceeding low.

II.

In former times the theatres were crowded to excess,
To witness Gooke in Richmond, or Siddons in Queen Bees;
Now dukes will go three times a week to listen to Jim Crow:
Oh! we're getting very vulgar and most exceeding low.

III.

Our authors once were gentlemen in all they said or wrote,
And Byron, Moore, or Campbell, we all were proud to quote;
But now, with Sykes to murder Nancy, in we must go.
Oh! we're getting very vulgar and most exceeding low.

IV.

But, worst of all, our Sovereign was wont to go in state
To meet the Lords and Commons, assembled to debate;
And now behind the scenes the Queen, to see wild beasts, must go.
Oh! we're getting very vulgar and most exceeding low.

COMMENCEMENT OF A STORY FOR THE
'JUVENILE LIBRARY.'

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

"MR. JAMES LAMBERT was the son of a merchant and succeeded his father in his business, which was one of long standing; and the house, as it was termed, was considered to be of the first respectability. He

was what is called a Turkey merchant—freighting vessels out and home from Smyrna. At his father's death he found himself in possession of a good property, and a thriving business. He lived in the City, and his counting-house was on the lower floor of the house in which he resided. Such used to be the general custom some years ago, and it was a very good one, as it saved both time and expense, and to a merchant time is money. Now, merchants prefer to live at the west end of the town, and have a counting-house in the city; which has only one advantage to offer against the manifold disadvantages of such an arrangement, which is, that the walk home gives them an appetite for their dinner. Mr. Lambert's affairs continued prosperous, and he married a young lady he fell in with at a ball which he went to at Richmond. Mrs. Lambert, who had lived all her life in the country, was not over pleased at the noise and smoke of the city, but, like all good wives, she did not make her husband uncomfortable by complaints of what she knew could not be helped. She had married a merchant, and was bound to follow his fortunes. She did not therefore tease him into buying a house in the country, but made the best of it, and, moreover, made an excellent wife. They lived very happily for seventeen years, during which time they had a family of two sons and two daughters; and Mr. Lambert had become so wealthy a man that he talked of taking a house in the country, much to his wife's delight, for she had longed for the fresh air although to a certain degree reconciled to a London life. The greatest pleasure was—for Mr. Lambert now kept his own carriage—to drive down to Tooting, where her

two girls were at school, or to Edmonton to see her boys who were at school in that vicinity; and the carriage was, when she returned, always loaded with flowers in pots, and nosegays.

"At the time of their marriage Mr. Lambert received a small dower with his wife—£3,000. Mrs. Lambert and her brother were orphans, and the brother had an estate in Norfolk left to him. This £3,000, was settled upon her and her children. Mrs. Lambert's brother had entered the navy, and had always lived a rambling life, and now they received the intelligence of his death, in the East Indies; and, according to the will of her father, as her brother had died unmarried, the estate in Norfolk fell to Mrs. Lambert and was settled, as well as the £3,000, upon her and her children. It was not a large property, being only about two hundred and fifty acres, but still it was an addition to Mr. Lambert's wealth; and, about three months after they were in possession of it Mr. Lambert received a letter from the attorney who was his agent, informing him that his tenant, who was very much in arrear, had been thrown from his horse and killed, on his return from market, and wishing to receive his directions, as to what steps should be taken relative to the sale of the stock on the farm and re-letting of the property.

"Now, it had for many years been the custom of Mr. Lambert to take his wife down to some watering place, every autumn; and, when he received this intelligence, he proposed to her that they should go down to Norfolk and see the property which belonged to them. Mrs. Lambert was delighted at the plan, and in consequence Mr. Lambert wrote to his agent, re-

questing that nothing might be done till his arrival, which would be in the course of three weeks—and begging that he would look out for lodgings for them, as near to the property as they could be obtained. The agent replied, that there was no house of entertainment within moderate distance of the property; but that, as the furniture, as well as the stock of the farm, was held in distress for the arrears of rent, they could take possession of the house formerly inhabited by the tenant; as it was commodious, and, with a few additions—which he could make, would be comfortable enough.

“At the time proposed, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert went down to Norfolk and were much pleased with the property, which was in one of the most picturesque parts of Norfolk, not very distant from the sea, and about six miles from the retired watering place of Cromer. It appeared that the tenant had been a very dissolute character, almost always in a state of intoxication, and had farmed so badly that the land was much deteriorated; in consequence, no other farmer had come forward to rent the farm; and the agent advised Mr. Lambert, as there was no immediate prospect of letting it, to appoint a person whom he recommended as a steward, and to carry on the farm with the stock and implements, which, upon being appraised, did not amount to so much as the arrears of rent which was due. As the deceased tenant was a single man, and did not appear to have any relations to come forward as claimants to any residue, and had made no will, Mr. Lambert had no scruple in seizing upon the property which he had left; and, acting upon his agent’s advice, he appointed a steward to carry on the farm, for his own benefit. The man

appointed was placed under the immediate orders of the agent, who promised to see that justice was done.

"As Mr. Lambert was in no want of money he requested his agent to employ the whole rent of the farm in putting the land in a good state; and not to think about remitting until that was done. After a fortnight's residence at the house, which, as the agent said, they found very commodious and comfortable, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert returned to London, the latter regretting much that she could not remain in a place where she felt that she could be so happy. As Mrs. Lambert could not help expressing her thoughts her husband smiled, for he had been in every way so prosperous during the last year that he had resolved to purchase a country house as soon as he could find one that would suit him, and he felt that his wife was nearer to her wishes than she could have imagined. We say that Mr. Lambert had been, during the last year, in every way prosperous, and we will explain: not only had it proved so in his mercantile affairs, but in his speculations—for the spirit of speculation was now abroad and the year 18— will be memorable for the madness which possessed so many thousands in the pursuit of gain. Mr. Lambert, like most others, had speculated, and, up to the present, most favourably. He had every prospect in a few months of doubling his capital, at least so he thought when his wife made the observation which we have referred to.

"But, shortly after his return to London, affairs wore a less promising aspect; and Mr. Lambert would willingly, if he could have so done, have withdrawn himself from all further speculation, and remained satisfied with what he had acquired. This, however,

he could not do, and he became anxious and thoughtful. Two months more passed, and Mr. Lambert would have been content to have suffered considerable loss to disentangle himself from his engagements, but it was impossible; and his fretfulness, day-after day, and his sleepless nights, was the cause of much anxiety to Mrs. Lambert. Still, although pressed, he would not impart to her the state of his affairs; he was too proud to acknowledge that he had been over-reached; and thus did he continue in a state of feverish dread for some time longer, when the blow came—and Mr. Lambert discovered, that on waking at morn he had lost nearly if not quite all that he possessed. Perhaps this knowledge was preferable to the state of suspense which he had so long endured. Certain it is that, as soon as he was convinced that his affairs were irretrievable, he no longer hesitated. He imparted to his wife the unpleasing intelligence, and, to his surprise and satisfaction, found that it made little difference in her spirits. Grave she was, for she felt for her husband, but not for herself. As soon as Mr. Lambert had communicated the intelligence to his wife, he lost no time in calling together his creditors and putting his affairs into the hands of trustees.

“After a few months, everything was made all satisfactory—the creditors had the full amount of their demands, and Mr. Lambert found that, of his large income, there remained to him about five hundred pounds to begin the world with again. Still they were not paupers, as the marriage settlement of Mrs. Lambert, and the estate bequeathed to her and her children yet remained; but at the age of fifty it is hard to commence life again—still harder to appear as a needy

person among those who formerly looked up to him as a man of great wealth; and influenced by his wife, who had become doubly dear to him from her conduct during his misfortunes, Mr. Lambert made up his mind that he would retire for the present from business, and live upon their estate in Norfolk. But, although Mr. Lambert had made up his mind to take this step, it was not until after much hesitation and much discussion. The marriage settlement produced about a hundred per annum; the estate had been rented at two hundred and fifty pounds, but the land tax reduced it to two hundred and thirty-five, so that the whole income could only be estimated at three hundred and forty pounds per annum, and they had four children to provide for.

"Poverty and riches are relative; many people would have thought themselves in affluence with such an income, but to Mr. Lambert, who had been lately accustomed to every luxury and to be very regardless of expense, it appeared as if it were something akin to starvation. And then the children—the boys were now fifteen and sixteen years old, and the girls thirteen and eleven; they were at expensive schools where they could not remain. What was to be done? In all these debates and troubles, Mr. Lambert found an excellent adviser as well as a kind consoler in his wife, who was a truly amiable and Christian woman. She pointed out to him that happiness did not depend upon wealth, which brought care to the possessor; she reminded him of the state of anxiety and suspense he had passed through at the time that his riches were sailing away, the toil which he had undergone for so many years, and the repose which his advanced age

required. The boys had now nearly completed their education, and the girls she could teach herself; but what she strove most to urge upon him was, that he should abandon all further ideas of, at any time, resuming his business in London, and live upon his property in Norfolk—cultivating it himself, and living the life of a country gentleman. She pointed out to him how fortunate it was that he had not re-let the property, but had allowed it to remain in his agent's hands that the land might be restored. If they went down, they would now have nothing to do but to take possession of the house, which, at a very little expense, might be rendered not only comfortable, but fit for a respectable family.

“The agent had a good opinion of the steward, who might remain to superintend, and, with their own endeavours, there was every prospect of their being very comfortable, independent, and respected. They might not be wealthy, but they might have every comfort, and plenty of employment, which would in the end prove the source of happiness. Even, admitting that the boys were brought up as farmers, they would not sink down in the world's opinion, and might be much happier in their country life than if they were to toil at a desk, as he had done for thirty years, and, after all, from the vicissitudes of commerce and speculation, lose what they had acquired. Their daughters would be a source of happiness to them—she would render them useful as well as ornamental, as far as lay in her power; and attending to domestic duties would never be considered degrading in the eyes of any worthy and sensible man who might wish to espouse them.

"All those remarks and many more were continually impressed upon Mr. Lambert, who at last made up his mind that he would do as his wife pointed out. Once having decided, he no longer sought for employment among his former friends, but wrote down to his agent, apprising him of his intention to reside upon the property. The children were taken from their respective schools, all demands upon him cleared off, and having given the week's notice required in the lodgings to which they had removed when everything was surrendered to his creditors, they commenced their packing up—only waiting for an answer from the agent previous to their starting. The letter came, informing them that all was ready for their reception; and, sending their luggage by a sailing vessel to the port nearest to their estate, the whole family set off in the coach which ran to a town within seven miles of it. A chaise was procured, which conveyed them to their new residence, and, as it was late in the evening, they all gladly retired to the beds which had been prepared for them.

"And now, before I say anything more about this family and what occurred, I will tell my young readers why I am narrating this little history to them. It is because few young people have any knowledge of farming, and there are no works written by which any knowledge of it may be imparted to children. Those who do not reside altogether in the country hardly know one crop from another—much less, how these crops are raised. Mr. Lambert and his family were as ignorant when they went down into Norfolk; but they soon learnt to be good farmers, as they were not too proud to acknowledge their ignorance and to ask

questions. Children know that bread comes from the bakers, and beef from the butchers, but they do not know the art of growing corn or fattening cattle. All knowledge is useful, and a knowledge of farming is more particularly advantageous, as they will then perceive how all the elements are called into action to assist in the wonderful process of vegetation, and how Providence has arranged that the seasons should all perform their respective duties to provide us with our necessary food, requiring only from man that labour which was his sentence when our first parents were driven from the Garden of Eden. But all this will appear in our little history at convenient times, and will be found more interesting than young people may imagine.

"I must now go on to narrate what took place: but first, I will introduce the family of Mr. Lambert and describe the place at which they have just arrived."

CHAPTER XX., AND LAST.

His illness increases—goes to Wimbledon House—Letter to Lord Auckland—Reply, conferring Good Service Pension—Hastings—Loss of the *Avenger*—Lieutenant Frederick Marryat—Brighton—Returns to Langham—Death—Death of Frank Marryat, Esq.—Captain Marryat's last words.

THE cause of Captain Marryat's last illness was the continual rupture of internal blood-vessels, which, not gaining time to heal, resulted in ulceration, which eventually destroyed the coats of the stomach.

The country surgeon not being considered equal to the treatment of the case, Captain Marryat was persuaded to visit London in order to procure further advice; and with this end in view he went in November to his mother's house at Wimbledon, where he remained for nearly two months, and whence he wrote to Lord Auckland:

“Wimbledon, Dec. 14, 1847.

“MY LORD,

“When I had the honour of an audience with you, in July last, your lordship's reception was so mortifying to me that, from excitement and annoyance, after I left you I ruptured a blood-vessel, which has now for nearly five months laid me on a bed of sickness.

“I will pass over much that irritated and vexed me, and refer to one point only. When I pointed out to your, lordship the repeated marks of approbation

awarded to Captain Chads—and the neglect with which my applications had been received by the Admiralty during so long a period of application—your reply was ‘That you could not admit such parallels to be drawn, as Captain Chads was a highly distinguished officer;’ thereby implying that my claims were not to be considered in the same light.

“I trust to be able to prove to your lordship that I was justified in pointing out the difference in the treatment of Captain Chads and myself. The fact is that there are no two officers who have so completely run neck and neck in the service, if I may use the expression. If your lordship will be pleased to examine our respective services previous to the Burmah war, I trust that you will admit that mine have been as creditable as those of that officer, and I may here take the liberty of pointing out to your lordship that Sir G. Cockburn thought proper to make a special mention relative to both our services, and of which your lordship may not be aware.

“During the Burmah war, Captain Chads and I both held the command of a very large force for several months—both were promoted on the same day, and both received the honour of the Order of the Bath—and, on the thanks of government being voted in the House of Commons to the officers, and on Sir Joseph York, who was a great friend of Captain Chads, proposing that he should be particularly mentioned by name, Sir G. Cockburn rose and said that it would be the height of injustice to mention that officer without mentioning me.

“I trust the above statement will satisfy your lordship that I was not so much to blame when I drew

the comparison between our respective treatment—Captain Chads having hoisted his Commodore's pennant in India, having been since appointed to the *Excellent*, and lately received the good service pension; while I have applied in vain for employment, and have met with a reception which I have not deserved.

"And now, my lord, apologizing for the length of this letter, allow me to state the chief cause of my addressing you. It is not to renew my applications for employment, for which my present state of health has totally unfitted me—it is, that my recovery has been much retarded by a feeling that your lordship could not have departed from your usual courtesy in your reception of me, as you did, if it was not that some misrepresentations of my character had been made to you. This has weighed heavily upon me; and I entreat that your lordship will let me know if such has been the case, and that you will give me an opportunity of justifying myself—which I feel assured that I can do—as I never yet have departed from the conduct of an officer and a gentleman. I am the more anxious upon this point, as, since the total wreck of West India property, I shall have little to leave my children but a good name, which, on their account, becomes doubly precious.

"I have the honour to be

"Your Lordship's obedient,

"humble servant,

"F. MARRYAT."

Lord Auckland's reply to this letter was as follows:

"Admiralty, Dec. 17, 1847.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter has exceedingly surprised me, for I had not the least suspicion that anything had occurred in the conversation which I had with you in July last which could have given you pain. I have no recollection of what passed at that time, but assuredly I had no intention of so wounding you—on the contrary, I know the record of your services to stand handsomely on our books, and I have known your name latterly to stand the first in seniority for consideration upon the vacancy of a good service pension. Your title to such a distinction cannot be doubted, and upon receiving to-day an account of the death of Admiral Nebordean, which has placed one of these pensions at my disposal, I have had great pleasure in naming you to it.

"I am, very faithfully yours,

"AUCKLAND."

In answer to this, Captain Marryat wrote:

"Wimbledon House, Dec. 18.

"MY LORD,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship's very kind letter, and to express my regret at any false impression which may have been produced on my mind by your lordship's remarks at the interview to which I alluded.

"Allow me to assure your lordship that I feel myself honoured by the award of the good service pension; it is indeed, under my present circumstances,

the most gratifying mark of approval that could be bestowed on me.

"I have the honour to remain,
"Your Lordship's obedient,
"humble servant,
"F. MARRYAT."

Being recommended by his physicians to go for the winter either to a milder climate abroad or to the seaside, Captain Marryat chose the latter alternative, and in December proceeded to Hastings, where, for a couple of months, he lodged in Wellington Square.

Whilst there he received a letter from his old friend, Sir Alexander Gordon, in which he writes, "From what Lord Auckland said in the House of Lords in answer to a question from Lord Colville, I think you will get a medal for Basque Roads; but when the Admiralty have made up their minds what actions are deserving medals I dare say they will issue another gazette upon the subject."

The following epistle to Miss Laura Jewry, author of 'The Ransom'* (a tale of which, as a work of fiction, Captain Marryat thought very favourably,) was written whilst he was at Hastings. It should be mentioned, in order to render the allusions it contains intelligible, that Miss Jewry was staying at the time at Bohemia Manor, the residence of Mr. Briscoe, where Captain Marryat's daughter had called to see her.

* Republished by Messrs. Warne & Co., under the title of 'The Knight's Ransom.'

"Hastings, Saturday.

"MY DEAR MISS JEWRY,

"Many thanks for your kind present, which will, I have no doubt, afford me much amusement. I return your foreign copy, which, as the saying is, 'is *all Dutch* to me;' but the vignettes are not bad. I really have cause for jealousy, as nobody ever *Hollandized* my works that I am aware of.

"Augusta did come back with the impression that possibly there might be another entrance into the house; but, thrown ashore, as Shakespeare says, upon the coast of Bohemia, she was not quite sure of the manners and customs of the natives. At all events, she did not, like the old lord, fall in with a *bear*, or even a *bore*, but a gentleman who was very gallant, and whose behaviour, she said, was very like that of an English gentleman. So much for her 'Winter's Tale.'

"Wishing you happiness and success,

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

Whilst at Hastings Captain Marryat's health seemed to improve, and at one time it was hoped that the terrible disease which had got hold of him might be overcome, but the news of the loss of H. M. steam frigate *Avenger*, which took place on the 20th of December, 1847, and on board of which his eldest son, Frederick, was lieutenant, gave him such a shock that, from the time he received it, all chance of his recovery gradually faded away.

This fatal disaster, which was occasioned by the *Avenger* striking on a coral reef in the Mediterranean,

took place at 10 o'clock at night. Her masts and funnel having gone by the board, the boats were ordered to be cleared away, but the sudden shock, the danger, and the darkness, caused a panic amongst the men, and, instead of clearing out the boats as desired, they crowded to the starboard gangway.

Lieutenant Rooke saw the imminent danger, and prevailed upon five men and a boy to get into the boat with him, but she had only touched the water when the *Avenger* lurched over on her starboard side, washing every man off the deck. The boat was blown away from the ship, and nothing more was ever seen of her until her wreck was found stuck hard and fast between the Sorelli and Fratelli rocks. She went down with 263 souls on board. Her loss is reckoned amongst the most appalling that have ever happened to our navy.

Mr. Francis Rooke, the third lieutenant, gave the following account of the accident:

"To Sir L. CURTIS, Rear-Admiral and Senior Officer.

"Tunis, Friday, 8 A.M.

"SIR,

"With sorrow I have to report to you the wreck of the steamer *Avenger* on a coral reef, between the Island of Galita and the mainland. The island bore about N.E., ten or twelve miles, at the time the ship was running under square yards, and also under steam, at the rate of eight or nine knots. She struck about 10 p. m., and in a few minutes was a wreck; her masts and funnel gone, she nearly on her beam-ends with the sea beating over her. The captain and master were on the paddlebox at the time, the captain

immediately giving the order, 'out boats,' she having struck so heavily as to convince everybody that the case was hopeless. The master had taken bearings of a cape on the African shore (I forget the name) at 4 p.m. the same day, according to Mr. Betts, second master, who was with me in the cutter, and whose watch it was. On the order (out boats) I ran on deck, and, seeing that not a moment was to be lost, tried to get men and clear the two cutters away. I cast the gripes of the starboard one off, put their falls in their hands, and then, as I turned, finding the gunner, I got him to assist, with some others, in getting the port one down. Just as the boat I was in took the water, the ship fell on her beam ends, and some heavy seas broke over her, the masts and funnel having gone.

"I waited close to her for an hour and a half, when, the wind and sea increasing and our crew exhausted, I, with the opinion of the rest, thought the only course and best would be to seek assistance, the wind being fair for Galita. The wind and sea had increased greatly, and I thought it impossible for the boat to live: she had a close-reefed mizen, and we steered with oars. I beached her, there being little or no shelter. She upset in the breakers, when four of us reached the shore, the others losing their lives in the attempt."

* * * *

Another account says: "As soon as the vessel struck, Lieutenant Marryat ran on deck, and shortly after, a heavy sea broke over her, carrying him forward into the lee waist. Recovering from the shock, he endeavoured and succeeded in getting forward ;

and, shortly after, the mainmast went by the board, carrying with it the funnel and killing several men"—amongst whom it is supposed that Captain Marryat's gallant young son perished.

An officer on board Sir Charles Napier's squadron, writing to a friend, relates the following anecdote of him: "I think the following gallant act of a fine young fellow belonging to the *Avenger's* gunroom mess (Frederick Marryat, her second lieutenant) ought to be published, for his advantage and the credit of the cloth: One evening, about sunset, as he (Marryat) was walking the quarter-deck, one of the crew went overboard. I cannot tell how; but over he went, and, in far less time than I have taken to write it, over went Marryat after him, and saved him from drowning. On the following night, about ten o'clock, another fellow fell overboard: Marryat was at the time walking the deck with Captain Dacres; in an instant, over he jumped, but his gallant bravery nearly cost him his life. Just as he reached the lost man (going under from exhaustion), he was seized by him with the tenacity of despair, round the neck by both arms, and so dragged under with him. Both would have inevitably been drowned but for the prompt assistance rendered by Lieutenant Kinsman (first of the *Avenger*) who also jumped overboard, and unlocked the arms of the drowning man from the neck of his brother officer, who has suffered somewhat since from the 'pressure from without' caused by his two cold baths. Frederick laughs at the affair; but it had well-nigh turned out anything but a joke. He is the son of the celebrated novelist, and was in the *Sphinx* when she was wrecked in your neighbourhood last year, and nearly killed himself

then by his exertions to extricate her; for which he was afterwards thanked, if I recollect rightly, by the Admiralty."

* * * *

Lieutenant Marryat had exerted himself greatly on the occasion alluded to, working up to his middle in water until the *Sphinx* was got off the rocks; which was one of the reasons that he was so speedily re-appointed to her sister steamer, the *Avenger*. But far more interesting to his family than the newspaper details was a private letter written to his father by one of the survivors of the *Avenger* (a total stranger to Captain Marryat), in which is said: "The last that was seen of your fine son was on deck, upbraiding, in his jocular manner, some people who were frightened, when a sea swept over the ship, and took him with it." And the writer, an old acquaintance of Lieutenant Marryat's, adds: "The sea never took before a nobler, braver, or a better heart."

He spoke truly; for Lieutenant Marryat, just then entering on his career, was a most promising young officer. In person, he was tall, dark, and muscular; in mind, he gave evidence of great talent and ability; and in character, he was honest, brave, and affectionate, and worthy to be the son of a clever and courageous man. He was born in October, 1819, and had, therefore, but just completed his twenty-eighth year when he died. His loss (which left Captain Marryat with only one surviving son) had, as has been before recorded, a great effect upon his father, already debilitated by months of protracted illness, and much accelerated his approaching end. From

the time he received the intelligence he derived little benefit from a place which had become fraught with sad remembrance to him, and in February 1848 he left Hastings for Brighton; whence he addressed the following letter to his goddaughter:

“Brighton, Feb. 25, 1848.

“MY DEAR F——,

“This morning, I received your muffler and muffetees, and very nice ones they are. It must have taken some time to make them; and it was very kind of your mamma to help you. I intend to put them on to-morrow morning, if the weather is fine and I can go out; and I do not doubt but that they will be very warm and comfortable, and, as you say, I shall get some good out of them before the winter is over. You ask me how I liked Hastings. I did not like it at all. We were two months there, and we had only six or seven days of sunshine; all the rest of the time it was a thick sea fog, which did me great harm; and, when I left it, I think I was not so well as when I went there. I will see, when I go back to Langham, if the gardener has any seeds; he may have some annuals, but I do not know if they will be worth sending. I shall be very happy to give you something for your Ragged School, but I do not know how to send it. The ducks have all left the decoy, or we could have sent the money in the hamper with some ducks for mamma, so we must wait for an opportunity.

“I really cannot answer your question as to whether I can come to see you this year or not, as Frank will wish to have a run, after being so long at Langham, and if he goes away I must remain there; but

we will hope that we may meet again very soon. I hope you are a very good little girl, and that you pray God with all your heart to keep you good and obedient to your papa and mamma; for you know that I am your godpapa, and that I promised for you, when you were a little baby, that you would do so; and if you do not, God will say that I have not kept my promise that I made. I cannot be with you, but your mamma will see that you do it, and you must obey her in everything. And now, good-bye, my dear child. Write to me again when you have time, and believe me,

“Your affectionate godpapa,

“F. MARRYAT.”

That his friends had very little idea that his illness was likely to terminate fatally, and so soon, may be gathered from the following letter, written by the most intimate of his literary allies, Charles Dickens.

“Brighton,

“Monday, March 6, 1848.

“MY DEAR MARRYAT,

“I was coming round to see you this morning, but find myself obliged to go to London, by the 2 o'clock train, with no time for preparation. As I shall not be back until to-morrow night, and as I fear you will have left in the interval, I write this to say that Kate and I were delighted to find you had been here and were so happily recovered from your illness. I assure you, my dear fellow, I was heartily rejoiced, and drank your health at dinner with all the honours.

“Do write me word, in Devonshire Terrace, some

fortnight hence, where you are and how you are; and, if you be within reach, let us foregather, and bring old Stanfield from his saints and missals to join us.

"In great haste,

"Most heartily yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

After remaining a month at Brighton Captain Marryat returned to London, for the purpose of having a consultation held upon his case. When it was concluded he re-entered the room where some of his family were assembled, anxiously awaiting the issue, with an undisturbed and half-smiling countenance. On being asked the opinion of the doctors, he replied, "They say that in six months I shall be numbered with my forefathers," and this opinion was a prophecy, for he did not live until the end of the following August.

After this verdict, Captain Marryat lost no time in returning to Langham; where he remained until his death, putting his house, both literally and spiritually, "in order."

The succeeding letter could not have been written very long after his return.

"Langham, Sunday.

"MY DEAR PALLISER,

"I am up again for a few hours a day, and I believe and hope that I have stopped the bleeding, as I have had no return up to the present. I have done it by starvation, having many days lived upon lemonade only, until I was reduced to a little above nothing. I must still be very careful, but I think I have gained

the point. Many thanks for china, which I have just seen. The pieces sent are very useful to me, and I am much obliged.

"Mr. P—— came here on Friday afternoon having left London at 11 o'clock. He remained here two hours, and then went back to catch the 10 or 11 o'clock train, so that he must have arrived in London at four the next morning; which makes his time not twenty-four hours, instead of two days and a night. I do think that £20 is enough, myself, but still I am no judge, and leave it entirely to you and my mother. I wish it settled, as I have not yet thanked my mother, which I wish to do as soon as all is arranged.

"Love to Fanny, who I hope is safe by this time. I hope you can read this scrawl, but I am very weak and my head swims and my hand shakes.

"Yours truly,

"F. MARRYAT."

He became gradually weaker and weaker, both in mind and body (his disease having culminated in atrophy), so that he slipped away, as it were, by slow degrees, dying at the last without pain.

In the boudoir before mentioned, the "room of a thousand columns," with the mimic sky, and birds, and flowers, above and around him, he chose to lie upon a mattress, placed on the ground, and there, almost in darkness, often in pain, and without occupation, he lay—cheerful and uncomplaining, and at times even humorous—through the long hours of the summer of 1848.

Although his mind more often wandered in delirium than not, he would have story-books read out to

him, or the leading articles in the newspapers, accurately correcting the pronunciation of the longer words, and insisting upon a full stop being made whenever there appeared a doubt of the young reader's comprehension of the paragraph she stumbled over.

Here, each morning, a bouquet of fresh flowers was brought to him, that he might enjoy their perfume, and the more fancifully it was arranged and tied together, the better he was pleased. His favourite flowers were clove pinks and moss roses, and after his death a large bunch of them was found pressed between his body and the mattress. Often, when his mind was wandering, he would dictate whole pages of what he fancied literature; and the remembrance of his books, his friends, and the opinion of the world, would chase one another through his mind, and hold "high revel" in his over-excited brain.

In the dreamy condition produced by constant doses of morphia he held stirring imaginary conversations with Dickens, or Bulwer, or some of his old shipmates; and one of the last things he dictated was a farewell address to the world, which he signed with his name.

From having been rather brusque and ready in his manners, he became as gentle as a little child and as easily amused; and to those who had known his mind in its giant strength no sight could have been more touching than that of his submissive death.

In the early morning of the ninth of August, 1848, just about dawn, he was lying, apparently asleep; when his housekeeper, who had nursed him most faithfully throughout his long illness, and was watching beside him at the moment, heard him murmur a

sentence of the Lord's Prayer; as he finished it he gave a short sigh, a shiver passed through his frame, and he was gone.

And so passed away from amongst us that master intellect, of whom was published shortly afterwards that "few men had written so much and so well as Captain Marryat. To the last his literary powers remained unabated, and, by common consent, he is *facile princeps* among the delineators of naval character and naval life." And it is an answer to the question so often raised, of whether works of fiction can do any real good in this world, that the Admiralty adopted several hints from Captain Marryat's novels for which the English navy owe him thanks; and one is, that, in consequence of a scene his pen depicted, no sailor (except in case of mutiny) can be punished for an offence within twenty-four hours of its committal, whereas in former times it could be done at once.

It was by his own particular request, left in writing, that Captain Marryat had a walking funeral, and, instead of being conveyed to the family vault at Wimbledon, was buried with as little expense as possible in the country churchyard at Langham. He had named the men on the estate whom he wished to carry him to the grave (amongst whom was Barnes, the poacher-gamekeeper), and on the morning of his funeral the lawn and drive of the manor were crowded with uninvited but sincere mourners, to pay the last token of love and respect to his memory.

A deputation of blue-jackets, from the adjacent coast-guard station, volunteered their services as bearers on the occasion; but this offer could not be accepted, to the exclusion of his own men. He lies

in a vault in Langham churchyard, and in the church his name, together with those of his two sons, Frederick and Frank (the latter of whom survived his father but a few years), is recorded on a white marble tablet.

At the time of his death, Captain Marryat was in his fifty-sixth year.

He was the father of four sons and seven daughters, five of whom are living. His widow also survives him.

Of his sons he lost Norman in 1823, William in 1826, and Frederick in 1847, whilst Frank, the youngest, died from rapid decline, the result of an attack of yellow fever, on the 12th of August, 1855, in his twenty-ninth year. He was a young man of as great promise as his brother, and had displayed considerable talent as a draughtsman. He was the author of two works, illustrated by himself, 'Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago,' which was published when he was only nineteen years old, and 'Mountains and Molehills, or Recollections of a Burnt Journal,' which appeared a few months before his death.

The following notice of that event was written by one of his reviewers:

"It is with the most sincere regret that we announce the decease of Mr. Marryat, author of 'Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago,' and of 'Mountains and Molehills,' the latter a work published at the commencement of this year, and which has been most favourably received by the reading public.

"Mr. Marryat died at his residence, Mercer Lodge, Kensington, on Thursday, the 12th instant, at noon, after a severe illness of more than six months' duration. He was the fourth son of the late Captain Marryat, R.N., the eminent novelist, and was born on the 3rd

of April, 1826. Like his elder brother he early displayed an invincible longing for the sea, and was consequently entered a midshipman at the age of fourteen. Previously to this, he had received as large an amount of education as possible—first at Paris, and afterwards in a school at Wimbledon. Happily, in these days, the young midshipman's education is still carried on, even in matters not strictly professional, and this was the case with young Marryat on board the *Vanguard*, Captain Sir David Dunn.

"In the *Vanguard* he cruized principally in the Mediterranean, and was afterwards entered in the *Samarang*, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, ordered on a surveying expedition in the Indian Archipelago. * *

"In his work on Borneo, Mr. Marryat has given a very agreeable and instructive account of his four years' cruise in the *Samarang*, 1843-1847.

"On his return home he resided for some time at Langham, in Norfolk, with his father, who lost his eldest son in the *Avenger*.

"Captain Marryat himself died in August, 1848, and his son, by no means tired of a roving life, now resolved to seek fresh adventures. The field he chose was California, with reference to which he penned his work 'Mountains and Molehills,' to our mind one of the most delightful books of travel ever written. The writer of this article little thought, when reviewing it a short while since for the readers of the 'Critic,' that he would so soon be called upon to notice the death of its talented author. On his second journey to California Mr. Marryat had a severe attack of yellow fever. This, it is presumed, enfeebled his constitution, although, upon his return to England, it may not

have been quite apparent. On Christmas Eve last, however, he ruptured a blood vessel, and subsequently showed strong symptoms of consumption, and it was of this disease he died on Thursday last, at the early age of twenty-nine. Of Mr. Marryat, as a literary man, much was to have been expected had he been spared to us. Indeed we hear that even during his last illness he was engaged upon a work of fiction, of which he has left behind him some chapters. In society his manners were most agreeable, and his conversation showed that delicate kind of humour as well as keen observation of mankind, which, with his other qualifications, will cause his loss to be keenly felt by everyone that was acquainted with him."

The eulogiums of this writer, whoever he may be, were not misplaced; and in Frank Marryat perished the last chance of his father's name and talents being transmitted to posterity.

* * * *

During the course of this biography, Captain Marryat has been presented to the reader in the twofold character of a man of business and a man of pleasure; but nothing has been said with regard to his feelings on subjects of a higher nature. The reason is obvious: he was not a person to speak or write of such things himself, and a biographer has no business to meddle with any facts below the surface. Yet, in his last delirium, when his mind, unloosed from self-control, wandered without any apparent aim, and no power was retained of keeping back the thoughts that rose uppermost, Captain Marryat, at different times, and among many others, dictated the following words; and it is felt that these sketches cannot be more appropri-

ately concluded than by their quotation. They are given without comment—they need none.

* * * *

“What a wonderful thing GOD is! How little do we know of Him at first! We know how He makes us suffer, at times. How the clouds of ignorance have fallen away, on every side, within these last few months!”

* * * *

“Oh! GOD of truth, we can but look on and wonder! One idea of Thine would fill the whole world. I think (if one can imagine such a thing) that I behold Thee. Oh! how near, and yet how far off, with Thy wonderful plan for regenerating the whole earth—a plan by which Thou hast changed darkness into light! I feel how near, as we approach Thee, we become like unto Thee, although immensely far distant. When wilt Thou permit me to see more? At present, I have been running away when I should have approached Thee. Every second sweeps away an age of folly. What an immense ocean is one second of time! Surely, O GOD, Thou wilt never reject one Thou hast permitted to approach Thee! When wilt Thou teach us more?”

* * * *

“The hardest trial, the strongest duty demanded, appears to be, to wait upon the LORD. There is more matter—more everything—in one single verse of the Psalms of David, than in all that human pen hath written; I see that, already. What shall I know hereafter of that wonderful book which now is tossed about by millions with contempt?”

* * * *

"Oh! God Almighty, Who know'st that one single tear drawn forth from me now is, in its demand upon my strength, equal to thousands of armed men; turn aside a moment, that I may entreat Thy pity! Forgive me, O LORD, my want of patience, Thou hast kept me very long! No one can feel how long, but those who wait for Thee. Hear me, O LORD, and let me come to Thee! I am tired, and I have no rest. Oh! Thy will be done; but suffer me to come to Thee! It cannot be long now, O LORD. Oh! let me pass the shadow; for I want repose! I come to Thee as a little child—with nothing—for all is useless. Oh! suffer me to cling to the foot of the Cross which made and is redeeming the world! The grave is my rest, until I am wanted to wake up."

* * * *

"I make these remarks, as some day or other they will be curious to the reader. 'Tis a lovely day, and Augusta has just brought me three pinks and three roses, and the bouquet is charming. I have opened the window, and the air is delightful. It is now exactly nine o'clock in the morning, and I am lying on a bed in a place called Langham, two miles from the sea, on the coast of Norfolk. As those who read this will probably hear how strangely life has been preserved in me for many days, I shall ask myself before them how I feel. To use the common sense of the word, I am happy. I have no sensation of hunger whatever, or of thirst; my taste is not impaired; my intellect, notwithstanding the narcotics, is this morning, I think, very pure; but the great question is, 'How do I feel, if I may use the term, as an isolated Christian, towards God?' I feel that I love Him, and,

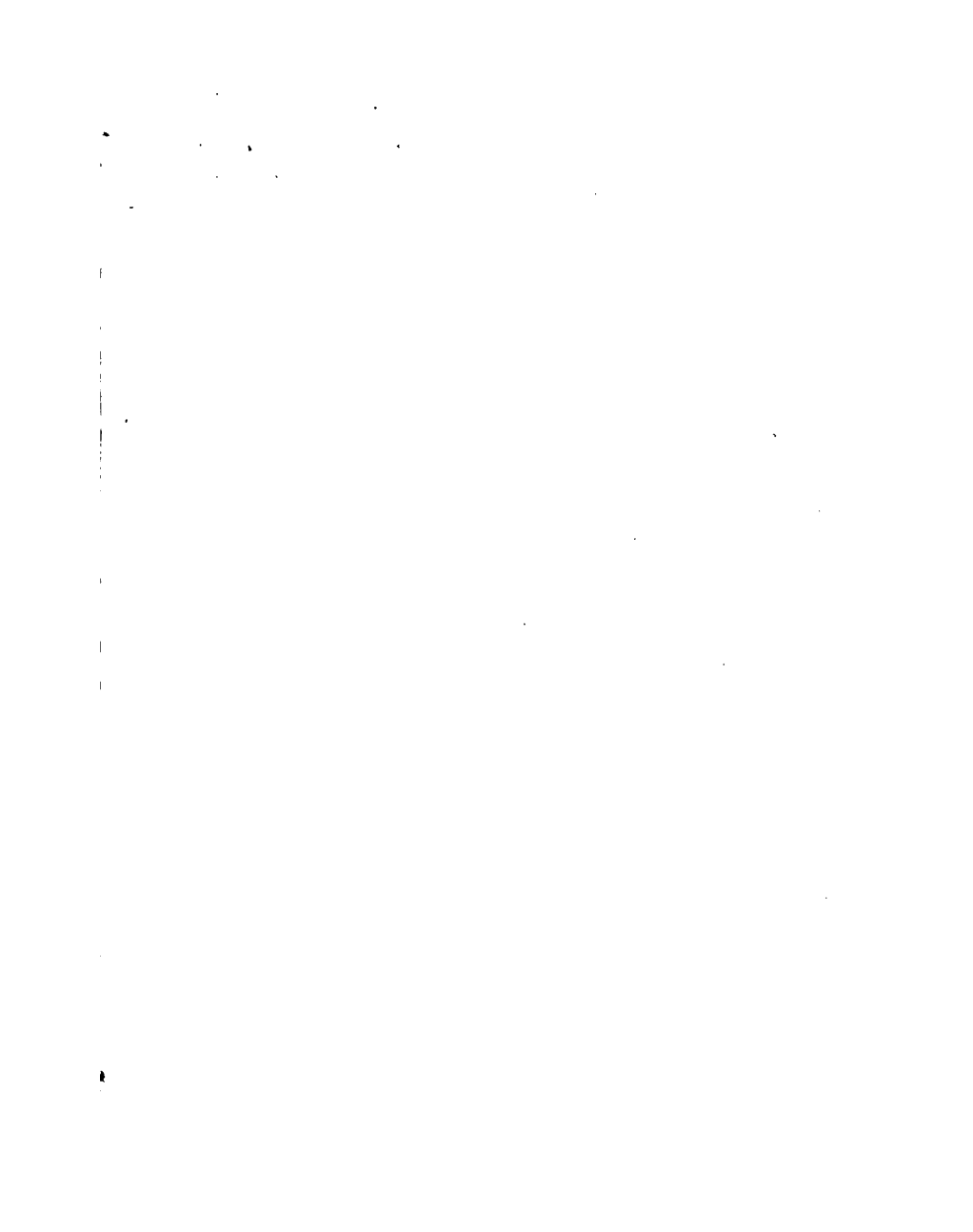
were my reasoning powers greater, could love Him much more. Indeed, it must be so; as I consider all the passions permitted to violate the heart of man have turned aside from me, to where they can find more matter to feed upon. After years of casual, and, latterly, months of intense thought, I feel convinced that Christianity is true, and the only religion that can be practised on this earth; that the basis of Christianity is love; and that God is love. To attempt to establish any other creed will only, in the end, be folly. But Christianity must be implanted in the breast of youth; there must be a bias towards it given at an early age. It is now half-past nine o'clock. World, adieu!"

* * * *

These were the last words that he ever dictated.

THE END.

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